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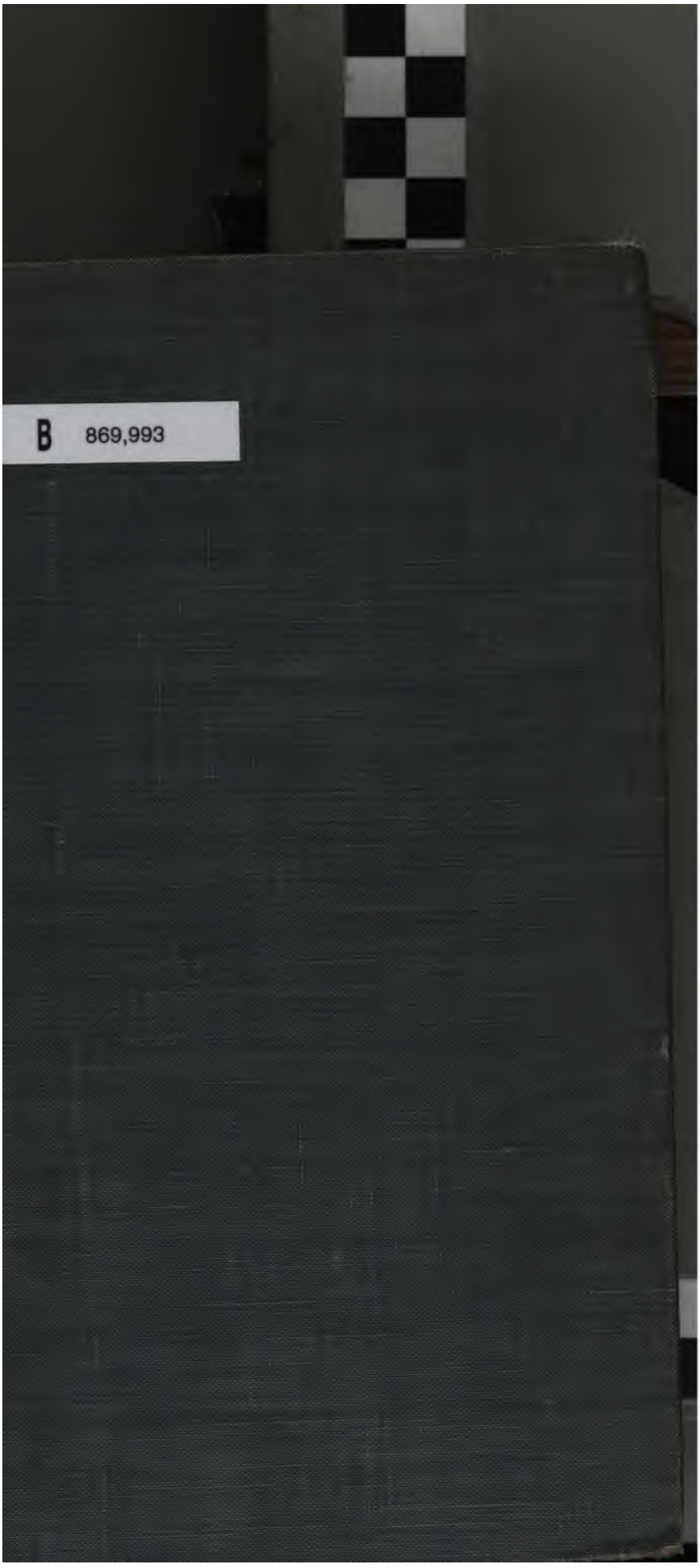
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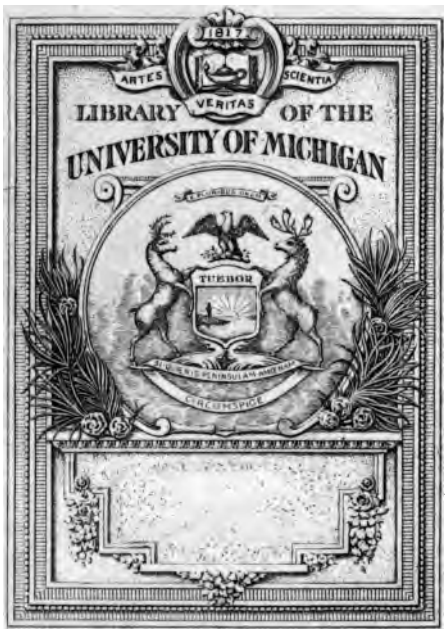
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CAVALIER AND PURITAN

Sir Richard Newdigate
2nd. Baronet.
From a picture painted by Sir Peter Lely

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Guilsborough Hall.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN

IN THE

DAYS OF THE STUARTS

COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS
AND DIARY OF SIR RICHARD NEWDIGATE, SECOND BARONET
WITH EXTRACTS FROM MS. NEWS-LETTERS
ADDRESSED TO HIM BETWEEN
1675 AND 1689

BY

LADY NEWDIGATE-NEWDEGATE

Author of 'The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor'
&c.

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONDON
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INTRODUCTION

In the following pages will be found some echoes of the past, tending to illustrate the lighter side of public, private, and social life in the days of the Stuarts.

The original and contemporary sources from which extracts have been made are twofold :

1. A collection of manuscript news-letters written from London to Sir Richard Newdigate, 2nd Bart., of Arbury, Warwickshire.

2. The remains of a private diary kept by Sir Richard during many years of his life, and some letters of interest addressed to him, which help to illustrate the Stuart period.

The writers of the news-letters, sometimes called 'intelligencers,' were employed professionally by those living at a distance from London,

who, like the owner of Arbury, were desirous of being kept in touch with all that was passing at the seat of government in the unquiet days of the seventeenth century. Their business was to supplement the scanty news a strict censorship allowed to appear in the public print or Gazette, in Charles II.'s time, with gleanings of social and political gossip, picked up by hearsay, and usually prefaced by an irresponsible ''Tis said' etc.

My readers may remember how, in a well-known romance—'Shrewsbury,' by Stanley Weyman—the narrator, adrift in London and reduced to sore straits, is fortunate in finding work as a copyist under a news-writer of repute. At first the task seems an easy one. The scribe soon finishes the requisite number of copies of the sheet of occurrences and *on-dits* collected by his master from the public news-resorts of the capital, but overlooks the importance of the word 'Whig' or 'Tory' added by him as a guide to the political bias of each Western town for which the letters are destined. When his patron returns, his work

goes for naught, and he has to learn how Tory Bridport and Whiggish Frome cannot be served identically. His apprenticeship then begins in the art of manipulating and colouring the items of public news so as to render them acceptable to the opposite parties in the realm. 'There are tricks in all trades,' he avows; 'so Mr. Timothy Brome, the writer, did not enjoy without reason the reputation of the most popular news-vendor in London.'

In Macaulay's 'History' we find a more serious picture of this useful calling. The historian asserts that 'no part of the load which the old mails carried out was more important than the news-letters. . . . In the capital the coffee-houses supplied in some measure the place of a journal. . . . Neither the Gazette, nor any supplementary broadside printed by authority, ever contained any intelligence which it did not suit the purposes of the Court to publish. . . . The news-writer rambled from coffee-room to coffee-room, collecting reports; squeezed himself

into the Sessions House at the Old Bailey if there was an interesting trial; nay, perhaps obtained admission to the gallery of Whitehall, and noticed how the King and Duke looked. . . . Such were the sources from which the inhabitants of the largest provincial cities and the great body of the gentry and clergy learned almost all that they knew of the history of their own time. . . . Many of these curious journals might doubtless still be detected by a diligent search in the archives of old families. . . .'

Perhaps there are not many series of news-letters, of the time of which Macaulay writes, that have been preserved so carefully as those at Arbury. They date from 1675 to 1712, and when at some later date they were roughly bound up in nineteen folio volumes, they found a safe resting-place in a dark and inaccessible corner of the library.

The extracts from them which follow are given in the news-writers' quaint but often picturesque language. The diversity of handwriting in these letters proves that different writers were employed,

some being far more illiterate than others. The mode of spelling at that date was so erratic that I have thought it advisable to adopt one uniform standard.

No doubt the letters at Arbury were copied in duplicate and despatched to more customers than one. Yet we know they had to be varied to suit the special proclivities of the man to whom they were addressed. In the present series it is easy to read between the lines that the client for whom the newsmen catered was a Protestant of the Protestants; a loyal subject in spite of the strain upon the people's allegiance after the Restoration; and though a man of culture and a patron of the arts, he was not so refined as to shrink from coarser and more realistic details than we should tolerate in the present day. Nor had he a soul above the social gossip and scandal which the newsmen liberally supplied for his entertainment.

The principal qualifications for the post of an intelligencer seem to have been alertness and enterprise tempered with accuracy. The profes-

sion was not without its risks, should the news-writer be too bold or frank in the exercise of his calling.

Under the date of September 1681 we are told that 'some Malicious writers of news have sent into the Country false and base reflections on the Government, and the same coming to the knowledge of Authority, some of them have been seized, together with their writings, in order to be prosecuted according to their demerits.'

In spite of the risks entailed, an intelligencer's charges were not heavy, even allowing for the vast difference in the value of money between that era and the present day.

'Read a news-letter from Muddiman,' writes Sir Richard Newdigate in his diary, 'whose news I intend to have for one quarter and no longer, for which he is to have £1.5.0.'

The writers seldom sign their names, and then only when a private note is added in the margin, such as the following:

'S^r^ I return my humble acknowledgments for

your constant Remitting the Quarterly of my Intelligence. Under the candour of your goodness, I take the liberty to acquaint you that this now due is not come to hand as usual, and therefore presume that there is some mistake, which I do not send in the least to misdoubt your sincerity, but truly and earnestly from a desire to occasion no misunderstanding between S^{r} and [your ?] most humble Servant, GILT.'

This polite form of sending in a bill must have received a satisfactory reply, for the letters go on for some time in Mr. Gilt's cramped handwriting.

The private diary of Sir Richard Newdigate needs a word of introduction and explanation. It consists, for the most part, of fragments of torn sheets of folio paper containing unconnected and mutilated portions of what must have been a minutely kept record of daily life extending over some thirty years. When the manuscript volumes were doomed to destruction, certain parts were thought worthy of preservation, mainly because they noted matters of estate interest, or were

of significance in other ways. Whole sheets were then rent apart from the diary at irregular intervals, interspersed in order of date with rough-edged slips of paper torn from the middle of a page. Some curious entries have been retained which might not have escaped destruction had not the folio sheets been closely written upon on either side. Thus a note on some matter of mere local importance has safeguarded a more interesting entry of candid self-revelation on the reverse side of the paper.

In these remnants of a day-by-day record there is no reference to politics or public life, not even during the period when Sir Richard was a representative of his county in Parliament. The diary is chiefly noteworthy for the naïveté and frankness of the writer, and for the fulness of detail with which he helps us to realise the private life of a country gentleman more than two hundred years ago.

The historical links which have been added, in order to explain political references in the letters

of the newsmen and of Sir Richard's private correspondents, have been compressed as much as possible. They have been intended to act merely as *reminders* of the history of the past, whilst avoiding a wearisome repetition of well-known details.

It will be necessary in the first instance to give a short sketch of the antecedents of the man to whom the news-letters are addressed, and with whose character, habits, and manner of thought we shall become acquainted, directly and indirectly, from the extracts which follow.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN

CHAPTER I

A SQUIRE IN THE DAYS OF THE STUARTS

SIR RICHARD NEWDIGATE had his lot cast in troublous times. He was born in 1644, when Charles I. still reigned, although his kingdom was being torn asunder by the civil war then raging between the Royalists on the one side and the Parliamentary forces on the other.

The boy Richard had scarcely doffed the girlish petticoats and close white cap in which he appears in his earliest portrait at four years old, when his ill-fated and ill-advised monarch was hurried to his premature grave. As a lad, his earliest impressions must have been of Cromwell's puritanical rule and iron grip of the rudder of State. With the Lord Protector's death the inevitable reaction set in. The

Restoration quickly followed, and Charles II. was set upon the throne of his forbears.

Then all was changed. The second Charles, gay and debonair, licentious, lax and self-indulgent, reigned over his long-suffering subjects with an autocratic sway and a scandalous extravagance which must have sorely tried their attachment to the newly restored line. On the whole the yoke was borne with outward submission, though plots and counterplots abounded towards the end of this reign.

The succession of James, Duke of York, in apparent quietude testified to the innate loyalty of the British nation, and for nearly four years England was governed by a Roman Catholic King. Then the overstrained allegiance of the people and their invincible antagonism to the Church of Rome combined to bring James II.'s reign to a speedy close, and divert the English crown from the direct male line of the Stuarts.

King James was quickly and easily replaced by his daughter Mary and her soldier-husband, William, Prince of Orange.

Richard Newdigate outlived this reign also, and it was in Queen Anne's time, under the rule

of the last of the Stuarts who sat on the throne of England, that he died in 1710. In his sixty-six years of existence he had passed under the varied sway of three Stuart Kings and two Queens, with the further experience of a Lord Protector and Dutch King Consort as rulers of his country. It is not surprising that for thirty-five years of that stirring period he employed professional newsmen to supply him with letters from London three or four times a week, retailing current events and the topics of interest of the moment.

Young Richard from his earliest years must have had a lively impression of the critical times in which he lived, owing to his father's public position as a judge of some renown in the time of Cromwell.

The Richard Newdegate[1] of the Commonwealth was the younger son of Sir John Newdigate and Anne Fitton his wife.[2] He was born

[1] The Judge spelt his name with an *e* in accordance with the practice of ancient members of the family. His son Richard, on the other hand, followed the example of his grandfather Sir John, and spelt his surname with an *i*.

[2] The history of Anne and Mary Fitton has been told in *Gossip from a Muniment Room*. David Nutt, Long Acre.

in 1602, received his education at Oxford, and after being called to the Bar at Gray's Inn he quickly made a name for himself in the profession of the law. In 1632 he married Julian, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh of Newnham Regis, and sister of the first and last Earl of Chichester of that name. On the death of his elder brother John, Richard Newdegate succeeded to the family estates in Warwickshire, but did not abandon the profession which was bringing him fortune and distinction.

After being employed as counsel in one or two State trials he was raised to the dignity of Serjeant, and the same year he was further elevated to the judicial bench with Pepys and Wyndham. This was after Cromwell became Lord Protector. At first all three of the newly made Judges declined the honour, and on being summoned into the Protector's presence expressed doubts as to his title, and scruples as to whether they could execute the law under him. Whereupon Cromwell is reported to have replied in anger: 'If you gentlemen of the red robe will not execute the law, my red coats shall.' From fear of what might occur to the State or them-

selves they are said to have very wisely exclaimed one and all: 'Make us Judges; we will with pleasure be Judges.'

Oliver Cromwell, the lately-made Lord Protector, was a distant connection of Judge Newdegate's through the Hampdens, but they never seem to have been on more than formal terms of acquaintanceship. There is only one letter from Cromwell at Arbury, which is addressed to John Newdigate, the Judge's elder brother. It is dated from Huntingdon on April 1, 1631, and is of no special interest except as coming from a man who was afterwards of such fateful importance to his country.

The outside sheet bears the following docket in the handwriting of the Judge's son Richard:

'Oliver Cromwell, That Wicked, Successfull Rebell, his letter to my uncle J. N. No Businesse but about Hawkes, but I keep it to shew his hand and Stile.'

For the latter reason it is given here:

'Sr.

'I must with all thankfulnesse acknowledge the curtesye you have intended me in keepinge this hawke soe longe to your noe small trouble, and although I have noe interest in hir,

yet if ever it fall in my way, I shalbe ready to doe you service in the like or any other kinde. I doe confesse I have neglected you in that I have received two letters from you without sending you any answer, but I trust you will pass by it and accept of my true and reasonable excuse. This poore man the owner of the hawke, whoe, livinge in the same towne with me, made use of my vannells, I did daly expect to have sooner returned from his journey then he did, which was the cause whie I protracted time and deferred to send unto you, until I might make him the messinger, whoe was best able to give an account, as also fittest to fetch hir, I myself being utterly destitute of a falconer att the present, and not having any man whom I durst venture to carrie a hawke of that kinde soe farre. This is all I can apologise. I beseech you command me and I shall rest

'Your Servant

'OLIVER CROMWELL.

'My Cosin Cromwell of Gray's Inn was the First what told me of hir.'

Cromwell as a private individual writing a civil letter to a distant cousin was a very different person from the Lord Protector using threatening language to the newly created Justice of the Court of King's Bench.

Judge Newdegate proved too honest and in-

dependent to retain his office for any length of time. He was presiding at the York assizes when the Earls of Bellasis and Dumfries, with Colonel Halsey and other Royalists, were tried before him for levying war against the Protector. Judge Newdegate observed that 'although by 25 Edward III. it was high treason to levy war against the King, he knew of no statute to extend this to a Lord Protector,' and accordingly directed the jury to acquit the prisoners. In consequence he was deprived of his place on May 1, 1655, for 'not observing the Protector's pleasure in all his commands.' He was nevertheless restored to the Bench later and advanced to the post of Chief Justice, but he again ceased to act when Charles II. made his triumphal entry into London and the Commonwealth Judges were considered as suspended.

Thus far we have the bare facts of Judge Newdegate's career under Cromwell as related in history. An amplified account is recorded in a much-thumbed paper amongst the Arbury manuscripts.

After Charles II. was restored to the throne of his ancestors, the knowledge that the *ci-devant*

Judge had twice taken the oaths and been elevated to the Bench by the Protector naturally excited a prejudice against him in high quarters. The paper mentioned above appears to have been drawn up to explain away as far as possible the doubtful position of a Royalist at heart, who had nevertheless accepted high office under Cromwell.

It is entitled 'Apol. Pat. 1650–1–2,' and runs as follows:

'Mr. Serjeant Newdegate, being in good practice in the Chancery, was envied by some of his Fellow Pleaders, who thinking his Profit a hindrance to their own, contrived (as is conceived) his promotion to a Judge's place in Oliver's time, in order to which he was called Serjeant. But 'twas so ordered that he was (though in Oliver's time) sworn true to the King: (had it been examined 'twas resolved on, that the excuse to Oliver should have been, the Clerk being drunk mistook, and read the old form.) This done Oliver proceeded to make him a Judge, which to avoid he made use of all the interest and friends he had. But that way failing he being sent for, excused it to Oliver himself, by saying he was most unfit, for he had an over nice and scrupulous conscience, which would make him check at those things which others possibly would not boggle at, and therefore he desired to be excused, and absolutely refused to be a Judge.

Oliver fawningly replied that he had always fought for liberty of Conscience and therefore should not deny it to any, though much meaner than Sergeant Newdegate. Whereupon the Serjeant entreated further Time of consideration, which obtained, he advised with his friends of the Royal suffering Party who persuaded him that he had now an opportunity of doing his King more service than (this neglected) he could ever hope for. For he might countenance the Royal Party if he durst undergo Oliver's displeasure. This motive made him do that which all the Profit in the World should never have persuaded him to,—to be one of the Tyrant's Judges—a thing so hateful, that no Torture could have forced him to it. Yet this he undertook when his Ma^ties^ service was concerned, and he did the King at that time more service than all the Kingdom besides. As for the other Judges, all of them except the Lord Chief Justice Hales that now is, did as Oliver desired; that is, in their several Circuits condemned those of the Loyal Party that came before them. Whereas this Serj^t^, in the Northern Circuit, in spite of Oliver's direction, troop of Horse, and Solicitor sent to overawe him, boldly acquitted those Gallant Gentlemen, who there had endeavoured to restore his Ma^tie^, when in all parts of England else, the Loyal Gentlemen concerned in that Rising were put to death, as the gallant Penruddock etc. And that all Persons might abhor the Tyrant he publickly declared that though many Acts of Parliament made it Treason to Levy arms

against the King, none made it so to Levy arms against the Protector. When he came up to Town, (for he resolved he would not fly for it, having used that caution which the iniquity of the times required) he was sent for to Oliver, who stormed at him and told him he was not fit to be a Judge; to which he answered with all meekness (as it concerned him having to do with a blood-thirsty Tyrant) "I told your Highness so before," and so laid his Commission at his feet. But Oliver flung away from him, and He, that all the world might see the confidence his integrity created in him, and how little he valued the Usurper's anger, the next day pleaded at the Bar in Westminster Hall. And shortly after when the unjust sentence passed against Sir Henry Slingsby and Dr. Huet, advised the then Sheriff of London not to put it in execution by any means. Cromwell resolved to be revenged on him, but carried it cunningly, so put him in Judge again with a Compliment. But he had got an Act passed in his Mock Parliament to make levying war against him Treason. The Serj^{t}, however, resolved to stick to his Loyal principles, whatever came of it. But it happened the Tyrant died before he had an opportunity to work his revenge. So that till the Committee of Safeties time, after S^{r} George B [1] business, the Serjeant had not occasion to show his zeal to the King's cause. But then many Gentlemen being committed, the Serjeant freed them by granting Habeas Corpus at that very time in West-

[1] Hole in paper.

minster Hall, when that Juncta of Tyrants sat in Wallingford House, and from thence sent several officers of the Army with messages to stop his proceedings. But when any offered to speak he commanded his Tipstaves to lay them by the heels for disturbing the Court, for which when he should have been punished, General Monk coming up, put an end to their proceedings. And about 2 or 3 months before the Happy coming in of his Sacred Ma^tie Glyn was turned out, and the Serjeant made Chief Justice of England. After which he laboured with all his might to withstand Glyn's and S^t John's opposition in the House against the Royal Interest. And with the close consultation which he had a nights which occasioned him many a walk in the street that cold spring, he caught so great a cold that occasioned his following sickness, which had like to have sent him with a Nunc Dimittis to his grave. For he just made shift to see his King ride in, but had not strength to wait upon him. 'Twas reported in Westminster Hall that he was dead, and some made use of that Report. His House was often the Sanctuary of distressed Cavaliers, as his Grace of Canterbury and others well knew.'

A little more information concerning the curious episode of Judge Newdegate's passing tenure of the post of Chief Justice is to be gleaned from a paper in his son's handwriting, labelled 'Vindication of the 1st S^r R. N. from

being one of Oliver's Knights.' After recapitulating much the same story as above, Richard Newdigate goes on to state that when his father

'fell into so great Sickness that for 3 months his life was despaired of, Dr. Sheldon, Elect Bp of London and Clerk oth' Closet, came from Whitehall every day to pray by him, and 'twas reported in Westminster Hall at his first Sickening that he was Dead, which report a certain Lord Chancellor [Earl of Clarendon] took advantage of, and put Foster in his place.'

It was at this time (1660) that the late Judge was returned M.P. for Tamworth, and although he was deposed from the Bench, a writ was issued to confirm him in the degree of the coif. Henceforward he was known as Mr. Serjeant Newdegate, and he resumed his former practice at the Bar.

The same success as before attended him in his profession, and so absorbing did he find the claims of his legal calling that, as soon as his eldest son Richard came of age, he made over to him his Warwickshire estates in the following terms:

'I will settle' (writes the Serjeant) 'all my Warwickshire Land in possession on my son for

life for his present maintenance, the better to enable him to live at Arbury, which amounts to the yearly sum of 1550*l.* p. an. and better.

'I will settle for Joynture of the Person with whom He shall marry, the Manor house, Manor and Demesne Lands of Astley, to the value of 400*l.* p. an. . . .'

The requisite 'Person' in the last paragraph was soon forthcoming. On December 21, 1665, young Richard was married to Mary, daughter of Sir Edward Bagot of Blithfield, Staffordshire. The bride of twenty—a year her husband's junior—not only came of good lineage, but was endowed with sterling qualities of heart and head which rendered the marriage a happy one.

When the young couple were establishing themselves at Arbury, an inventory was drawn up of 'the Household Goods Mr. Serjeant N. left with his son in March 1666.' The furnishing of one chamber may be quoted to show how heavy and elaborate, not to say stuffy, were the contents of a bedroom in those un-hygienic days.

'*In the great Chamber:*

'The chamber hung with five pieces of Landskipp hangings, a very large Bedstead with

embroidered curtains and valence of broad cloth, lined with carnation coloured sarcenet and seven plumes of feathers on the bed tester, two embroidered carpets, two armed chairs, four stools embroidered, suitable to the bed, a Down bed and bolster with striped ticks, a feather bolster at the head, and a wool bolster at the foot, a holland quilt, three down pillows and carnation coloured quilt, a red rug, three white blankets, and a yellow blanket under the bed. A looking glass embroidered with gold, and another looking glass, six flower pots, two stands and a hanging shelf all gilt, a pair of brass andirons, a pair of creepers with brass knobs, brass fire shovel and tongs, a picture over the chimney, Carpets round the bed, five sweet bags, snuffers, two branches, etc.'

It may be added that the sanitary arrangements were deplorable, and even barbarous, in comparison with the above grandeur.

The young squire of Arbury, third surviving son in a family of eleven children, had been educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was admitted to Gray's Inn at an early age, but seems never to have prosecuted his studies in the law. We must now picture him as a landed proprietor, settled down to the management of his estates, barely of age, yet independent, sanguine, and full

of energy. He faces his responsibilities by the institution of an account-book of formidable dimensions, bound in vellum. Here he enters confidential remarks concerning himself and others, with his various experiences, besides doubtful attempts at accurately keeping the figures for which account-books are primarily intended.

He begins generously by announcing his intention of benefiting his successors, and with this view he carefully enters the names and extent of the various holdings on the estate, whilst he congratulates himself more than once on the discovery that 'Arbury Lordshipp pays neither Great nor Small Tithe.'

'The Particulars of my Estate' (he continues) 'being set down, it seems expedient to me as well for my own, as for the benefit of Posterity to set down punctually the Best and Readiest way to deal with tenants (who often are Backward in paying their Rent and sometimes very cross). Therefore since God is so merciful to me as to spare the life of my Father, which is the greatest Advantage to me in the world, whatever Advice I have from his, my own, or any other Experience, I will here lay down by way of Precept, not daring to trust my Memory in so material a Business.

'1. Never stay with any tenant above six months whatever pretence he hath to persuade forbearance, for he who can't pay one Rent, can't pay two together. But if as sometimes it happens, there should be an extraordinary occasion, rather lend a tenant so much without interest, to be paid three months after upon a penal bond.

'2. Never take a severe course with any one before demand, though the agreement may be to have rent paid without demand; and if they promise to pay within a competent time, forbear so long to see if they keep faith (provided but one Rent be due) but if once any break promise, trust them no more.'

. . . . . .

For a time the above and other simple rules seem to have answered, and all went smoothly under the new landlord. He sums up more than one early rent-day with the remark: 'All paid but John King, and I forgive him because very Poor.' But the general axiom that tenants can be 'sometimes very cross' is proved ere long by one George Newton, who makes noisy and preposterous claims at a rent audit. 'To avoid Wrangling and Clamour,' writes the Squire, 'I submit, but shall mark him for a Black Sheep.'

At the end of a couple of years we come

upon the following warning note inserted in Latin:

'Soli Deo gloria, sed cum ad hanc paginam perveneris
'Cave, mi Fili, ne glorieris; nam tantum Villicus es, ergo.'

Soon after we find the services of a bailiff are dispensed with for a time, but the accounts are not rendered clearer thereby.

'Query' (writes Richard), 'how comes this to be but 189*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*, when the last was 194*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.*?'
'Mem. I find that Mich. Swift imposed upon me.'

A few pages later he makes an attempt to balance his debit and credit accounts, with the result (on paper) of a satisfactory balance in hand. ''Tis false,' writes the amateur bookkeeper. 'I have not so much by a great deal.'

Even in these early days Richard Newdigate betrayed a tendency to lavish expenditure which increased as he grew older. A list has been kept of all that was consumed in the Christmas festivities of 1668-9, which shows the liberality of the housekeeping.

'A Note of what hath been spent in the twelve days, 1668, Xmas.

By the Cook

2 Beefes
6 Muttons
6 Veales
18 Turkeys
50 Geese
16 Ducks
42 Capons
2 Pullets
3 Chickin
3 Pigs
1 Swan
1 pay Bird [Peacock ?]
100 Rabbits
100 strike of wheat

Dairymaid

140 pounds of butter

Beer

17 Hogsheads of Beer
3 Hogsheads of Ale
1 Barrel of March Beer

A similar list of almost identical quantities enumerates the Christmas gifts of the same date.

But these were minor extravagances, though scarcely wise for a man who had still only a limited income. Richard Newdigate had grandiose ideas in whatever he undertook, and he early began to embellish and improve his house and grounds on a scale which must have involved him in considerable expense.

The Serjeant, labouring at his profession in London, writes a note of warning to his son not to undertake too many improvements at the same

time. 'I hear talk,' he adds reprovingly, 'of images on your stable and carvings in your chapel.'

The last indictment was correct. The chapel (afterwards consecrated by Archbishop Sheldon) was being profusely decorated on walls and ceiling with wreaths of flowers and festoons of fruit, executed by skilled workmen from the designs of Grinling Gibbons.

The report of 'images' on the stable was a libel, unless the large stone coat of arms above the centre doorway, planned by Sir Christopher Wren, could have been so miscalled. The stable itself was a work of art—the New Stable as it was then named. And now, after nearly two hundred and thirty years, Richard Newdigate's stable, with its long gabled façade, brown-tiled roof, leaded windows, mellowed brickwork, and handsome stone copings, is a joy to all who appreciate a fine specimen of architecture in the time of the Renaissance.

It is recorded how the foundation stone was ceremoniously laid by a Lady Rouse, and as the walls began to rise up they evidenced the squire's love of horseflesh in the ample accommodation he was providing for his stud.

When we consider how dependent a country establishment must have been on its stables for communication with the outside world, we can understand the liberality of the scale on which the new building was planned. Young horses bred and broken on the estate would help to fill it, and Richard, who prided himself on his skill in horsemanship, had to take his share in the art of rough-riding. Then again the ponderous coaches and heavy unmetalled country roads made great demands on the number of draught-horses required, necessitating the services of four stout animals at a time for even ordinary occasions. The Arbury coach and team were not unfrequently on loan. The Duke of Ormond is helped in this way on his road to Ireland, and the same favour is granted to country neighbours to take them up to London.

With this sketch of a country gentleman's duties and interests after the Restoration, we must leave the son for a time to follow the fortunes of his father in Chancery Lane. No less busy was the Serjeant plodding at his profession and adding yearly to his fortune, little thinking how short a time it would suffice for the larger needs of his successor.

CHAPTER II

A KING'S TARDY RECOGNITION

ONE of the chief objects of Serjeant Newdegate's persevering labour must have been attained when at seventy-three years of age he was able to buy back the old family property of Harefield in Middlesex, which, with the exception of the manor of Brackenbury, had been in other hands for nearly a century. It was in Elizabeth's reign—1586—that the Serjeant's grandfather, John Newdegate, exchanged Harefield for Arbury with Sir Edmond Anderson.

Fifteen years before the repurchase of the Middlesex manor, its mansion-house had been burnt to the ground, a catastrophe said to have been caused by the carelessness of the witty Sir Charles Sedley, who was amusing himself by reading in bed. In its place Serjeant Newdegate prepared a modest residence for his occasional use

and as an eventual dower-house. For the remainder of his active life he seems to have preferred to spend the greater part of the year, when not on circuit, between Chancery Lane and his house in Holborn known as 'The Leaden Porch.'

It must be noted to Serjeant Newdegate's credit that his honourable and successful career after the Restoration was entirely independent of Court favour. It was not until 1677 that we hear of any effort being made to obtain for him some tangible recognition of the services he had rendered as a Commonwealth Judge to certain Royalists and the cause they represented. A movement was then set on foot by some of those who had profited by his courage and independence.

Colonel Halsey, whose life had been spared with others at the memorable York assizes, took the initiative in the matter. He was energetically aided by Sir Nicholas Armorer and Lord Grandison. The two latter, being personal friends of the Serjeant's, were able to approach his son Richard in the first instance with a view of ascertaining what form of recognition would be most accept-

able to the recipient and his family. The intricate progress of the negotiations is best described by contemporary letters, aided by Richard's caustic comments upon their contents, carefully noted on each cover. The first action considered indispensable on the part of the candidate for royal favour was his formal attendance at Court. After due preparation of the kingly mind, the Serjeant, escorted by his three friends, was taken to wait upon Charles II. at Whitehall. Sir Nicholas Armorer's account of the interview is addressed to Richard Newdigate, under date June 2, 1677.

'S^r^ Yesterday morning we waited upon your Father to Whitehall. The King received him in the Bed Chamber with a Cheerful Countenance, and gave him thanks for his kindness to his Friends in the worst of times, and in particular to James Halsey, who had informed him of it. M^r^ Serjeant made little reply, I suppose thinking the King would have said more, which is not his way, unless something be returned to his first offer to the matter; but it will have all the effects you and he can desire, and had now as you directed me. But had my advice been followed as I discoursed the matter with you, I am still of the opinion it had been better; your own [objection ?] and seconded by your Brother stopped all our reasons, nevertheless all is as well, for in the first Place, all in the

Bed Chamber took notice of his being there and the King's cheerful going to him, and enquired from my L^d^ Grandison and M^r^ Halsey and myself, the Reasons of his coming, and since it is gone about amongst us. My L^d^ Grandison went with M^r^ Halsey and me to my good Lord of Ormond and told his Grace what we had been about, who wished he had been there to have made one. He knows your family and had a great value for your father Bagot,[1] and will take a time when my L^d^ Grandison is by to speak to the King of Both.

'As to the warrant we thought not fit to mention it yesterday, but you need not doubt I think, but it shall be sent as you direct, and in the best manner and the kindest that can be proposed, and by such a person as may be acceptable.

'You owe more to my L^d^ of Ormond's expressions then I will mention, but that for another time. Your friend of Ossory knows not a word of all this, but shall when you please, and I am sure he will be glad of it. I hope you will see them as they pass Coventry, if they go that way; but my L^d^ Duke talks of going by Derbyshire to see my L^d^ of Devonshire, but of that you shall know. My service to my daughter[2] and all your fireside from

'S^r^ Y^or^ faithful humble servant

'NIC. ARMORER.'

The negotiations begun in so promising a manner were not altogether in accordance with

[1] Sir Edward Bagot, father of Richard Newdigate's wife.

[2] Synonymous with god-daughter in those days.

Richard Newdigate's desires. He has docketed the letter with these words:

'S^r N. Armorer, that my Father had been with the King, which letter shows that he intended otherwise than I did. He offered to make my Father an Irish Viscount, which I was utterly against, and desired to have him Chief Justice, but they put him off by making him a baronet.'

The contents of Sir Nicholas Armorer's letter having been notified to the Serjeant, he writes in reply:

'Sonne, I had both y^r letters; by the first we were glad to hear of your safe coming home, and the other met me here, the contents whereof, not to seek for and yet not to refuse the favour if freely bestowed, suits well with my own fancy; but if otherwise, I should be sorry to be censured and accounted to buy what was discoursed on. I pray God direct us in all our ways. So with my best blessing to y^r wife and children I am

'Y^r very loving father

'RI. NEWDEGATE.

'14 June 1677.'

After a week had passed by with no further sign of action in the matter, the Serjeant writes again in veiled and bitter terms of his doubts and disappointment.

'21 June 1677

'Sonne, I had y^rs 18^th June and hear nothing at all of what you mentioned formerly. So that by what you heard mentioned of ingratitude, and by what observation and every day's experience speaks, its plain that kind words are made use of to prepare for the advantage of those that have favour, as incident to their places; and if it should be had, none would believe it was had otherwise than by the common way of purchase, which, how unfit it is to be done, and how much he that should gain it would be censured and upbraided, and ranked amongst others that buy titles to their families and have none considerable before from their ancestors, and thereby declare their pride and ambition, may easily be judged. The prejudice for acting in ill times can never be taken notice of nor mentioned but without [also mentioning] the refusal to comply in the Country [York] which caused a displacing. The publick acting upon the Court for the releasing so many that were in great danger, which occasioned displeasure, declares sufficiently loyalty, not without resolution, which M^r H. fully expressed himself. . . .

'If you write to S^r N. A. I pray you to give him many thanks and M^r H. for their favour when I attended, and that you hope thereby any suspicion of dissatisfaction is cleared, and that you know was all I desired, being in years [1] and thereby incapable of such service that formerly might have been done, or what else you think on to that effect . . .'

[1] He was 75 years old.

The son, as usual, dockets the letter with his own remarks upon its contents:

'Fearing should be thought Pride, vindicating his character from the imputation of disaffection, all he meant in waiting upon the King, which he mentions in another letter, and says he waited upon his Ma^tie^ with S^r^ N. A. and Mr. H. and L^d^ Grandison, and that the King thanked him for his services and said little more; that he [the King] was making himself ready, put on his wig, and they attended till he went out.'

On the 23rd more decisive news came through Sir Nicholas Armorer to Richard Newdigate. The former writes from 'Endfield Chase' as follows:

'I came hither this night to take the fresh air, and repose myself after the trouble and noise of the Town which I have been in ever since I see you; which is as much satisfaction to me, though a poor man, as to a rich usurer to count his gold.

'I can now tell you your Father's warrant is signed by his Mat^ie^ and in such manner as you will find few I fancy has been done before, as you will see by the new copy which I send you here inclosed. Your Father's merit was so represented to the King yesterday by my L^d^ of Ormond in the privy garden, many persons of the best quality being present, that your family can never thank him enough, his Grace being no

stranger to the Bagot family, though so to yours; yet took our words for the character we gave him of both Father and the son, who I hope will never discount him nor us that have undertaken in your Names. Your other commissions I shall look after, and because of my being out of the way many times, Col. Halsey has the warrant and has paid the Fees, which ordinary is but £6 " 5 " 0 yet for the good grace of the Business there is £10 paid in all in the office of the secretary. Though they could demand but the ordinary fees, yet in the office we of the Court do the same in such cases, to be the welcomer when we come next, and who knows but you may upon a better occasion before we die?

'And now since you and I have ever dealt like frank Friends, I am desired by Colonel Halsey to let you know that since the Baronet was a new proposal, and differing from what was desired from us when the treaty begun, he thinks it but reasonable and just that he may expect the value of a Warrant, as is usual in such cases, and more now, by that warrants are not granted of late as they have been . . .'

This barefaced proposal for substantial reward on the part of Colonel Halsey was not very creditable, especially if one recalls how he owed his life to the Serjeant. The pretext made use of, namely, because a baronetcy had been substituted for the post of Chief Justice, was little

likely to please Richard Newdigate. He makes this clear in his note on the outer sheet of the letter.

'23rd June 1677. Sr N. Armorer to me, wherein he owns that making my Father a Baronet was a New Proposal, as indeed it was, for I ne'er thought of it, but he fob'd[1] me off with it, and here sends down a Copy of the Warrant, and mentions my taking a Commission (he means as a Deputy Lieutenant, which he indeed spoke of, which I do not in the least desire . . .).[2] Whereas Col. Halsey who owes his life to my Father freely offered his Service towards getting my Father his place as Chief Justice, which Genl Monk and the Parliament had conferred upon my Father in March before the King came in, and which the Earl of Clarendon put Foster into upon report that my Father was dead, 24 April 1660.'

But it was too late to murmur at an undesired Baronetcy, or at Col. Halsey's unworthy greed for pelf, when Sir Nicholas Armorer's letter enclosed a copy of the Warrant already sanctioned by the King. This paper is worth transcribing, if only to show how lucrative to

[1] You must not think to fob off our disgraces with a tale.
Coriolanus, act i, sc. 1.

[2] The rest of the sentence has been erased.

Charles II. was the ordinary exercise of the royal prerogative in the creation of baronets.

'*Copy of Warrant.*

'Our Will and pleasure is that you prepare a bill for our Royal signature to pass our great Seal, containing a grant of the Dignity of a Baronet of our Kingdom of England to our trusty and well-beloved Richard Newdegate, Serjeant at Law (which said dignity we are pleased to confer upon him in consideration of several good services by him performed to us and our faithful subjects in the time of Usurpation) and to the Heirs Male of his body lawfully begotten, with all Rights, Priveleges, Precedencies, and Preheminencies unto the said Dignity belonging.

'And whereas there are certain services that ought to be performed, or sums of money that ought to be paid in our Exchequer by the said R^d^ N. in respect of the said services, which for the consideration aforesaid we are graciously pleased to remit, Our will and pleasure is that you likewise prepare a discharge from us unto the said R. N. of and from all services that ought to be performed, or sums of money that ought to be paid by him for and in respect of the said services, in consideration of the said Dignity, wherein you are to insert such Clauses as may make the said discharge full and effectual, and a particular Non-Obstante of our letters of Privy Seal directing the application of the sum of

twenty thousand pounds that shall first accrue to us by the creation of Baronets to the use of our great Wardrobe. And for so doing, this shall be your Warrant. Given at our Court at Whitehall the 22nd day of June 1677 in the nine and twentieth year of our reign.

By his Ma^tie's Command

H. COVENTRY.

'To our Attorney or Solicitor General.'

The tidings of the coming warrant had reached the Serjeant in London. He writes to his son concerning it on the same date as that of Sir Nicholas Armorer's letter to Richard Newdigate enclosing the above copy.

'23rd June, 1677.

'Sonne, just now my Lord Grandison told me that at the Duke of Ormond's request the K. was pleased to give order for a warrant for that I feared, and that it is in Sir N. A. his hands. What engagements you have made, I know not, but its fit to carry on this business with as much prudence as may be. Therefore in ordering it I wish you not to do anything more without my privity for publishing it or otherwise. When the warrant comes I will take order concerning it. If you have promised, its fit to be just, but I doubt gain and gratuities are expected, which you must bring the family that prest it on. I am in haste and therefore only send you all my best blessing. . . .'

The warrant containing the King's directions in the matter was only the first step towards a Patent of Baronetcy, and the experienced old lawyer was well aware of the hindrances that might arise before it was granted. He waits another few days, and then, hearing nothing further concerning that he 'feared' and yet would have been grieved to lose, *faute de mieux*, he writes again to his son as the go-between, on the 28th of the same month:

'Sonne, I writ you word on Saturday of what my L[d] Grandison told me in reference to what S[r] N. A. promoted, that it now proceeded so far that a warrant was gained, of which I have heard no more. Only my Lord again told me that he did believe S[r] N. had given you notice thereof. I know there must be much care taken in proceeding to have it perfected, the name and rank exprest, and a 2nd grant to be had to discharge the 1000*l.* every Bt is to pay, and warrants from the Lord Treasurer, Privy Seal, from the Attorney General etc. etc. If things be not effectually done an after clap may come out of the Exchequer. . . .

'I again earnestly desire that nothing may be done for publishing that favour and gaining the Patent without my privity and direction. I would avoid being censured as much as I could, and public notice will be taken soon enough.

'Our Circuit will begin to go towards Warwickshire this day three weeks. . . .'

Yet one more letter before the Serjeant's fears and doubts were set at rest:

'30 June 1677.

'Sonne, I had y^r^ letter. . . . For the other concerning S^r^ N. A. and the K. I hear nothing at all more than what I writ. Therefore I apprehend its expected applications should be made by plausible language before some effectual progress will be made to gain the warrant, or some other proceedings to shew the greater kindness or to merit the more thanks; but its rare to have such persons lay out money and be at the trouble of soliciting in so many places without assurance of being reimbursed with advantage. Therefore since things are thus, perhaps you may do well to write to S^r^ N. and to give him thanks, you having heard it by my Lord G. his report, how ready he and the K. appeared, and how graciously and freely the K.'s pleasure was declared, and withal to desire him particularly to inform you by Letter what is done, and what is to be done in reference to fees and otherwise completing, concerning which the directions shall be given as you hear from him.

'. . . Send your letter enclosed to me. I will send H^y^ with it, and he shall wait upon him for answer. . . . If there be any stop you will know thereby, and so both you and I be upon a certainty. . . .'

The Serjeant's wary suggestions for oiling and expediting the wheels of action set in motion on his behalf were doubtless necessary adjuncts to Court favour in the self-interested and corrupt days following the Restoration. There were still some weeks of suspense to be endured before the patent was officially signed, sealed, and delivered.

On July 24, 1677, the Cromwellian Judge and ephemeral Chief Justice—once again a Serjeant-at-law in full practice—was created Sir Richard Newdegate, Baronet, with special remission of the usual fees. The recipient of these tardily bestowed honours did not long survive his King's act of recognition. Fifteen months later he died, on October 14, 1678, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

In the next few chapters extracts will be given from the news-letters received by the second Sir Richard Newdigate with more or less regularity from 1675 to the end of his life. They have been selected mainly to illustrate the manners and morals of the period, amidst which lived a man of complex character—half Cavalier, half Puritan, wholly Protestant, a scholar, country gentleman, and county member.

CHAPTER III

CHARLES II. AND HIS PARLIAMENT

WHEN the news-letters to Richard Newdigate begin in 1675, the squire of Arbury was biding his time until an opportunity should occur to enable him to come forward as a candidate to represent his county at Westminster.

No general election had taken place since May 1661, when Charles II. summoned his first Parliament after his Restoration. At that time the loyalty of his subjects was at its height. After the lapse of some years he had good reason to doubt whether a longer acquaintance with himself in his public and private capacity had not tended to weaken the first warmth of the nation's feelings towards the restored royal line.

In such a case an appeal to the country was

likely to result in the return of a less amenable House of Commons than in the first instance. Hitherto, and for a few more years, Charles was able to evade the experiment. He continued to govern in defiance of precedent with the same representatives of the nation (always excepting chance vacancies) from 1661 to 1679, keeping them under discipline by constant and unexpected prorogations.

When Parliament met after one of these recesses in April 1675, there was more than ordinary anxiety to hear the King's opening speech from the throne. The newsmen give their usual summary of its delivery, whilst on a separate page is found what at first sight appears to be the actual text of its contents. After a careful perusal it becomes evident that it is a skit or lampoon on the expected royal speech. Not even Charles, with all his reckless audacity, could have ventured to address his two Houses of Parliament in terms of such mingled ribaldry, sarcasm, and brazen frankness.

The text of this effusion is here given, with one or two necessary excisions. It does not seem to be generally known, although it has been

printed by Grosart in his edition of Andrew Marvell's works.[1]

The author of the parody (Andrew Marvell) issued it anonymously, and when the House met, copies were found upon the floor. Probably no one was more amused by its perusal than Charles himself.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I told you last meeting that the Winter was the fittest time of business, and in truth I thought it so till my Lord Treasurer [Earl of Danby] assured me that the spring is the fittest time for salads and subsidies. I hope therefore this April will not prove so unnatural as not to afford plenty of both. Some of you may perhaps think it dangerous to make me too rich, but do not fear it. I promise you faithfully (whatever you give) I will take care to want, for the truth of which you may rely on the word of a King.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I can bear my own straits with patience, but my Lord Treasurer doth protest that the revenue, as it now stands, is too little for us both; one of us must pinch for it, if you do not help us out. I must speak freely to you. I am under

[1] It is also to be found in the 1726 edition of Marvell's works. The wording is not identical with the version now given, and the reviser for the press has deprived the text of some of the familiar, colloquial style of the contemporary MS. There are besides one or two obvious misprints in proper names.

incumbrances . . . I have a pretty good estate I must confess, but Ods fish, here is my Lord Treasurer can tell you that all the monies designed for the summer's Guards [Ships] must of necessity be applied for the next year's Cradles and Swaddling Clothes. What then shall we do for ships? I only hint that to you. That's your business, not mine. I lived ten years abroad without ships, and was never in better health in my life. But how well you can live without them, you had best try. I leave it to yourselves to judge, and therefore only mention it. I do not intend to insist upon that.

'There is another thing which I must press most earnestly, which is this. It seems a good part of my Revenue will fail in two or three years, except you will please to continue it. Why did you give me so much, except you resolve to give on? The nation hates you already for giving so much. I will hate you now if you do not give me more, so that your Interest obliges you to stick to me or you will not have a friend left in England.

'On the other side if you continue the revenue as desired I shall be able to perform those great things for your religion and liberty which I have long had in my thoughts, but can not effect it without this establishment.

'Wherefore look to it. If you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall be at your door. For my part I can with a clear conscience say I have done my best and shall leave the rest to my successors. But that I may gain your good opinion the best way is to acquaint you

what I have done to deserve it out of my Royal care for your religion and property.

'For the first my late proclamation is the true picture of my mind. He that cannot (as in a glass) see my zeal for the Church of England doth not deserve any other satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable and not good. You may perhaps cry, how comes this sudden change? To that I reply in a word: I am a Changeling.[1] That I think a full answer. But to convince men yet further that I mean as I say, there are these arguments:

'1st. I tell you so, and you know I never broke my word.

'2nd. My Lord Treasurer says so, and he never told a lie in his life.

'3rd. My Lord Lauderdale will undertake for me, and I should be loth by any act of mine to forfeit the Credit he has with you.

'If you desire more Instances of my Zeal I have them for you. For example I have converted all my natural sons from popery. . . . It would do your hearts good to hear how prettily little George[2] can read already in the Psalter. They are all fine children, God bless them, and so like me in their understandings.

'But as I was saying, I have to please you given a pension to the favourite, my Lord Lauderdale, not so much that I thought he wanted it as I know you would take it kindly. I

[1] Given to change.

[2] Son of the Duchess of Cleveland, afterwards created Duke of Northumberland.

have made Carwell a Duchess,[1] and married her sister to my Lord Pembroke. I have made Crew Bishop of Durham. I have at my Brother's request sent my Lord Inchiquin to settle the Protestant religion at Tangier; and at the first word of my Lady Portsmouth I preferred Brideoake[2] to be Bishop of Chichester. I do not know what factious men would have, but this I am sure of, that none of my predecessors did ever anything like this to gain the good will of their subjects. So much for religion.

'Now as to your property. My behaviour to the Bankers and letting of the Customs to my Lord S^t^ John and partners, take for public instances, and the proceedings about M^rs^ Hide and Emerton[3] for a private one; and such convincing evidences that it will be needless to mention anything more of it.

'I must now acquaint you that by my Lord Treasurer's advice I have made a Considerable retrenchment in my Expenses in Candles and Charcoal, and do not intend to stick there, but with your help to look into the like embezzlement of my kitchen stuff, of which (by the way) on my conscience neither my Lord Treasurer nor my Lord Lauderdale are guilty; but if you should

[1] Duchess of Portsmouth.

[2] This name is given as Bradcock in the MS., and as Prideaux in the 1726 edition. It must have been Brideoake, who succeeded Gunning as Bishop of Chichester. Evelyn notes in his Diary on March 20, 1676: 'Dr. Brideoak, Bishop of Chichester, preached; a mean discourse for a Bishop.'

[3] See Chapter XI.

find them dabbling in that business, I tell you plainly I leave them to you, for I would not have the world think I am a man to be cheated.

'My Lords and Gentlemen,

'I would have you believe of me as you always found me, and I solemnly profess that whatever you give me it shall be managed with the same thrift, trust, conduct, prudence, and sincerity that I have ever practised since my happy Restoration.'

The irony of the allusions to 'my Lord Lauderdale' in the above document is the more striking when we recall a vote passed by the Commons in the previous session. It was to request the King 'to remove the Duke of Lauderdale for ever from his person and council as a dangerous and suspected person.' This vote was again brought forward and carried in the present sitting of Parliament.

The reference to 'Carwell,' as the English people called the French siren, Louise de Querouaille, was equally audacious. We find her described in contemporary history as 'the enamouring and intriguing Duchess of Portsmouth, object of the King's Affection and the Nation's Hatred.'

The news-letters of this date retail how she

had been appointed 'Groom of the Stole to the Queen.' Poor Queen, what had she not to endure! The extravagance of the Duchess and the state she kept up became more and more scandalous. After one of her occasional visits to her native country the newsmen write:

'The Duchess of Portsmouth is in greater state than ever. She has brought over three coaches and six horses, and she hath fifty attendants and ten grooms.'

Her sister's marriage to Lord Pembroke is mentioned in a letter from Lord Desmond[1] to Richard Newdigate in this year. He writes from London to return thanks for the loan of his neighbour's coach and horses for the journey thither. The item of gossip is in a postscript. 'The Duchess of Portsmouth's sister is to be married to my Lord Pembroke; the King gives £8,000 with her.'

The bride-elect had little cause to thank the King for his promotion of this marriage, Lord Pembroke being a man of a turbulent and violent disposition. He was tried before his peers for manslaughter, and only escaped punishment by 'pleading his peerage and so was discharged.'

[1] Better known as Earl of Denbigh.

Soon after he is again reported to have killed a man and two horses, when he fled the country for a time.

The retrenchments hinted at in one of the paragraphs of the King's speech had become a matter of necessity owing to Charles's prodigality. They were carried out to some extent in the course of time, but not at the King's expense.

'Yesterday at Council his Mat^{y} was pleased to approve of the retrenchments which had been made by the committee of the Lords, viz.: that all board wages and diet and half of all pensions and salaries, except those to the Judges, shall be taken off for fifteen months to come, commencing from the first of the Instant. The whole retrenchment, its said, does amount to £300,000.'

It was after the second short session of Parliament in the autumn of the year 1675 that Charles scandalised the nation and the two houses of Parliament by a prorogation which lasted fifteen months. On their re-assembling in February 1677, the Duke of Buckingham attempted to prove that the Parliament had been dissolved by the last prorogation, in accordance with the ancient laws of England, which decreed that a Parliament must be held 'once a year and oftener

if need be.' He added, with the coarse humour of the times, that 'Acts of Parliament were not like women, the worse for being old.' He was supported in his bold assertion of the dissolution by the Earls of Salisbury and Shaftesbury and Lord Wharton.

They were all four sent to the Tower, where they held out stubbornly for some months. They were occasionally allowed out on various pretences by royal permission, probably to enhance their desire for freedom. Lord Salisbury was granted his liberty during the month of June because 'his lady was ready to lie down.' At the end of the month the expected event had not taken place, and he was granted a further ticket of leave, but before July was over he had willingly made his submission, as did Lord Wharton. The Duke of Buckingham followed suit before the second week in August, and Lord Shaftesbury alone remained obdurate for thirteen months. Then he too gave in, and after making his submission he had to beg pardon on his knees at the bar of the House of Lords 'not only for his fault, but also for his obstinacy in being so long in acknowledging it.'

In the year 1678 Charles made use of an alarm of a war with France to acquire fresh subsidies, which were voted with unusual liberality by his confiding Parliament. The threatened war came to nought, but the King spent the money in advance and found difficulty in extorting fresh funds from the Commons when in the next Parliament they talked openly of the 'pretended war' with France.

The English officers who had been serving in the French army were recalled, and the country was put to great expense by the raising of fresh regiments for the expected war.

'The French King' (write the newsmen) 'has offered that whatever English officers shall stay in his service, they shall be advanced; upon which some Captains who resolved to stay are made Colonels. But tis said they will be hanged in Effigy for their disloyalty.'

Fortunately for Charles, the revelations of Titus Oates concerning the supposed Popish plot came in opportunely to revive the affection of the nation for their King. His life was too valuable for the Protestant cause to be lightly esteemed, and his many delinquencies were forgotten in anxiety for his safety.

Lord Massareene,[1] Richard Newdigate's first cousin, writing to him from Antrim Castle in Ireland, in reply to the announcement of the Serjeant's death, says in reference to the plot and its consequences:

'. . . I am among the real mourners for my dear Uncle, and much reckoned upon the satisfaction of seeing him this winter, if the horrid design (discovered in England and suspected to have its influence here also) had not made it necessary to stay at home, as well in relation to the country where our interest lies as to our numerous family. I have indeed been much obliged to my friends in England, who till the tenth of this month (December 1678) have sent me all passages both in the Parliament and at Court during this session; with the late Act and Test against Popish members, y^e^ votes & journals of both Houses, as well as y^e^ preparations for impeachments etc. . . . So that after your receipt of this I hope you will once a week allow me what is new, to which you have these encouragements, viz^t^.: the speedy access of yours of the 9th, the dexterity in the use of your pen, and the hearty welcome your letters find upon every occasion.'

[1] Sir John Skeffington, 2nd Viscount Massareene, was the eldest son of Sir Richard Skeffington, Kt., and Anne, his wife, youngest daughter of Sir John Newdigate. Sir John Skeffington succeeded his father-in-law, Sir John Clotworthy, as 2nd Viscount Massareene, the peerage having been conferred by Charles II. with especial remainder to Sir John Skeffington in default of male issue.

(To this request Richard replies by a docket on the letter: 'Desires me to write to him once a week, which I can't do.') Lord Massareene continues:

'The last London Gazette is filled, I see, with news from Dublin, and I need not repeat the proclamations there recited. But since what is extant there we have news of a plot against the life of the D. of Ormond our L^d^ Lieut., which was in some sort designed by certain Priests, who were dealing with a young man in Dublin to be gotten into the Duke's service for the better accomplishment of this evil design. My time is little of late at my own disposal, being swallowed up in the enquiry after the Romish Clergy and catechising the Priests of that persuasion whether they are of the secular or the Regular Clergy, our Proclamations for imprisonment reaching only the latter sort; in so much as all our parish-popish-priests avowedly stay amongst us, and the Regular remain also in Masquerade as we suspect, there being few or none removed beyond sea, altho' our proclamations required them to be gone by or before the 20th of November. The Romanists were also by another proclamation to give up their fire-arms by a day prefixt; which they forebore, and now upon search very few or none can be taken. We have our alarms here, as we hear in England have been in Birmingham, Walsall, and other country-towns; so that we are constantly

upon our watch, and this Castle [of Antrim] is pretty strong, being never taken in the Rebellion that was in Ireland in 1641. . . . I write this so fast that I fear it will scarce be legible, being interrupted several times since I began it, and whilst I am making up this I am finishing other dispatches to my L^{d} L^{t} and Council upon occasion of late orders from them for revival and settlement of the Militia in these parts, which since 1666 hath been almost languishing, having seldom met and by time rendered unserviceable almost; many officers dead and arms un-fixt. This is much of my case in this great county of Antrim, especially since the Earl of Donegall, the Governor of the County, died about six weeks agone; a cousin German of my wife, and he hath left me a Trustee; his son is an infant. I had also, as Governor of the adjoining County of Londonderry, the charge in my Lord Essex's government, and since it is renewed by my Commission under my Lord Duke of Ormond; so that my hands are full, and you will excuse me for this haste. . . .'

The news-letters to Richard Newdigate now give constant reports of an impending prorogation, which was most unpopular in the country. ''Tis not convenient,' the writers say, 'to express what the discourses of people are concerning the prorogation.'

Lord Massareene writes again in February

1679, at this critical time both for England and Ireland:

'I thank you for your news, which I see was agreeable with divers other narratives; but in a few hours after yours was dated, the Councils at Court were much altered and the Proclamation emitted the 24th for dissolving our Long Parlem^t^, and calling another against March 4th after it was once resolved otherwise. These things are *supra nos*. The scene of the Plot and the persons most notorious (now proscribed) are late of Staffordshire I see; and for some months past I apprehended there was mischief hatching in that neighbourhood and suspected all the Rumors there were not smoke without fire. I am much more sorry for my neighbour at Tixell[1] than my L^d^ Stafford, altho' the age of the latter might have given him better precepts, and the education of the other (under a most worthy Parent, my old L^d^ Aston, who always honoured us of our family with a great respect) might have principled him otherwise both in his transactions and responsalls touching this affair; in which he seems most Liable to be taxed with a failure in his Prudentialls as well as his Allegiance, and the truth is, no other can be said of any man, who fails in the Latter. But this miscarriage has grossly exposed him, and seldom any who are versed in Red-letters, but have their Lesson much better than (it seems) he had . . . .'

[1] Lord Aston.

The sudden decision for the dissolution of Parliament was duly announced by the newsmen :

'The Clerk of the petty bag' (they write) 'is making out writs for new elections and Messengers are to carry the writs to the several corporations, which doth a little moderate people's discourse as to the sudden dissolution of Parliament.'

The Parliament of 1661 had at last come to an end, after a protracted existence of nearly eighteen years. With its departure into the region of history there came an opportunity for Sir Richard Newdigate to endeavour to satisfy his ambition to join the turbulent assemblage at Westminster. He was not slow in taking advantage of it, and came forward as one of five candidates who proposed to contest the county of Warwick.

The sequel is not to be found among Sir Richard's own papers or letters, but is graphically described by Sir William Dugdale in his published correspondence. He writes from Blythe Hall on February 15, 1679, and relates that :

'We have much ado about our Election of Knights for this County. From Tuesday last (which was the County Day) till Thursday night

they were polling for it, and have adjourned to sit in every particular hundred to finish the polling. One M[r] Stratford stands against all the Gentlemen of quality in the County, having the vote of all the Presbyterian and fanatic party. The others which stand are Sir Edw[d] Boughton, Sir R[d] Newdigate (son of the Serjeant), and M[r] Burdet, son to Sir Francis Burdet.'

The result is given by Sir William Dugdale as follows:

'Sir Edw[d] Boughton and Mr. Burdet	2,551	votes
Mr. Stratford	1,344	„
Mr. Marriot	927	„
Sir R[d] Newdigate 300, but allowed .	500	„ '

We must leave the disappointed candidate at the bottom of the poll and turn again to the news-letters for such information respecting Charles II. and his Court as the writers were able to obtain from second-hand sources.

CHAPTER IV

CHRONICLES OF THE COURT

At this period of the reign of Charles II. the English Court was at the height of its splendour, laxity, and extravagance. The King's mercenary and loveless marriage to Catherine, Infanta of Portugal, in 1661, had been no curb on his roving and volatile attachments. The Queen is described by Smollett as 'a virtuous princess, but possessing no personal attractions.' Pepys says, 'Tho' she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look which is pleasing.' Evelyn is more flattering in his description: 'Tho' low of stature, she (the Queen) was prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out, for the rest lovely enough.'

The Queen's handsome dowry of three hundred thousand pounds (in addition to the fortress of

Tangier in Africa and Bombay in the East Indies) had been but a drop in the ocean of Charles's reckless expenditure. The King's chief difficulty in life seems to have been how to devise methods for obtaining funds to satisfy his love of, so-called, pleasure. It speaks much for Charles II.'s personal attractiveness that he was able to retain the attachment and allegiance of those about him in spite of his selfishness and duplicity.

James, Duke of York, was not so popular. His second marriage to a Roman Catholic princess had been strongly opposed by the extreme Protestant party in Parliament, though in vain. After Mary of Modena had become Duchess of York, the suspicions of the nation were confirmed, and James openly acknowledged himself to be a member of the Church of Rome.

James, Duke of Monmouth, Charles's eldest natural son by Lucy Walters, was as great a favourite with the nation at large as his uncle was unpopular. His good looks, easy manners, and natural bravery combined to attract the populace and rivet the affections of those about him. 'That pretty spark' is how Evelyn describes him when he made his acquaintance some years before as

James Crofts. There were many amongst Monmouth's following who would gladly have believed in the authenticity of the report often revived, that Charles had been privately married to Lucy Walters before this son's birth. The King, who remained loyal to his brother to the end in spite of the suspicion and dislike he roused amongst the English people, was obliged at length to issue a formal proclamation denying that he (Charles) had ever been married to any but his present Queen.

In October 1677 the news-letters announce with jubilation the marriage which had just been arranged between William, Prince of Orange, and the Duke of York's eldest daughter.

'*Oct.* 23.—This post will perhaps surprise you with the happy news of the marriage between the Lady Mary, his Royal Highness's eldest daughter, and the Prince of Orange, declared yesterday morning . . . You will believe that the rejoicing in London by ringing of bells, bonfires etc. was great, and so I will not pretend to particularize thereupon . . . After so great a piece of news I will not entertain you with any of so small importance as is that we receive from abroad at this time.'

The bridegroom elect had come over nominally to arrange the terms of a treaty with his royal

uncle, whilst the secretly projected marriage was to be the reward and seal of the compact. William was too wary to enter into business matters until he had made acquaintance with the fifteen-year-old girl who was destined to be his bride. 'The Lady Mary's' attractions were such that he lost no time in completing the double arrangement, and the marriage took place twelve days later on the Prince's birthday, November the 4th.

'*Nov.* 8.—The happy event of the Lady Marie's marriage is now completed, for on Sunday, about 9 at night, she was married to the Prince of Orange privately in her Bedchamber by the Bishop of London in the presence of the King, their Royal Highnesses and some Lords and Ladies of the Chiefest quality. The next morning his Highness presented her with a Necklace and a very rich Jewel valued at Between twenty and thirty thousand pounds Sterling.'

Prince William, having won his bride and signed the treaty, was in haste to return to his own country, but the elements combined to hinder his departure, just as eleven years later they endangered and deferred his memorable landing on England's shores when summoned to supplant his father-in-law on the British throne.

'*Nov.* 19.—On Thursday, being the Queen's birthday, there was a Ball, and the next morning early the P. and P^ss^ of Orange parted from hence in order to their embarking on the yachts which attended them about Gravesend, whither his Mat^y^ and his Royal Highness accompanied them, but the wind is so contrary, that they are not able to get out of the River.

'*Nov.* 23.—This morning arrived one for fresh provisions for the P. of Orange, whom he left at anchor near Sheerness.

'*Nov.* 24.—His Mat^y^ having on Thursday in the evening sent down a gentleman to invite the P. of Orange to return hither with the Princess till the weather is more favourable, he returned hither in the evening, having left their Highnesses about 12 o'clock that day two miles from Canterbury, whither they were going, and where they purposed to continue till the weather could permit them to pursue their voyage.

'*Nov.* 29.—On Tuesday night the Earl of Ossory returned hither and gave the King an account that the day before the Prince of Orange, being in great Impatience to see himself thus detained by the weather, parted from Canterbury to Margate, the wind being more favourable than before; and there he embarked with the Princess on the Mountague, commanded by Sir Jo. Holmes; and on Monday about four in the afternoon went to sea. But the wind changing again the Mountague was forced to return to Margate, from whence they put to sea again yesterday, the yachts being come up with them . . .'

It seems tolerably certain that Richard Newdigate had some personal experience of Court life soon after his father's recognition by the King. It may be remembered how Sir Nicholas Armorer sought to excuse his over-liberality in the matter of fees in the Secretary's office on the occasion of the warrant for a baronetcy, by stating that 'we of the Court do the same in such cases, to be the welcomer when we come next.' He goes on to say: 'And who knows but you may upon a better occasion before we die?'

The opportunity came quickly, as we learn from a document signed by one 'Marmaduke Darly'[1] and dated 2nd April 1678.

It formally certifies that

'by Virtue of a Warrant Directed unto mee from the Right Honble Henry, Earl of Arlington, Lord Chamberlain of his Maties Most Honble Houshould, dated the first day of Aprill 1678, I have Sworne and admitted Richard Newdigate Esqre In the Place and Quallity of One of the Gentlemen of his Maties Most Honble Privy [or Bed] Chamber in Ordinary to Enjoy the Same Place with all the Rights, Perquisites, Priveledges, and Prehemencies Thereunto belonging, In testimony whereof

[1] The signature is in the trembling characters of old age and in a different hand from that of the rest of the document.

I have hereunto sett my hand this Second day of Aprill 1678 and in the 30th Yeare of the Reigne of our most Gracious Souvereigne Lord King Charles the Second.

'MARMADUKE DARLY.'

Before the end of the year we find mention of an 'adventure' that has befallen Richard at Whitehall. He writes an account of it to Lord Massareene in the same letter which announces the death of his father, the Serjeant, in the month of October. It must therefore have taken place either just before or immediately after that event, and about six months later than his appointment. Unfortunately we have not the chief actor's account of what happened when the fracas took place. Lord Massareene's comments upon the news are as follows:

'I heard of your adventure with ye Spaniard[1] as well as your Re-encounter at Whitehall upon the occasion, and I think it was Sir Nichs Armorer who did me the favour in the Castle of Dublin to impart what Sir Walter Bagot[2] wrote. . . . My advice should not have been for Martiall undertakings in those circumstances. The service due to one's Prince needs no recompense, because it is indeed a duty. But it is neither duty nor service,—

[1] Probably the Spanish ambassador, who is spoken of elsewhere as 'the Spaniard.' [2] Richard Newdigate's brother-in-law.

I am sure it is not an obligation,—if from the prince it does not gain acceptance.'

In a subsequent letter Lord Massareene again alludes to the subject and gives his cousin sensible advice. 'If I were worthy to advise you I would not have you take further notice of, nor in any way nourish those Resentments with some of the Court you mentioned in one of yours, because a man's gain in such a case might not far exceed what is gotten by going to Law with a . . .'[1]

It is evident from these quotations that Richard Newdigate's 'adventure' had led to strained relations with the Court, and probably ended his career once and for all as a disciple of Polonius. This abrupt termination came as a blessing in disguise to a man who was far too irascible, outspoken, and unpliable by nature to have been fitted for the life of a courtier under Charles II. The episode is so far interesting that it sheds light on the ex-courtier's personal acquaintance with Monmouth, and explains the prominence given by the newsmen to all matters concerning that insubordinate member of Charles's Court.

[1] Left blank.

At this time the rivalry between the Dukes of York and Monmouth was causing increasing vexation and inconvenience to the King. The man who represented the Protestant cause at Court had a large following in the country and was the darling of the populace. On the other hand, the public outcry against James's succession to the British throne on account of his open adhesion to the Church of Rome was becoming too acute to be ignored. Before the new Parliament met the King deemed it expedient to request his brother to absent himself from England. This he did in the following words :

'Dear Brother, I have already given you my reasons at large why I would have you absent yourself for some time beyond the seas. As I am truly sorry for the occasion, so you may be sure that I shall never desire it longer than it will be absolutely necessary both for your good and my security. In the meantime I think it proper to give it you under my hand that I expect this compliance from you, desiring it may be as soon as conveniently you can. You may easily believe with what trouble I write this to you, there being nothing I am more sensible of than the constant kindness you have had for me, and I hope you will be so just as to be as well assured that no absence nor anything else can ever change me from being truly and kindly Y^{rs} C. R.'

The Duke obeyed this royal command, and for some time he and the Duchess, with 'the Lady Anne' and her half-sister 'the Lady Isabella,' remained quietly at Brussels.

Meanwhile the newsmen go on chronicling passing events at Court, such as the return of the Duchess of Cleveland from the Continent, when

'tis said the occasion of her coming over is about the marriage of her son the Duke of Grafton with the Earl of Arlington's daughter. These young persons being contracted about four years since, and the Duke being fourteen years old and the young lady twelve, they must declare their consent.'

Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, was no longer first favourite with the King. Nevertheless, being of a domineering and masterful disposition, she could still elicit favours from him. Three out of the six dukedoms Charles bestowed on his sons with the bar sinister fell to the share of her children.

A little later in this year we have minute accounts of a sharp attack of illness which befell the King.

'His Mat^{y} having been a Hawking in Buckinghamshire returned to Windsor, and walking

part of the way in his boots it put him in a great heat, so that at his coming to Windsor he found himself afflicted with a pain at his stomach, which with some cold he had that day taken, took away his stomach so that he eat not Supper and was that Night very restless.'

The next day his physicians recommended bleeding, which the King wisely refused, but accepted a dose of manna from them and grew better for a time. Then his fever returned, and three doctors were sent for from London 'to attend his Mat^y^ at Windsor.' Again the prescription was bleeding, and this time the King submitted to his physicians' orders.

'At eight o'clock,' we are told, 'his Mat^y^ vomited two or three times, but was very cheerful . . . There is a great resort of Lords and great persons, but the Lord Chamberlain is ordered to admit but few, the King's Bedchamber being so little that the Company is offensive to him.'

The royal edict is not surprising, especially when we remember that the King's favourite dogs, with their young families, usually shared his bedroom.

Charles's distemper did not leave him for a

few days longer, when, thanks to the 'Jesuit's powder' ['quinquina'] and his naturally fine constitution, he recovered. Dr. Michelthwaite, one of the three physicians sent for from London, was knighted forthwith.

The immediate result of this sharp attack of illness was the return of the Duke of York, who had been summoned to Windsor when the King's life was judged to be in danger. James's star being again in the ascendant, we find as a natural consequence that the Duke of Monmouth was speedily out of favour.

'Yesterday, very strange and surprising news came from Windsor, that his Mat^{y} was pleased to order the Duke of Monmouth to depart the three kingdoms, the reasons whereof are so variously reported that we forbear to give account thereof as yet. The Duke hath already begun to pack up his goods at Windsor and at the Cockpit, in order, as it is said, to go to Hamburgh, a yacht being prepared for that purpose. His Mat^{y} hath likewise taken away all his commissions. Yet its hoped before his departure some mitigation may be found through the intercession of some great persons, the said Duke being gone this morning to Windsor, some say by order of his Mat^{y}. What the issue will be is much expected. The people are generally troubled at it.'

And three days later :

'The discourse of the Town hath been these five days upon the Duke of Monmouth in relation to the circumstances he lies under at present, with which the people seem generally concerned, wishing him all the Happiness that may be ; and indeed he seems now more popular than formerly.

'Various are the Reports concerning him. That which seems to come nearest the Truth is that his Mat^y^ had information that in his late sickness, divers persons had conference with that Duke upon matters (which he seemed to indulge) much displeasing him.'

This mysterious innuendo probably refers to the rumoured legitimacy of Monmouth and his consequent right of succession to the throne.

The reports of his speedy departure were followed by the announcement of the Duke of York's talked-of expatriation :

''Tis said his R. Highness will soon follow, but will not go before him [*i.e.* Monmouth].

'Upon false news that came from Windsor on Sunday night that the D. of Monmouth was not to go beyond sea, the bells of S^t^ Margaret's rung, and bonfires were made. 'Tis said the D. of Monmouth's offices will be executed by deputies, he having little else besides his Duchess's estate in Scotland to support him.'

The Duchess of Monmouth was Lady Anne Scott, heiress of the Buccleuchs. At the time of her marriage she was reported to be 'the finest and richest lady at the Court.' Evelyn goes deeper and says 'she is one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and has much wit.'

It was finally decided that Monmouth should go to Utrecht, where a house of Prince Rupert's was placed at his disposal.

Meanwhile it seems surprising that

'the D. of Monmouth is frequently with his Mat^{y}, and there appears countenanced as formerly, by which 'tis supposed his Mat^{y} is not so much displeased as he is rendered by some to be, but rather some reason of state, which to the wisdom of his Mat^{y} seems convenient to commend his withdrawing at present; and on Wednesday next he goes for Utrecht in Holland, the Place formerly mentioned being thought not so convenient.'

On September 28 we find that

'yesterday the D. of Monmouth paid his willing obedience to his Mat$^{y's}$ commands in Retiring beyond Seas. After dinner he took leave of most persons of honour at Court, viz.: of the Duke of York and Prince Rupert (between him and the latter was expressed great Reality of Love), and was attended with about a hundred

gentlemen to take leave of his Mat^y, who was then in Arlington Gardens; and approaching on his bended knee his Mat^y most affectionately Embraced and Kissed him, demonstrating all possible Kindness of a Royal Father and the Duke no less of a princely son. Last of all he took leave of his Duchess, his Mat^y not suffering her or her Children to accompany him.'

It is also noteworthy that

'Mr. Oates complimented Monmouth at his departure with the expression that he carried with him the hearts of above a hundred thousand of his Mat^y's Protestant subjects, wishing him a healthful and prosperous voyage and praying a safe return.'

The Duchess of Monmouth had not submitted to the King's decree of separation without a scene.

''Tis said that on Monday before the D. of Monmouth's departure the Duchess went to his Mat^y to know of him whether she might go along with the duke. His Mat^y said she should not go. The duchess breaking out into a passion said she would go with him or to her birthright, at which the King being angry said "You shall not go." So she went home, and its said she is sick and keeps her bed on his Mat^y's displeasure.'

The morning after Monmouth's departure the Duke of York left Greenwich on board his yacht,

his destination being Brussels. He was back again in less than a fortnight, ostensibly in order to proceed to Scotland with his family.

Whilst he tarried in London he was invited to dinner by the Artillery Company, of which he was president. This produced some outspoken opposition, and placards were posted on the gates of Merchant Taylors' Hall setting forth the following:

'Whosoever doth accompany the Duke of York to dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall shall be looked upon by all true Protestants as no other than an Enemy by the King and Kingdom, and the Betrayers of the Priveleges of the Parliament of England and the Just Rights and Interests of this Hon^ble City:

'And care shall be taken for procuring a list of those that dine with him, that the Papists in Masquerade may be known from true Protestants, and the nation informed of her private enemies in public under the abominable name of a Yorkist.'

In spite of this threatening language,

'those of the Artillery Company who met at Guildhall marched into Bow Street in Cheapside and there heard a sermon, and from thence were led by the Lord Ossory, Lord Feversham, Colonel Legg, S^r Robert Holmes, S^r Richard Low, S^r Jo: Chapman, Major Horne and Captain Hudson, stewards for this year to the said hall, to

whence came the Duke of York attended by the Duke of Lauderdale etc.'

The news-writer takes care to add later:

'His R. Highness had not the former Respect of the people either coming or going.'

Soon afterwards the Duke of York began to make the long-talked-of start for Scotland.

On his road thither

'its said that his R. Highness being in a Gentleman's house perceived in the pane of a Glass Window these words written with a diamond, which is affirmed to be done by King Charles the First

Errors in time may be redrest;
The shortest Errors are the Best.'

Also

''Tis said his Mat^y hath sent a severe check to the Lord Mayor of York for not receiving his Brother as became him.'

The Duke of York being once settled in Edinburgh, and Monmouth far away in Utrecht, Charles must have felt relieved of much cause for discomfort. He was now fully restored to health, to the joy of his loyal subjects, as proved by the following paragraph:

'His Mat^y, blessed be God, is in very good health, and walked yesterday to Fulham with

some few attendants; thence in the common ferry-boat crossed over to Putney; thence to Ham to the Duke of Lauderdale's house, where he stayed a very little time; thence to Hampton Court to dinner, and thence back again in the afternoon to Whitehall, where the Council sat.'

After two months' banishment Monmouth returned to England, a proceeding which, unless tacitly sanctioned by the King, would seem to have been a daring measure on his part.

'Last Thursday afternoon the D. of Monmouth arrived, and notwithstanding his intended secresy it was known early next morning. The Bellman Belching out his Welcome raised many people, who immediately made Bonfires and Ringing of Bells etc., the City of London and suburbs doing the same last night. But the multitude were very violent and rude, stopping passengers in coaches and on foot, some of them of great quality, not suffering them to pass till they had cried "God save the King and the Duke of Monmouth," which hath given his Mat^y great offence.'

In the following February the Duke of York was back again, and his adherents strove to welcome him in the same public manner.

''Tis said the D. of Lauderdale hath allowed £150 for preparing two bonfires to be erected by the same person that made the late famous ones

in Leicester fields, and hath ordered four Hogsheads of Wine for standers-by.'

This was beforehand. After the Duke's actual arrival

'there were many Bonfires on Tuesday night made in and about the City for Joy of his R. Highness's arrival, one of which was in Essex Buildings in the Strand at a Frenchman's door, where some Gentlemen being with him in his balcony, they with loud acclamations and Hats flourished cried "God save the D. of York!" The young fry about the fire being only boys of ten or twelve years of age, some of them cried, "God bless the D. of Monmouth also!" Whereupon the Gentlemen came down and drew their swords and made the Boys fly. But a little after some lusty fellows came down to the fire, who broke their swords and beat them soundly and broke the windows of the house. The Constables coming to secure the peace seized the first Abettors for drawing swords and committed them to prison, from whence they were released next morning.'

Charles and his Court little heeded the disturbed state of public feeling, but ran their usual course of dissipation; adjourning periodically to Newmarket as was their wont.

Here we are told that the *ci-devant* actress 'Madam' Gwyn is said

'to wager very highly at Races and Cockpits, and one morning in a frolic she clothed herself in man's apparel with a Horseman's Coat etc. and meeting the King salutes him, at which his Mat^{y} and Court were very pleased.'

In the next letter we read that 'Madam Gwyn hath received much damage from the fall of a horse.' But she was soon to the fore again.

On another occasion 'M^{r} Henry Wharton is forbid the Court for having run through one of Madam Gwyn's horses, who drove too near him.'

It was in August 1679 that Nell Gwyn's mother came to an untimely end, being 'found drowned in a ditch near the Noah houses by Chelsea, and last night was privately buried in St. Margaret's.'

The madcap Nelly has been described by Burnet as 'that indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was at Court.'

Her extravagance was unbounded. She is said to have had £60,000 from the King in four years. Yet she was popular with the nation and retained the royal favour to the end, as evidenced by the 'Do not forget poor Nelly' of Charles's dying bed.

CHAPTER V

ROUGH MANNERS AND BARBAROUS DEEDS

THE deep potations and high living indulged in by high and low at this era may have been in some measure answerable for the hot tempers and frequent feuds which are to be found recorded in Charles II.'s reign. The practice of duelling amongst the upper classes became so common, on the slightest pretext, that at length the King found it necessary to issue special decrees to check the loss of life, which was increasing to an alarming extent.

The following extract may be quoted as an example of readiness to take offence:

'The Lord Grey, looking on some guns in a Gunsmith's shop, saw an odd kind of gun and asked what cockscomb's fancy it was. The Gunsmith answered the Duke of Albemarle had bespoke it, and when his Lordship had gone, went and told the Duke that the Lord Grey had called him cockscomb. Upon which the

Duke sent a challenge to his Lordship, and they fought yesterday morn at Totnam Court, when Colonel Godfrey, the Lord's second, disarming Sir Walter Clergis, the Duke's second, they parted their principals.'

A few days later the sequel to this affair is given:

'The King was very angry at the Duel between the Duke of Albemarle, etc., but being informed that the Lord Grey did not speak the words designedly upon the Duke, sent for 'em, and made 'em friends, but said he was sorry to see those that should be patterns of keeping the Laws, break 'em under his nose.'

Occasionally measures of a less sanguinary type were adopted to obtain redress for supposed grievances. Colonel Howard's method is original and is recorded at length by the newsmen:

In 1675 'the House being informed of a difference like to arise between my Lord Cavendish, S^{r} Thomas Mores, and Colonel Thomas Howard, upon a paper or letter found in the Pall Mall, Col. Howard is ordered to be sent for to M^{r} Speaker, and such persons as shall own the paper, to be committed to the Serjeant at Arms.'

Colonel Howard's enumeration of his grievances, intended to be made public by this simple device of leaving a letter, unaddressed, in a public

thoroughfare, is given in full with its involved grammar:

'S^r^

'The late severity against Roman Catholics having forbidden me the ambition to any place or pretension at Court, and the severe usage of the gout making me unfit to appear in any company but where I am well acquainted, besides a most sensible loss of my poor Brother John, killed at the battle of Strasburg, I resolved not only in person but thought to retire from all temptations this world will give me, and to spend the rest of my days in such domestic and private content, as a man of these principles and of some seeing hopes, in an honest retreat.

'But it happened by a certain, though unjust and malicious accident, that I am awakened from the quiet and repose I hoped for; and find myself engaged by the nearest ties of friendship and honour (and obligations I have always esteemed dearer than my life) to let some unworthy and base people see that I am yet alive.

'Not long since in St. James' Park the Lord Cavendish and S^r^ Thomas Mores (two bold and busy members), upon the news of the Frenches retreat over the Rhine, where many English were reported to be killed (whose lives amongst all honest men were much regretted), these incendiaries, with a most plausible temper of such worthy patriots, openly declared that it was but a just end to such as went against any Vote of Parliament.

'With all respect of that honourable House, this cankered and malicious saying will neither deserve the thanks of that House (it being false as to my brother, who went by his Mat$^{y's}$ command at the head of his Company before the Vote was in force) or the approbation of any honest men. But of it I will not trouble myself or others to let you see by an exact Character how these two worthy, unbiassed Senators ought to be credited.

'Next October[1] will produce such efforts of their care and capacity of securing property and Religion in a Christian, humane way, That I believe I shall be called to the Bar to answer these Slanders (as they will call them); yet I doubt they will not, for though an ill orator, I shall most surely prove what I write. As for any other way of revenge, I do not apprehend it, for men that are given to spit blood seldom draw it.

'S^{r}, I have troubled you too long with my just resentment, but knowing the show that you have always taken in my concerns, I must beg of you that you will in S^{t} James' Park, in the Mall, dispose these papers, it being all the way that is left to do right to the dead. And I assure you I will not do you the ill office of dispersing a libel, for I will sign the copy with all my titles.

'THOMAS HOWARD OF
'RICHMOND AND CARLISLE.

'From Ashtead in Surrey, August 30, 1675.'

[1] At the meeting of Parliament.

This tirade against 'two bold and busy members' had its expected effect, and as soon as the House met Colonel Howard was called to the Bar, and having attended, was committed to the Tower for his 'breach of privilege.'

The poor victim of gout and injured feeling was not long detained. Ten days later 'Colonel Howard is ordered to be discharged, and to attend the Speaker with Lord Cavendish and Sir Thomas Mores, who is desired to reconcile them.'

During the latter years of Charles II.'s reign the news-letters abound with episodes, sometimes comic but more often tragic, brought about by the heavy drinking which then prevailed.

'Last Friday Esq^re^ Barney, who murdered Captain Bedingfield at Norwich, was executed there. He behaved himself very penitently, and exhorted all Gentlemen to avoid the profanation of the Sabbath by immoderate drinking etc., of which he confessed he had been too Guilty; that the Justice of God had overtaken him; desiring all that then saw him, or should hear of him, to take warning and break off such Courses, which otherwise would end in the destruction both of soul and body without the Infinite Mercy of God.'

In the same year the newsmen write:

'The Lord Digby Gerrard of Bromley and

two other Gentlemen came to the Rose Tavern in Covent Garden about twelve at night, who had been hard drinking, and called for a dish of Buttered Eggs and Mulled Sack, which they eat and drank and soon fell asleep in several places in the room.' The first awaking missed the Lord Gerrard, and calling the drawer they looked and found him dead and fallen under the table. The Coroner's Inquest found it that he died of suffocation.'

On one occasion when Charles and his Court were sojourning at Winchester,

'Sir Roger Dallison of Lincolnshire having in his Wine dangerously wounded an Innocent Country fellow, and being carried before the Mayor of Winchester for the same, gave the Mayor two boxes on the ear, and was by his Mat$^{y's}$ command committed to the dungeon.

'Scarce a day passes' (write the newsmen) but there is killing or wounding in one part of other of the Town, which 'tis thought will sharpen the Edge of the Law against present offenders.'

We are told incidentally how

'a gentleman this evening was brought by a Coach to the Castle Tavern door in Fleet Street, who going into the house before he had satisfied the Coachman, he called on the gentleman for his money, who instead thereof killed him and is committed to prison.'

Again :

'Last night Captain Brampstone and Mr. Wiseman, two Gentlemen of Essex related, were at the Lion Tavern in Fetter Lane, and a difference arising the Latter was killed by one Mortal Wound of which he immediately died, and Captain Brampstone went from him in a manner distracted.'

When the antagonistic parties in the State invented the names of Whig and Tory, as mutual terms of opprobrium, the hot bloods on either side had a ready and plausible pretext for starting a brawl.

'On Sunday night the Lord Kingston and Lord Hunsdon, with Captain Billingsly and about twelve more, went from Wills' Coffee House to Peter's in Covent Garden to affront the Whigs, where they looked about the Room and cried "D—— the Whigs for Rogues etc." But nobody speaking to them, they took hold of one Party, a Tailor, as he was going and asked him whether he was a Whig or a Tory, and he crying "a Whig!" they burnt his periwig, and Billingsly kicked him downstairs, of which he threatens to complain to the Council.'

Before long the King found it necessary to issue an order to

'all his Mat^ye's officers of the guard that they

upbraid no man with the appellation of Whig or cause any quarrelling about that affair.'

In these days it seems strange to recall the chains which were drawn across the streets of London by night for the better security of foot passengers.

The lighting made use of only served to make darkness visible, although we are told that

'a project of Lights (being two Sockets of Glass in form of a lanthorn) was set up in Cornhill and is intended to burn very brightly all the night, which if approved of, two persons will undertake to furnish the whole city over at a farthing a light.'

No wonder it was hazardous to be out after dark in the less frequented parts of London. A Mr. Mowbray, who had come up as one of the witnesses against Sir Thomas Gascoigne etc., had a narrow escape.

'He complained,' write the newsmen, 'and made proof that on Tuesday night, going over the fields in the Rain to his lodgings, he observed a person to follow hard after, which he judged to be to shun the Rain, who, stepping before him, turned upon him with a dagger in so violent a manner that he fell down dead as the assassinator might suppose; but he, being crooked, wore a pair of

steel bodies, which defended him from the weapon, and by a strange providence saved his life.'

In France they employed more subtle methods when desirous of getting rid of superfluous and inconvenient lives. The discovery of the wholesale poisonings carried on by the notorious Madame Brinvilliers had not prevented others from following in her steps. A Madame La Voisine seems to have been even more diabolic in her devices than her predecessor.

'The Gazette informs us,' we read, 'that many of the most considerable persons in France are Imprisoned about Empoisoning, and its said the Duke of Luxemburg is also accused for having made a Contract with the devil that he should be invulnerable in the War and be always in favour with his prince and that all the Ladies he touched should be in Love with him.

'The Chamber of Justice at Paris continues to make a great enquiry after the Poisoners, and besides those formerly mentioned, many others of great quality are seized, and there are warrants out for eighty more; and the king declares none shall be pardoned that are guilty. Of these poisoners there are most strange and unheard of things discovered . . . Madame La Voisine hath confessed, she hath destroyed 2,700 Children, and baked 400 in Ovens.

A month later the Paris letters relate how 'Madame La Voisine was executed according to her sentence. Before she was brought to the stake they stripped her to her shift, and made her do penance at the Church of Notre Dame. Never did a flagitious person appear so encouraged at her sentence, and she kept her Resolution till she came within sight of the pile of wood that was made to burn her. But that struck her with such terror and amazement that she not only quitted that Resolution, but laid fast hold on the Sledge on which she was drawn, so that five persons could hardly unloose her. She had her flesh plucked from several parts of her body and was afterwards burnt. She gave terrible shrieks. She did not discharge any of those persons she had accused, but instead thereof accused her own son and daughter, and one Madame Priannoy (now in custody) to be more skilled in that damnable Art; and there was found in Madame Priannoy's Chamber eight pounds of arsenic and sixty phials prepared for several sorts of poisons, and two large books of Receipts how to make the Poisonings.

'They write from Paris that the French King is under great Apprehension of his receiving poison from some hand or other, the belief whereof hath very much seized on him, even to a melancholy disquiet. Some are of opinion that his Treasure is much exhausted, and that he will fall on the Republic of Genoa, who are rich in money and poor in people for defence, so may be willing to purchase their quiet.'

Fortunately for England, our ancestors were not disposed to go in for wholesale murders in so base and secret a fashion. If they wished to rid themselves of those who incommoded them, they were apt to do the deed openly, though often in a brutal manner.

Human life was lightly esteemed in those days, not only by those who were ready to risk their own existence, and cut short the lives of others, for any paltry innuendo that roused their wrath, but we also find the death penalty inflicted by the laws of England for offences that could in no way justify so terrible a sentence.

'Six men and women were executed this last week for Clipping, &c.,' write the newsmen again and again.

The death penalty itself had various forms of hideousness, which civilisation and mercy have long since made impossible.

'A woman is to be burnt for killing her husband, &c.'

This barbarous mode of execution for women was carried out as late as 1789, when it was inflicted upon Christian Murphy for coining. Mercifully the victim was almost invariably strangled by

the executioner before the flames could reach her.

'A Frenchman indicted for Burglary,' write the newsmen, 'refusing to plead, was sentenced to be pressed to death.'

The explanation of this cruel form of torture is to be found under the name of 'peine forte et dure' in our English statutes. Any person who died under its infliction could will his estates and property as he chose, whilst if he were found guilty of the crime of which he was accused, they would be forfeited to the Crown. As a rule the torture was so great that the prisoner was forced to plead before death came to his relief. The 'pressing to death' was carried out by laying heavy weights on the bare body of the accused, who was laid on the hard floor with his arms and legs extended and fastened to the four corners of the room. It was a prolonged ordeal, the weights being increased slowly to allow of the prisoner's submission being forced from him without endangering life too soon. Sometimes as much as four hundred weight was laid on the victim before this end was attained.

The numerous public executions were ren-

dered more terrible by many attendant horrors accompanied by the brutality of an ever-present crowd. Our ancestors were surely constituted of tougher fibre than their more highly civilised descendants. It must have needed nerves of steel to support the prolonged ordeal preceding a public execution, with its climax in the inevitably expected 'dying speech' and possible confession, delivered in presence of the grim instruments of death, inexorably awaiting its conclusion.

There was a certain professional thief, John Wolfe by name, the narration of whose deeds of skill and daring, related by himself with callous indifference at the foot of the gallows, evidently inspired the newsmen with misapplied admiration.

'On Saturday last,' they write, 'John Wolfe, the notorious pickpocket, was drawn to his Execution, at which place he made a remarkable confession, the substance of which we think not impertinent to insert. He confessed that he had picked most of the pockets of the Nobility of this Kingdom, and that he has done it at St. James's Chapel in the time of receiving the Sacrament, and at the House of Commons and Lords. He confessed he picked one of the Ambassador's pockets in the presence chamber,

and also the pockets of all the Bishops of England, and that he had done the same to the several Judges, he never missing a circuit these seven years, which occasioned his getting twelve good watches at one time. He confessed he used to take an excursion into Ireland in the Vacation, and that he picked forty-six pockets at Dublin in two days, insomuch that he was forced to set a mark on them, that he might not attempt the same twice. Lastly he confessed that nothing troubled him except that he was to die for taking only 33*s.* 6*d.* out of a pocket at Philmarke fair in Wiltshire, and that the money was returned again to the owner.'

Another miscreant, who was doomed to suffer for crimes of a far deeper dye than the above, nearly turned the tables on the hangman in the well-known style of the Punch and Judy show.

'On Wednesday last two execrable villains convicted last Hertford Assizes for ravishing, robbing and murdering a mealman's wife of Barnet, were there hanged in chains, and while the Executioner was busy in fastening the Rope on the Gibbet, Bungy, one of the malefactors, unloosing his hands with his teeth, took off the rope from his own neck and dexterously put it over the Executioner's head, got astride on the Gibbet, thrust away the Ladder, and had certainly hanged him had not the Rope been somewhat entangled in one part of his hat, which occasioned

him to drop through; and it was well nigh an hour (he defending himself from their assaults) before he could be got down and executed.'

In another paragraph the newsmen enlighten us as to the origin of the term 'blackguard,' when retailing some acts of dare-devilry on the part of the 'human boy' of the period:

'This last week, some idle, dirty boys that lie about the Horse Guards and Mews and Ride horses to water (commonly called the black guard) held a sessions, and there arraigned four of their Company Representing three Lords in the Tower. And he out of the Tower was brought to Trial and condemned to die. So they took that Boy that represented that Lord and hanged him up. But a Coachman coming in and laying about him with his whip, they all Ran away, forgetting to cut him down. So the boy was hanged indeed almost to death, but some say he is recovered.'

One of the 'Lords' so disastrously represented by the black-guard troop was Lord Bellasis, 'who is,' say the newsmen,

'still in the Tower and there is like to continue, there being not yet any warrant to the Lieut. of the Tower for his delivery, the Lord President being, as some say, so politick-ally troubled with the Gout that he could not come to Council last Thursday, nor sign a warrant elsewhere.'

Another prisoner who had to remain for some years in this aristocratic place of durance was Lord Danby, the late Lord Treasurer.

There is a mention of him in a letter from Lord Massareene to his cousin Richard at Arbury. The Irish Viscount, having left his castle of Antrim for London in 1679, is able to send town news to his friends, instead of pleading for the same. The passage is as follows :

'The King returned safe [from Newmarket] thanks be to God, and the story of several Pistols found in Lord Danby's lodgings in the Tower is so various and unintelligible I do not write it, nor yet a chat about the town for a greater discovery of the old Popish design. These are not matured nor formed yet into a narrative fit for any one's Pen.'

CHAPTER VI

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY AND PERSECUTION

It would be ineffectual to attempt to give a reflection of the manner of life and bias of thought in the time of the Restoration without devoting a few pages to the religious intolerance and cruelty which then pervaded Christian England. This was evidenced by the treatment meted out to all denominations differing in creed or form from the State religion of our national Church.

Politics were almost inseparably bound up with the profession of faith. Whatever Charles II.'s own tenets may have been—if he had any—he was a firm supporter of the Church of England from motives of self-interest alone. Its adherents represented the royalist cause. For this reason the test of the Church's most solemn Sacrament was enforced on those who held public offices, or served the State, to ensure their being members

of the national Church and loyal subjects of the King.

Some extracts from the news-letters will illustrate the bitterness and severity exhibited in the persecution of the Papists, Non-conformists, Presbyterians, and Quakers alike:

'His Mat^{y} on Friday last was pleased to order his Attorney General to draw up a Proclamation to be suddenly issued for the Banishment of all Seminary Priests and Jesuits, and all others that having taken orders from the See of Rome, are his Mat$^{y's}$ natural born subjects, who are to depart the Realm by March 10 next under severe penalties.

'Receivers are appointed for receiving the penalties upon Romish Recusants in the several counties. Upon proclaiming his Mat$^{y's}$ declaration against Non-conformists at Canterbury, the Mayor and Justices did Immediately issue out Warrants to the Constables of the respective wards to suppress the meetings, which proved so effectual that none but the Quakers presumed to disobey.

'His Mat^{y} expressly declared that whatever Justices of the Peace are wanting in their duties to execute the laws against Recusants of all kinds, according to what we told you in our last, he will give orders that they be forthwith turned out of their commission.

1678. 'For the Ridding of Papists out of the fleet the officers and soldiers at the Spithead near

Portsmouth were all ordered to receive the Sacrament aboard on the 21st.

'On Sunday last several of the King's messengers, and 'tis said Sir Wm. Waller was with them, went to the French ambassador's house, his Excellency being with his Mat^y^ at Windsor, and about eleven or twelve noon, demanded of the porter to go into the Chapel, where they were then at Mass, to search for some English popish priests and other English that were at Mass. But notice being given several of the Ambassador's servants stood upon their guard with drawn swords and swore they should not enter neither the house nor chapel; if they did be it at their perils, which was thought not convenient to do, but to wait some other opportunity.

'In the afternoon S^r^ Wm. Waller, with the assistance of Watermen and Constables, seized on several boats with passengers, to the number of above sixty persons, and made them pay five shillings apiece for transgressing the Lord's Day, according to the late Act of Parliament, which happened well for the poor of Westminster parish, amongst whom it was distributed.

1679. 'Last Monday another Priest was executed at Denbigh, who carried himself with that obstinacy that being brought to the place of execution he showed neither Humanity, Christianity nor Charity. What motions were necessary in order to his suffering they were constrained to force him into, he not willingly moving hand or foot towards it, saying he would not be accessory to his own death. When the Executioner had

put the halter about his neck the Sheriff demanded if he had anything to say. "Why," saith he, "you will not hang me, sure." The Sheriff answered, "You must suffer as the law hath appointed." Upon which he cried out "The D . . . l take you all," which were his last words.'

In Scotland the Presbyterian, or so-called fanatic, party were quite as severely handled in their turn. Their practice of holding field conventicles, in defiance of the laws against this manner of assembling themselves together, was regarded as endangering peace and order. When their meetings increased in numbers they were put down by force, but not even the severest penalties were of avail to check this form of their religious zeal.

'Fourscore Scots' [we learn] 'came in a ship from Edinburgh into the river Thames to be sold for Barbadoes as slaves. Several shipmasters refused to carry them because they said they went against their wills, and for no other reason than for meeting in a field and there praying together. So one Griffith, who bought them, finding himself at a loss, happened to say that if he had but part of his money again he would not meddle with them. So a purse was made for a Collection and as much money obtained as Griffith desired to have. So the Scotch ship that brought them let them go ashore. Some are gone to friends

and some to other places to subsist till they can return to Scotland.'

At length the barbarous murder of Archbishop Sharpe near St. Andrews brought matters to a climax. A great field conventicle near Glasgow was strong enough to defy the authorities. The troops sent against these misguided fanatics by the Duke of Lauderdale retired without dispersing them, alleging that their numbers were too great.

At this crisis the King sent off the Duke of Monmouth to collect troops on the road and put down the rebellion. The enemy were found encamped at Hamilton near Glasgow. The newsmen give a graphic account of the fight which ensued, known as that of Bothwell Bridge:

'On Saturday last about twelve o'clock the General gave order to march towards the enemy, who lay encamped in Hamilton park, which is twelve miles in circuit, and compassed with a high stone wall enclosing the Town of Hamilton and a castle the Residence of that Duke.

'The river Clyde runs within a mile of the Park, and over it is a bridge called Bothwell, which bridge was a strong pass guarded by the Rebels with a wall breast high at either end.

'The Duke came before the bridge about half an hour after sun-rising, and drew up all his horses upon the side of a hill that lay opposite

to the bridge, and at the Rear of his horse threw up an entrenchment, where he placed four pieces of cannon.

'The Rebels sent the Duke a petition, which hé refused to read unless they would lay down their arms. They replied they would not unless he would grant them what they desired in their declaration. But yet the Duke marched towards them with the White flag, but they answered him with the Red and first began to fire upon the King's party with two Cannons, one of which was bigger than any of the King's. But they wanting skill to mount them, one of them [the cannon-balls?] flew into the Air, and the other grazed on the ground and only damaged our Army with the dust.

'But the King's horse drawing off, the King's cannon played upon them and killed two horsemen on the bridge. Upon which they began to fly, disordering their foot, whom they left to the fury of the enemy, who killed seven hundred of them upon the place. The rest of them fled into Hamilton woods, which the King's army encompassing, have taken twelve hundred and sixty prisoners, amongst whom is a Minister, Mr. John Kid, who was got into a pond up to his Chin, and desired they would spare his life, for he was a minister. Upon which they pulled him out by the hair, finding about him only three shillings and a bible with his own annotations, which is sent up to the King.

'The prisoners are all brought to Edinburgh, having been first stripped by the soldiers.'

Some weeks later we find that 'eight hundred of the Rebels' were pardoned and set free, whilst 'four hundred were to be transported.' Of the latter, two hundred were lost at sea on their way to Virginia.

The unfortunate John Kid and another minister of the name of Lenox were reserved for a worse fate. They had been 'sorely wounded in the fight,' and yet

'were both exquisitely tormented with the Boot to force them to discover something yet unknown, but they could extort nothing from them. The first (Kid), having his legs broke with it, hath contracted a violent fever, and the second is almost dead.'

The torture of the Boot, still tolerated in Scotland at that time, was so terrible to witness, that Burnet says:

'The Council, in whose presence it is done, almost all offer to run away. . . . The sight is so dreadful that, without an order restraining such a number to stay, the board would be forsaken.'

The number of fanatics that lost their lives at Bothwell Bridge proved to be far greater than was at first suspected. A couple of months afterwards it was announced from Scotland that

'the people about Hamilton had gotten a distemper much like the Plague, which is imputed to the stench of the dead bodies slain thereabouts in the late Rebellion, when many of the Wounded crept into the corn, and when it was reaped they found them lying in a Nauseous manner, and besides many were not well buried. They add that the number slain was much more than we had account of, there being Reckoned seventeen hundred and forty-five dead bodies.'

The Duke of Monmouth's victory was effectual in checking these large and dangerous meetings of the Presbyterian party in Scotland. Two years later 'Duke Hamilton' appealed on their behalf, 'pressing that an Act against the Papists might be passed by itself, and the Act against the fanatics might be explained, and not the Presbyterians compelled, for if they were, it would greatly weaken the Protestant interest in the Kingdom.' . . . But the [Scotch] Bishops urged that they might be compelled . . . alleging that 'there was less danger from the Roman Catholics than the Presbyterians, the one being bad in doctrine, the other worse in practices, which hath plainly appeared this forty years.'

Of all the sects and denominations called upon to suffer for conscience' sake in Charles II.'s reign

the Quakers seem to have been pre-eminent in the steadfastness and defiance of their resistance, and suffered accordingly.

'We have advice from Bristol of the great number of dissenters daily committed there, insomuch that their Newgate is not able to contain them, there being eighty-six Quakers and fifty-two Presbyterians committed there, so that they are necessitated almost to be put one upon another, there being twenty-six in one Room. In 1683 'The Quakers are extreme stubborn. Their Meeting House in Grace Church Street being kept shut, they in great numbers resorted thither in the street, bringing forms, chairs etc., and one beginning to speak he was taken away either by the Constables or Soldiers, but immediately his Room was supplied by another and so successively, and some were committed.

'From Ireland they tell us, dated July 26th, of one Gideon Zank, the great Bell Wether of Wexford, who at the assizes the week before was found guilty of Subornation and Perjury and fined 40*s*. This was a great Mortification to the Party, that so eminent a Leader should be found in so foul a fault. But the best of Them have their failings, and this did not hinder, but that on the 24th he with some fellow-labourers held forth in Dublin from nine in the morning till four afternoon, it being kept as a day of humiliation among them, which usually bodes mischief; this Party fasting having, as is well observed, been

commonly made use of to whet their appetite to Rebellion. . . .

'And of the same Batch are the obstinate Conventicles. . . . The Hearers indeed are mostly Women, and therefore not so roughly handled. But yet they are of great danger. When Eve was tempted, she gave Adam the apple. . . . 'Twere better for them and the whole Kingdom that they would do as about forty or fifty did on the 4th at Southampton; set sail for Pennsylvania. There they may find those like themselves, and exercise one with another with the greatest freedom.'

Even Mr. Penn, who was doing so much for the colonisation and prosperity of his fellow-countrymen in America, did not escape the clutches of the law during a passing visit to England. He had come over to contest Lord Baltimore's claim to a portion of the ground he had marked out for building the city of Philadelphia, part of which was already constructed

'Mr. Penn the quaker, being proprietor and Governor of Pennsylvania, is lately come over about the difference with Lord Baltimore, and was last Sunday at a Conventicle in Westminster, where he was seized and carried before a Justice, and paying the 20*l.* as the Speaker, he was discharged.'

Another well-known name appears in the

news-letters as subject to frequent fines and imprisonments. It is that of Richard Baxter, the eminent nonconformist divine. He escaped, at this date, better than many others, having powerful friends ready to ransom his goods when seized in payment of the heavy fines inflicted upon him. He did not always, however, escape imprisonment. On one occasion, when he was undergoing one of his periodical seizures by the myrmidons of the law,

'on a warrant from Sir James Butler upon the Corporation, oath was made by Dr. Cox that it would endanger his life to keep him in prison, being extremely sick. His Mat^y^ therefore has been pleased to recall the said warrant with the expression that he delighteth not in the death of his subjects.'

Others were not so fortunate.

'One Mr. Raphson, a dissenting minister in Newgate, died last Thursday of a burning fever, which is very predominate among those prisoners.'

At times the rabble would interfere on behalf of their favourite ministers, and cause a riot which could only be quelled by military force.

'Yesterday, the goods of one Partridge, a non-conformist preacher in Middlesex, were by

Hilton the Grand Informer seized upon, which caused such a Rabble that two files of Musqueteers were forced to be sent for from Whitehall to preserve quietness.'

'Yesterday one Powell, a Blasphemous Muggletonian [1] fellow, was sentenced to stand in the pillory before the palace-gate on Monday next and to pay 200 Marks to the King and to give security for his good behaviour for the future. But as soon as sentence was passed he very strangely got out of Court and made his Escape from all the Marshalls.'

A lapse in regular attendance at the parish church was actionable, and if continued for any length of time it rendered the absentee liable to excommunication.

'Yesterday at the King's Bench bar a motion was made that whereas there were some proceedings in that Court against the Countess of Anglesey for not going to Church: That she might have farther time to plead, and the Court gave till the latter end of this term. . . .'

'The Spiritual Court is busy sending forth their Citations in order to excommunicate several persons for not receiving the blessed Sacrament as before, and for absenting themselves from the parish Church.'

[1] The so-called followers of a tailor named Ludovic Muggleton, who, with his associate Reeves, asserted that they were the two last witnesses of God mentioned in the Revelation

Mr. Rosswell, a dissenting minister, was hardly dealt with towards the end of Charles II.'s reign. He was accused and condemned, on paltry and insufficient evidence, of having spoken against the King in a sermon. When he heard the verdict 'he lift up his hands and eyes, saying "God have mercy upon this jury!"' He was doomed to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for so-called high treason.[1]

But enough has been quoted to show how narrow were the recognised limits of a loyalist's creed in those days, and how wide-spread was the conviction that, to ensure the safety of the State, all forms of religious faith except that of our national Church must be doomed to undergo the fiery ordeal of persecution.

[1] The sentence was so obviously unjust that it was not carried out.—HUME.

CHAPTER VII

THE TERRORS OF THE PILLORY

THE punishment of the pillory was a sentence much in vogue when the property of the accused was insufficient for the extortion of a satisfactory fine. This latter penalty in many cases seems to have gone to enrich the King, and probably the alternative of the physical ordeal helped to elicit the truth as to the prisoner's private means.

The following instance will show what paltry errors had to be expiated by this often severe trial of endurance.

When Charles II.'s 'effigy' was about to be set up at Windsor a foolish attorney, named Edward Harris, was convicted of having said to his companions 'Let's go see that Little Comical Fellow on Horseback.' For this frivolous remark he was sentenced 'to stand in the pillory at Windsor, Abingdon, Reading, and Newbury,

and fined twenty Nobles, being of a mean Estate.'

When the trade of an informer was encouraged and rendered profitable, a word spoken in haste or an irresponsible remark proved sufficient to excite suspicion and imperil life as well as fortune. The case of Mr. Cawdron, steward to the Earl of Essex, may be cited as an example of the danger of an incautious observation, if maliciously reported.

Mr. Cawdron was tried for high misdemeanour because it was asserted he had said :

'That he should say if the King had not been a Papist he would have passed the Bill of Exclusion as also the bill for visiting Protestant dissenters.

'And another time upon the election of Papillion and Dubois :[1] That in Oliver's time there was no such stir, but every man could sleep quietly under his own Vine, and that he hoped ere long to see such times again.

'The former part Mr. Fox, a blacksmith, witnessed alone, which had been treason if two witnesses ; the latter part the said Fox and one Fisher witnessed.

'Mr. Cawdron pleaded they were persons of

[1] When the City and the King were in opposition in regard to the election of sheriffs.

ill fame and did it out of Malice for not suffering them to become Tenants of his Lord, and brought one Salisbury to prove that Fox was suborned, which he made not good, and the Jury returned in a quarter of an hour and found him guilty.

'Then Mr. Attorney moved for judgment against Mr. Cawdron. . . .

'Mr. Cawdron told the Court he had a large and sickly Family and nothing to support them but his wages. That Mr. Fox had done him a great deal of wrong and was a very ill man. Judge Wilkins asked what estate he had. Mr. Williams [his counsel] answered his estate was a wife and six or seven children. "Then," said my Lord, "we must make the fine the less and the corporal punishment the greater," and ordered he should come up on Saturday for Judgment.'

Accordingly, on the last day of the term Mr. Cawdron was brought up to receive his sentence, but having made an affidavit that 'he was descended of ancient and loyal family, and that when he was Mayor of Waterford he refused the orders sent for proclaiming Oliver Cromwell Protector,' he was let off with a comparatively light sentence. In consideration of his 'large and sickly family' he was fined only £100, but was sentenced to stand twice in the pillory, and find securities for his good behaviour during life.

The pillory was so often inflicted for minor offences that one is apt to overlook the dangerous ordeal it might become. During the hour-long exposure in a public thoroughfare, there was hazard to both life and limb, should the victim chance to be unpopular with the rabble. The guard in attendance was often quite insufficient for the protection of the prisoner from the ill-usage of the mob, or 'mobile,' as it was then called. An unfortunate man of the name of Giles had an especially hard time of it when undergoing this punishment.

'Yesterday Giles stood in the pillory in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was so much mauled that the blood ran down in several places, but having one smart blow upon the leg he jumped off the Pillory before half the hour was out, and ran away to Newgate, being guarded only by the crowd, the officers running away for fear of being hurt by the stones that were thrown at him. He stands to-morrow at Gray's Inn Gate, and on Saturday at the Maypole.'

The ill-used Giles was so much injured as to be rendered unable to appear again for a month. It seems difficult to understand how he managed to jump down from the pillory and run away

unless it was with the connivance of his guards, in order to ensure their own escape from the shower of stones and other missiles aimed at their prisoner. According to Johnson's Dictionary,[1] the pillory was 'a frame erected on a pillar and made with holes and folding boards through which the heads and hands of criminals are put.'

When Giles had recovered and was able to stand at Gray's Inn Gate, arrangements were made for him to have a guard, 'if possible, strong enough to secure him from being used as formerly.'

How he fared we are not told, but a week later he was in a fit condition to stand for the third time in the pillory at the Maypole, when

'it being the last time, the people were resolved to take their leave of him by pelting him, but did him no great harm, he being secured by armour and his legs wrapt about with straw; and after an hour was carried to Newgate in the coach in which he came, being guarded backwards and forwards by a vast number of watchmen.'

Women were also condemned to undergo this punishment, and fared quite as badly if they had been unlucky enough to incur the dislike of the populace.

[1] Folio edition, 1755.

There was a certain 'Madam Cellier,' described by Burnet as 'a Popish midwife who had a great share of wit and was abandoned to lewdness,' who, in combination with Dangerfield and others, concocted what was known as the 'Meal Tub Plot.'

When their forgeries were discovered and the conspirators brought to trial, Mrs. Cellier was in the first instance allowed bail. She employed her liberty in printing an account of the affair in which she was implicated, and in her 'Narrative' brought accusations against so many persons of note that she was again seized and imprisoned.

In the words of the news-writer:

'Mrs. Cellier got bail, which being tendered to the Council they accepted, and she told the Council that she will print her book, let them do what they can, for she knows the worst on't.'

Whereupon, a fortnight later, it is not surprising to learn that

'two Indictments being preferred against Mrs. Cellier, one for subornation, the other for publishing her book, the bills were found. Upon which Sir Phill. Matthews moved that

she might be taken up privately, and accordingly, by a Constable's diligence, she was seized yesterday at her own house before she could have notice that the Bills were found, and she was immediately brought into the old Bailey, where she had notice that she was to be tried to-day, though Judge Dolben was for having it put it off till next Sessions. But the Lord Mayor telling Baron Weston that the Coachman (who Mrs. Cellier saith in her Narrative declared to her that he was tortured, and afterwards was offered money to say he took up Sir Edmondbury Godfrey in Somerset House before Bedloe's discovery) had been with him, and declared on oath to the contrary, and that she offered him money if he would say so; and that he asking her why she would put that into her narrative she answered "because she had a mind to it."

'Upon which Baron Weston said that publishing her narrative was an indictable act; she needed no time, and so ordered her Trial to come on this day at two o'clock. The Constable is bound to prosecute her, she having given him two of her books when he seized her.'

Two days later, on September 13, Mrs. Cellier was

'sentenced by the Recorder, who came to town but that morning. She stands on Wednesday come sennight at the Maypole, on Thursday at Charing Cross, and on Saturday at Covent Garden, her books being to be burnt before

her; and is to stay in Prison till her £500 fine is paid.

'Yesterday,' write the newsmen on the 16th, 'six Gentlewomen presented a Petition to his Mat^y^ to forgive Mrs. Cellier the Punishment of the Pillory (she having said she would rather be hanged than endure it), but his Mat^y^ gave no answer.

'Its said the Earl of Shaftesbury intends to arrest her upon scandalum magnat:, and that an Indictment of High Treason is preparing against next Term, and that she hath a Coat of Armour making to defend her against the Injury of the Pillory.

On the 18th of September 'Mrs. Cellier, desiring to have her punishment soon over, stood this day in the pillory at the Maypole, it being one o'clock before she came on (the usual time being twelve); where having stood awhile, with a blow from some of the crowd she fell down out of policy, thinking that by it she might be permitted to lie upon the pillory her time out; but upon the cries of the people she was raised and stood about half an hour, after which she was conveyed to Newgate in the coach she came in, the people throwing at her all the while. Several were seized for throwing at her, both on the pillory and by the way, but the multitude rescued them; and the under sheriff riding into St. Clement's Churchyard after some that threw, with his sword drawn, had like to have spoiled himself and his horse with the stones that lie for building the church. She was armed cap-a-pie under her

clothes, and had a board in her hand made on purpose to defend her on the pillory.

'When the officers went this morning to fetch her out of Newgate, she out of dread cried out she was in labour, but it prevailed not.

'One stone struck her hood off when she was on the pillory, which discovered her Iron cap covered with leather, and she had (notwithstanding her pretended weakness) the courage to take up several stones thrown at her and put them in her pocket, as also her foot-boy, who stood under the pillory, by her order did the same, to show some persons, hoping by that, 'tis thought, that she may have the two other standings forgiven. But its believed this will not do, and that she will stand on Tuesday and Thursday'

Mrs. Cellier's craftiness was of no avail. Before the next standing came off she tried to work on the King's feelings by sending him some of the biggest stones that were thrown at her, with a petition

desiring his Mat^y^ to forgive her standing any more in the pillory, since she was in danger of her life. But it prevailed not, she having stood this day [Sept. 23] in Covent Garden, where many stones, turnips etc. were thrown at her. She fell down once or twice, but being raised again, the pillory was over-turned, and she and two men thrown down. But they afterwards setting it up she stood a quarter of an hour and then was con-

veyed in the coach thro' Holborn to Newgate, an empty coach going before her to hinder the people from knowing which coach she was in. Two or three were taken up for throwing at her, but soon rescued. She stands again on Monday at Charing Cross.

Mrs. Cellier's next appeal was to the Lord Mayor. She pleaded her bruises 'as a reason against her appearing, and petitioned that she might not stand on Monday.'

This time she was successful, having obtained

"two able Chirurgeons to make affidavit that her bruises were so great, that her life was endangered if she went as yet abroad. Her standing is therefore respited until further orders.'

She was not too ill to be able to intrigue for her release.

'She hath by a friend offered Alderman Ellis (bailiff of the Duchy of Lancaster), who is to have her fine, £300 in gold in composition for her £1,000; but its thought he is so honest a man that he will not bate a farthing.'

From the above it would seem that Mrs. Cellier's fine had been doubled since her sentence, when it was stated to have been £500. She did not succeed in corrupting the honest alderman, and the amount of her fine, which represented a

much larger sum in those days, ensured her continued imprisonment.

Mrs. Cellier's temper did not improve during her incarceration. On October 5 it is reported that 'she fell foul upon a Gentlewoman who came to see her this week in Newgate, saying she was not to be made a show of.'

Two days later she was taken before the Council

'in company with Mr. Lestrange, Mr. Sharkey, Mr. Tongue, his father, and Dr. Oates, where several Material things were discovered, and many hard words passed between Dr. Oates and Mr. Tongue. Mrs. Cellier feigned herself sick and fell down and swooned in the Council Chamber, but was soon discovered, and re-conveyed with Mr. Tongue to Newgate. To-morrow Mrs. Cellier stands in the pillory at Charing Cross.'

The wily Mrs. Cellier did not appear. She still 'pleaded her bruises' and managed to defer her last standing until October 22, when she underwent the final ordeal at Charing Cross. The night before 'she wrote a letter to the Sheriff to take care of her, for she heard there were loads of stone and Brick-bats laid thereabouts to be thrown at her.'

Mrs. Cellier survived the brickbats, and remained in prison for more than two years.

But when the Duke of York's influence became all-powerful at Court after the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, the Roman Catholics profited accordingly.

In November 1683 Mrs. Cellier was 'admitted to bail to make out a writ of error upon a Judgment formerly brought against her. . . .'

We have seen how dangerous a punishment the pillory could become when its victims were objects of disapproval to the mob. On the other hand, should the culprit or his crime chance to find favour in the eyes of the populace, their feeling was shown in an opposite fashion.

A certain Mr. Cuffe had shot aMr. Culliford in the back, but without killing him, and for this crime was sentenced to stand in the pillory near the Custom House. Why the sympathy of the crowd should have been on behalf of the perpetrator of this dastardly act remains unexplained. We learn by the mention of the wounded man's occupation that he was a Commissioner of the Revenue, and the crime may have been a barbarous method of resisting an impost of the

Customs, which would be likely to enlist the sympathy of a lawless rabble.

'This day Cuffe, who shot Mr. Culliford, stood in the Pillory before the Customs house, having a good guard over him, but instead of being pelted with Rotten Oranges etc. the Carmen, porters etc. from the Wharf thereabouts came and gave him a great deal of money. Some were taken and carried before Sir Jo. Ruckworth, who its said made mittimus-es for their commitment to Bridewell, but the Rabble grew so numerous that the Sheriffs were forced to send for more help for fear of a Rescue.

'Esq^re^ Culliford, being well recovered, designs to set forward for Ireland on Monday next as one of the Commissioners of his Mat^y's^ Revenues in that Kingdom.'

CHAPTER VIII

SIR RICHARD NEWDIGATE'S DIARY

FOR the next few pages we turn aside from the turmoil of public life under Charles II. to follow the fortunes of Richard Newdigate and some of his friends. The death of the elder Sir Richard, his son's mysterious 'adventure' at Court, and his subsequent futile attempt to enter Parliament were events comprised within a period of three months. Before the next six months were over, the disappointed candidate must have been partially consoled for his defeat, when the Parliament for which he had stood came to a premature end.

The Commons began by falling out with the King respecting their choice of a Speaker. When Charles refused to ratify their election of Mr. Seymour to the Chair, they expostulated with a 'Humble Representation' etc. The only

reply they received from the King is given as follows: '"Return to your house, lose no more time, do as I have directed you," and so abruptly broke off.'

Charles's autocratic will triumphed as a matter of course; but when the Commons, with conscientious but inconvenient zeal, brought in a bill 'to disable the Duke of York from inheriting the Crown of the Realm,' followed by the impeachment of the Lord Treasurer, the King fell back upon his last resource and summarily prorogued the Parliament before the end of May.

'The prorogation of the Parliament,' write the newsmen, 'wrought as great a consternation in the most considerable Inhabitants in and about London as hath been known of a long time.'

The prorogation was followed by a dissolution in July, and this short-lived Parliament, ever memorable for having passed the Habeas Corpus Bill, ceased to exist.

In spite of the 'consternation' and forebodings of evil caused by the King's action, social life went on as gaily as before. Marrying and giving in marriage took place as usual, the active agents in the compact being, as a rule, the

parents of the young couple who were to be mated for weal or woe.

Lord Massareene, writing to Sir Richard from Antrim, tries to enlist his aid in arranging suitable matches for his unmarried son and daughter in the following letter:

'I am not out of hopes that I may wait on you within a short time, and next week probably begin a journey with my son to Dublin, and so take shipping to England; designing to stay awhile in Cheshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire, before I come to Arbury. My relation to Lancashire now, by my eldest Daughter's marriage to Sir Chas. Hoghton of Hoghton Tower, making it needful, I call there to see my Son-in-law and that Estate, wherein my dear Uncle Newdegate's advice was available in the Settlement. And as in this and many more cases he always allowed me his governing counsel, so I shall miserably want it and him whenever I pass by Holbourne and Chancery Lane; and it is very grievous to me to reflect on that Loss where my gain was so visible to the degree of a paternal concern which cannot be Paralleled. I would be well satisfied if it might please God that my 2nd Daughter (now marriageable) were also disposed in England, and to that end would give a competent Portion to a Gent. fitly qualified; and if my uncle had lived I am sure he would have assisted me in this; And when I come over I shall need all my friends' help to find out one, as also a fit match for

my son, now past nineteen. And altho' we hear of many great fortunes, yet a Person of real worth is most rare and very valuable in our eyes.

'However, because my Eldest Daughter's portion was five thousand (p^{d}),and this I intend no less than four (it may be more if I meet with a man and an estate to my mind), It will be needful as well as prudent to get a good fortune, as well as a virtuous woman, for my Son; and therefore I have mentioned my thoughts to you, not at all doubting but your concern for your Relations will be argument sufficient for obtaining your Advice, as anything may occur of probable advantage to us from your numerous acquaintance. . . . And some who have competent Estates will be of your opinion perhaps in valuing a Lady not the worse for being bred far from Court. And were it not my own, I could say much as to the expectancy from my 2nd daughter if one who values sobriety should be recommended in that Relation.'

The machinations of parents in those days who strove to forestall Heaven in arranging matches for their offspring were sometimes crowned with success. More often they were failures. Lord Massareene had a fortunate experience. His only surviving son, Clotworthy Skeffington, fell genuinely in love with a young lady who was possessed of every attraction for both father and son.

Lord Massareene writes from Pall Mall in August 1679 to excuse himself for not having paid a visit to Arbury:

'but there being a Treaty for my son now begun with the Parents and friends of a deserving young Lady, for whom my son has a kindness, I am bound to wait the issue of it. It is a daughter of Sir E[d]. Hungerford's, who we have a good character of, and her person is lovely, her fortune large, and the antiquity of the family unexceptionable—having been Peers from Hen. 2[d]. to the time of Hen. 8[th], when, for loving one of the King's misses, he was attainted as the Story is; and this Sir E[d]. is Knight of the Bath. Our difficulty is with the Parents; and what may arise from the young lady we are neither willing to suppose nor judge them insuperable. The friends are not at all averse as we find, but the way of our treaty concerning the usual perquisites has not been furthered by the managers of the conference. The lady has a right to a fortune of above fifteen thousand pounds as we are informed; has many valuable Jewels, but is herself the chief. I shall let you know their progress. This only keeps us here; and if she go into the Country to her father's house, which was designed before this commenced, we are like to follow the Powerful Attracts of this sweet Lady, before we visit friends in your parts. We met her sometimes at friends' houses and at Church (which began the acquaintance), and now we visit her daily at her own apartments, and when we

miss her at home we run to Mr. Lilly's,[1] where she lately was and left her shadow, which at the first was the better countenanced by my calling there sometimes to sit as you commanded me. But now we need not such coverings. We adventure to view the original and pretend an interest in the well disposing of the Copy, which Mr. Lilly has done very like.

'The large Canvas you, it seems, were pleased to direct to be provided might hold our Dread Sovereign, and nothing Mr. Lilly and I can contrive to fill it with but my Parliament Robes, which in all ages do not alter in their fashion, nor in the least differ from those the Viscounts wear here. The fairer sex has so consumed Mr. Lilly's time of Late, that till Tuesday next I cannot expect he will have done anything considerable, and indeed, if I had advised, the least Canvas might have served this purpose. I wish my dear Uncle had been drawn by a good hand, that I might have gotten a copy. I hear you have my Aunt, and I shall get a copy of it by your allowance.'

This desirable marriage was brought to a successful issue the following March, when Rachel Hungerford became Mrs. Skeffington, and in after years Viscountess Massareene.

The announcement is duly made to Richard Newdigate:

[1] Better known as Sir Peter Lely.

'I have wanted time or I had not so long omitted the enquiry after my Lady's health and y^rs. But the marriage of my Son on Thursday last and a blood-shot eye, and the difficulties of the Treaty which were previous, as well as our remove to another house, made me unable to write till now; and I hope in God it will prove a happy Union. I desired Sir E^d. Hungerford that I might have my pretty daughter-in-law home to me, and he granted it. So, till we go towards Ireland (I hope in less than a month), we are to stay here, and we intend to visit you and my Lady at Arbury on our way towards Ireland.

'Here is little news but of the apprentices' design, which has been examined at the Council and before some Justices of Peace, and I think Popery is the bottom of the design, divers of the Boys (which were engaged) being Papists, and there are other Latent causes and effects which I fear are not yet discoverable.'

Two months after the date of this letter, in May 1680, we find the earliest portion of Richard Newdigate's Diary that has been preserved. It gives a lively account of certain difficulties which had arisen in connection with the incumbency of Harefield, with the result that an unseemly tussle took place after the squire of Arbury had come to his Middlesex property to assert his rights as

patron of a living which carried with it special powers as 'a peculiar.'

It seems that a certain Mr. Davis considered himself in lawful possession of the living, and refused to be ousted in favour of the substitute appointed by Sir Richard.

The diary commences after the writer's arrival at the Manor House at Harefield, occupied by his widowed mother, Julian, Lady Newdegate:

'*May* 29, *Saturday*.—To 9 o'clock lay abed, accompanied with good thoughts and many contrivances. Dressed. Put my things to rights. One o'clock, dined. Aguish, and out of order. Lay down on my bed. Discoursed my mother and others, of whom Hill the little Tailor of Harfield was one, from whom (as he told me himself) Mr. Davis had exacted eleven shillings for a licence. Prayers, Bed.

'*May* 30, *Sunday*.—Dressed, prepared for the Sacrament. Went to Church, having before desired Mr. Sclater to officiate. But there Mr. Davis was perkt up into the Desk, who put me into a great Passion, for when I told him I had discharged him from that Place, he told me 'twas his duty to go on till he had a legal Discharge.

'"Well," said I, "since you are here you may, to avoid Disturbance ith' Church, read Prayers, and the Gentleman I have appointed shall preach."

'"Sir," says he, "I intend to pray and preach

too, and administer the Sacrament according to my Duty."

'I answered, "'Twill ill befit you to administer and consequently to receive the Sacrament after two such notorious lies as you told. First, that you would perfectly acquiesce in my Commands, and that you wished I might find no more Disturbance when I came to turn out the Clerk than I should from you; and the other that you never said you would keep in Curate in spite of me, which you denied though the Bishop of Gloucester affirmed it to your face, that you told it him."

'"Very good," replies the Welchman, and read prayers, and as soon as ever he had done, pulled off his surplice and prepared to go into the pulpit.

'But I at this instant winked upon Mr. Sclater and spoke to Mr. Davis before the Psalm began, which turned his head about, so as he did not see Mr. Sclater, who just then went into the Pulpit.

'That which I said to him was: "I thought to have paid you fully for the time past, but now get it and take it."

'"Very good, Sir," said he.

'Upon Mr. Sclater's ascent into the pulpit, Mr. Dobbins, a life-guard's man (who with this Davis had contrived to assist Loftus to obtain Harfield from my father[1]), went out of the Church and returned no more.

'I, during the Sermon, ordered my man to take the Surplice away from before Davis, which

[1] This refers to a prolonged lawsuit between the Serjeant and Mr. Loftus concerning the Harefield estate after its purchase in 1675.

he did and gave it to the Clerk, who foolishly after Sermon gave it again to Davis; upon which I took it away with my own hands and gave it to the Clerk again with a frown; who then gave it to Mr. Sclater, who put it on and proceeded to administer; upon which Davis went out. I also, being so much discomposed, went out.

'One o'clock, dined. I sent Robt. Johnson and Abel Speakman to let Mr. Davis know that if he would come to-morrow at 8 o'clock I would pay him to that time for officiating, which he refused, saying he was to go to London.

'Four o'clock. Having ordered the Church doors to be locked that Davis might not again get in, I was railed at by Dobbins in these terms, viz.: "What is the reason that we are locked out of the Church? This is a fanatic trick, like Mr. Baxter, turning out an honest man and putting in another. 'Tis time to leave the Church i' faith!"

'To which I replied, "That you did in the morning, Sir," and so went into the Church, where Mr. Sclater being got into the Desk, Davis came and said:

'"Do you officiate for me to-day Sir?"

'"No," replied Mr. Sclater, "I officiate for Sir Richard N.," and so went on, and Davis went to a seat, sweating tho' as pale as death and in a great agony.'

On the following Tuesday Sir Richard left Harefield to return to Arbury, where he continues the daily record of his occupations as a country squire.

'*June* 10.—Lay abed, having been much disturbed in the night of Attleborough teams, whom I desired to fetch Coping stone, and they went all night. Finished transcribing my Diary, and with Lely the little roan horse, to whom I gave the Egg Drink prescribed by Du Gray, which proved too strong for him and killed him upon taking it. . . .

'*June* 13, *Sunday*.—Making ready to go to church. Drove myself and failed exceedingly with my young horses ;, the ways are so very ill. At Church. Came home well, but by the Coach house failed for an hour and a half by Dodson's restiveness. Four o'clock, dined. Five o'clock, Prayers and homily. Six o'clock shaving and walked out. Eight o'clock, prayers ; undressed.'

Next day Sir Richard started for London on his way to Harefield.

'*June* 14.—Slept but ill to eleven o'clock [p.m.]. One o'clock, made ready to go. Mounted before half-past two and rode to Northampton. Took Coach and came to Mr. Montague's house at Horton by seven. Dined late there and detained till almost four o'clock. Got to Dunstable by ten. To bed there at Dr. Crawley's, the Crown being full.

'*June* 15.—To eight o'clock slept. By four got to London. Stayed ith' Three Cups till a lodging was got. A roving eye. Removed to that lodging, viz. Mr. Cleaver's, a grocer in old Southampton buildings. Putting my things in order and sent out several ways.

'*June* 16.—To eight dressed. Forbore breakfast, having much to do. Trifling. Went to the Lord Massareene's, who had invited me to Dinner. Stayed there three hours before he came in. Had a perfect cold fit of an Ague at three o'clock. His Lordship came in and I drank a good draught of Sack, which with the help of Clothes that I had laid upon me, my Cold fit turned to a hot fit, but I could eat nothing. After some repose I went to Dr. Lower. He ordered me a Pearl Julep and some powder to provoke to sweat; but I came home by five, got to bed and slept heartily and sweat before the things came.' . . .

A day or two later Sir Richard continued his journey to Harefield, where we find him prepared to renew the Sunday fray.

'*June* 19.—In the Evening I talked to Mr. Sclater and the Minister of Harfield, Mr. Osbaston.[1] I desired them to pray with me. I received News that Dobbins was sworn Churchwarden, and I gave order what should be done next day to John, my Mother's Coachman.

'*June* 20, *Sunday*.—Rose at seven. Took a potion. Directed Tho. Green my Butler to bring in the books and Surplice, and to stay himself in or about the Church to obviate Dobbins if he should offer to break open the Doors as he threatened he would. The second Peel rung, but first a Woman and two Girls came (sent, we believe, by Dobbins) to desire to see the Church,

[1] Appointed by Sir Richard in place of Mr. Davis.

which was denied, and Tho. Green and the Clerk discreetly answered they should see enough of that anon.

'At ten o'clock John the Coachman, as I ordered him, shut himself into the Desk, and Tho. Green into the Pulpit, each with a wing in his hand, to make each place clean, and after the second Peel was done the Doors (as usual) were set open.

'Dobbins and Davis, seeing nobody in the Church but old Goodman Wingfield in Brackenbury seat, who observed all these Passages, went in, and Davis in great haste opened the reading Desk Door, upon which up started John the Coachman with Wing in hand.

'"What make you here?" said Davis.

'"What make you here, Sir?" said John.

'Upon which the Welchman was ready to fall down, but Dobbins coming to his assistance, Tho. Green feared they would displace John and came to help him.

'In the meantime Dobbins got possession of the pulpit, to Tho. Green's great trouble, who got on the stairs, as near him as he could.

'But Davis soon after desiring to speak with him, both went to consult out of the church, and so Tho. Green got possession again.

'Dobbins presently returned with one Robinson his kinsman and two Ploughmen of his, whom he took by the arms and placed near the Pulpit. By this time in came the new Minister, Mr. Osbaston, whom Davis discharged, shewing him the Bishop of London's licence to him (Davis)

to preach at Harfield. But my brother Tom and Mr. Sclater desired him to go on. Upon which he read Prayers. But as he was going into the Pulpit Dobbins came out towards him, till Abel Speakman the Keeper stopped him by pulling him by the arm, and desired him to make no Disturbance in the Church. Dobbins hereupon said he was struck and went out. Davis stayed to hear a better sermon than ever he himself had preached.

'In the afternoon neither of them was heard of.

'The relation of this, with some reading and prayer and giving orders, spent all the Day. My Mother's care and Mrs. Beal's of me has been very great. The Lord reward them!'

Here ends the record of the struggle for the possession of pulpit and reading-desk by one of the principal actors in the tragi-comic scene. A few years later, in 1686, Sir Richard does not seem to have come off successfully when he again fell out with the incumbent of his parish. This time we have no diary with the patron's own account of his action in the matter. Lord Massareene, writing from far-away Ireland, has had his curiosity excited by a mention of the occurrence in the public papers. He promptly asks for particulars:

'I perceive by our Public news-letters you

have been troubled by the Minister or curate of Harefield, for which I was much concerned. But your letter expressing nothing of this kind I hope there is not much in the matter, and that you will easily encounter the malice of such as may attempt to trouble you, which, as I heard the Case, did arise from one that did eat of your Bread, which I had not mentioned, but that I was curious to know the Truth, when so near a Relation was spoken of to be cited to the Ecclesiastical High Court.' [1]

The fiery-tempered Sir Richard, so easily roused and quick to act, lived unfortunately in an age when irreverence was both common and uncensured. Men of higher religious pretensions than himself had come into collision within the walls of a sacred edifice.

'The Bishop of Chichester,' write the newsmen, 'having struck his Chancellor in Chichester Church, they were both summoned before the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, where they had a hearing last Monday, but the business was left undetermined.'

[1] Sir Richard had a final passage of arms with the Ecclesiastical authorities in 1690–1, when he was victorious. On this occasion he obtained a verdict 'against the Bishop of London and others concerning the Peculiar of Harefield, when it hath been proved upon record for 500 years past that no Ecclesiastical Court hath any jurisdiction here, but the Lord of this Manor.

CHAPTER IX

SIR RICHARD'S FIRST PARLIAMENTARY EXPERIENCE

THE Parliament that was allowed so short a spell of existence in 1679 had, amongst other difficult questions brought before it, 'to take into Consideration the Sad Condition of the Kingdom in relation to the forces that remain unpaid.'

When the King had appealed for aid to enter upon 'the pretended war with France,' the Commons had responded with unusual liberality. They voted large supplies, and additional regiments were raised. The scare of a French war passed away, but the troops could neither be paid nor disbanded, as no money was forthcoming to wipe out the arrears owing to the men. Unpleasant inquiries followed as to the expenditure of the public funds, but no satisfactory explanation could be elicited. The Lord Treasurer was impeached and sent to the Tower, where he remained untried for five years.

The provision for the Navy was in no better plight. Amongst those who had to answer to a charge of embezzlement was our old friend Samuel Pepys, the Diarist. He was accused, with Sir Anthony Deane, of being implicated in the unaccountable disappearance of the subsidies voted for the Navy.

Evelyn relates how he dined with Pepys twice this summer during the latter's imprisonment in the Tower. On the second occasion the guest, with commendable forethought, sent his dinner beforehand in the shape of a piece of venison.

In spite of the grave reflections on the honesty of the two naval officials, the newsmen tell us that in July, when the writs for the new Parliament were out, 'Sir Anthony Deane and Mr. Pepys make their interest to be chosen again for Harwich by means of the Head Builder there, but all Rational men blame them for it.'

Pepys was not wanting in effrontery. A few weeks later, when released but still under a cloud, he ventured into the royal presence with the following results.

'Mr. Samuel Pepys was at Windsor to kiss his Mat$^{y's}$ hand, who was told by the Lord Chamber-

lain he wondered he should presume to come to Court before he had cleared himself, being charged with Treason; who replied that he doubted not next Term when his Trial comes on to make his Innocency appear as clear as the Sun at noonday, and so parted. But by favour of some Courtiers he was brought into his Mat^y's presence, who turned from him with a frown, showing his great dislike at his appearing there.'

When the country was again plunged into the turmoil of a general election, Sir Richard Newdigate deemed it unadvisable to tempt his fate a second time within the year. Owing to the unruliness of his tongue in the heat of party contest, he had already started an irreconcilable feud with his neighbour and former friend, Lord Denbigh. Elections were rough and perilous ordeals in Charles II.'s time, and another stormy encounter might well be avoided for a time.

The newsmen give a specimen of what was going on at this juncture in other parts:

'The poll of Essex ended not well yesterday noon. It was a mighty Election in point of Numbers, and several Mischiefs had like to have happened. One Mr. Turner was so rude that he struck Col. Mildmay [the successful candidate] on the face and pulled him by the Nose, giving him very Ill language. . . .'

But in spite of nose-pulling and other evil deeds the country returned a new Parliament on much the same lines as before. For a time the King staved off inconvenient discussions by constant prorogations, which caused discontent in the constituencies, followed by openly expressed indignation. Petitions for the assembling of Parliament were rapidly signed and sent up to be delivered to Charles in person.

'Yesterday [Jan^{y} 23, 1680] the Essex petition was presented by Sir Gower Barrington and six others all kneeling. The number of subscriptions was computed to be fifty thousand.

'His Mat^{y} demanded whether it came from the Grand Jury, and being told the contrary, said it was not then from the County of Essex.

'They answered it was from the Lords, Knights, Gentlemen Freeholders and Inhabitants of Essex.

'His Mat^{y} told them he was sorry to see so many Gentlemen concerned in such a petition, and told Col. Mildmay it was the old Business of 1641, and asked him if he had not forgot it. He answered that he had not, and hoped his Mat^{y} could not forget the year 1660, when their petition was the cause of his Restoration. Upon which his Mat^{y} went away not well pleased.

'In the afternoon was another petition presented from Berkshire by the Lord Lovelace, and his Mat$^{y's}$ answer was that when he came to

Windsor his friends and he would compose the difference with a pot of ale.'

When at length Parliament was allowed to meet in October 1680, the Commons started afresh on the bill of exclusion, but it was thrown out when taken up to the House of Lords. Charles was present during the debate, both dining and supping in the House.[1]

Before the end of the year the public and pathetic trial of old Lord Stafford took place, after a prolonged imprisonment. He was condemned for high treason, with the usual barbarous sentence to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, but 'by the King's favour' he was allowed to die by 'the executioner's axe.'

'On Thursday night' (write the newsmen on December 24) 'Sheriff Bethell went to the Lord Stafford to know if he had any directions to give about his execution, which would be on Wednesday next. And his Lordship desired he might

[1] When Charles II. made his first unexpected appearance during a debate in the House of Lords it had a startling effect upon the assembled Peers. 'It is true,' writes Andrew Marvell in 1670, 'that this has been done long ago, but it is now so old that it is new, and so disused, that at any other but so bewitched a Time as this it would have been looked on as a high Usurpation and Breach of Privilege. . . .' The Lords soon got used to the King's presence, for Charles 'continued his Session among them saying it was better than going to a play.'

have a large stage; that it be hung with black; that he might be buried in his clothes; and that there might be no hollowing [shouting] at his Execution. The three first the Sheriff promised him, and that he would endeavour the last.'

History tells us that Lord Stafford's

'age, submission, and dignity so worked on the populace who came to witness his execution that in spite of his being an abhorred Papist they listened quietly to his speech and cried aloud, "We believe you, my Lord! God bless you, my Lord!"'[1]

A note in Sir Richard Newdigate's handwriting, on the margin of the printed Narrative of Lord Stafford's Trial and Execution, relates how

'Lord Stafford's last speech was printed before his Execution, as 'tis thought, thro' the Covetousness of his Lordship's Valet de Chambre, who got a Copy and sold it to a Stationer, who, that he might be sure of gain, printed it before the Execution, so that some of the Copies sold under the Scaffold while his Lordship suffered.'

A month later, in January 1681, the newsmen announce that

'The point so long in dispute is at last decided, the Parliament being dissolved, and a new one to be called to sit at Oxford, the 21st of March next.'

[1] Smollett,

They also tell us of the Earl of Salisbury's strong disapproval of the King's high-handed dismissal of his Parliament, and of how

'he besought his Mat^y^ to grant him the favour of releasing him from any farther attendance at Council, to which his Mat^y^ answered "he never granted anything more readily in his life."'

The King's intention of summoning his next Parliament to meet at Oxford roused feelings of distrust and insecurity throughout the country. The City of London was naturally opposed to so conspicuous an evidence of want of confidence in the capital. Monmouth himself headed those who presented a petition against this unpopular change in the seat of government. The expense, moreover, of such a move would cost the country dear.

All means were tried to shake the King's determination, and even the hysterical dreams of a country maiden were deemed worthy of notice:

'There is a discourse of a vision appearing to Eliz. Freeman of Hatfield, charging her to go to the King and tell him that the Royal Blood will be poisoned the 15^th^ of May, and to bid him not remove the Parliament to Oxford and that she made affidavit before Sir Jos. Jourdain of it, which is believed only a sham.'

In spite of the disbelief reported by the newsmen, the 'Hatfield maid' was twice summoned before the King to repeat her story. The second time the combined wisdom of Charles and his Council arrived at a decision to give no heed to the warnings of the would-be prophetess. Accordingly, 'she was advised to go home and repent her of her Melancholy delusions.'

When it was known that the King was inflexible in his purpose of holding the new Parliament at Oxford, no little perturbation was caused thereby in the ancient seat of learning. The Common Council began by voting that 'no soldier shall be quartered within the City.'

The King sent timely word that he desired to have 'Corpus Christi, Christ Church, and University for his appointment,' and that 'he would send the Lord Chamberlain down to prepare them.'

As a natural consequence, 'all the Students of Oxford under the degree of Master of Arts are ordered to retire to their friends to make room for the Court.'

Meanwhile the electoral fray was going on throughout the country. Sir Richard Newdigate's opportunity had come again, and this time he

took advantage of it. On March 5 the newsmen notify, amongst other returns, that 'Sir Richard Newdigate and Esq^re^ Marriot are chosen Knights of the Shire for the County of Warwick.'

On the same date 'His Grace the Duke of Monmouth starts for Oxford with several lords.'

On March 15 they announce that

'This day they write from Oxford to his Mat^y^ at Windsor to acquaint him that the Innkeepers of that City are unwilling, and do utterly deny to Quarter any of his Mat^y's^ guards either foot or horse, and humbly pray his Mat^y^ to dispose of them other ways.'

The fear of tumults was prevalent amongst the authorities.

'We have advice from Oxford that the Vice-Chancellor hath issued forth his order or, to give it you in the University term, Programa—prohibiting all Scholars from frequenting Taverns, Ale-Houses and Coffee-Houses during his Mat^y's^ residence there, upon penalty of being entered into the Black book; which observed, will prevent all manner of disputes which may accidentally happen betwixt the Scholars and the members of Parliament.'

In evidence of the excited state of feeling at this time, we are told of an accident which

befell 'a new pile of Stone Buildings near the Convocation House,' where the Commons were to sit. The new building, 'intended for a Library of Chemistry,' was to have had part of it utilised for a Coffee-House during the sitting of Parliament, but at this juncture 'it fell flat to the ground, but did no one any harm. Had it stood a few days longer,' sagely observe the newsmen, 'it might have crushed some members of Parliament by its fall, and it would have been no easy matter to persuade it was not done by Treachery.'

The stormy atmosphere which preceded the meeting of the Parliament at Oxford led to suspicion and precaution on the part of those newly elected.

'When the members assembled at Oxford,' says Smollett, 'both sides were armed and attended by their friends and adherents, as if they expected an immediate rupture.'

Sir Richard Newdigate had come up with the rest and was lodged in University College. The special favour of a small chamber having been assigned him is emphasised by the information that 'we (the authorities) have had to refuse one or two knights from Yorkshire to make room.'

The crush was so great that Sir Richard's servant had to share an apartment with the attendants of two other members.

The news-letters are now addressed to Lady Newdigate, but being still written from London their intelligence is somewhat belated.

The King and Queen had arrived at Oxford, attended by the Court, and the Parliament met for the first time on March 21 to choose their Speaker.

Three days later the newsmen report that 'its thought the Parliament will sit for some time. The Commons have done swearing [in], and by the next post you may expect votes.'

This letter is franked on the outside by Sir Richard, but in more irregular characters than those of his ordinary firm clear signature. Some unkind doubter has written against it: 'This is neither his hand nor seal.'

Meanwhile, the new House of Commons, unschooled and undaunted by past experience, was recklessly hurrying on to its untimely fate.

All the former subjects of contention were started afresh with renewed zeal. In addition to the Exclusion Bill and the demand for

judgment against Lord Danby, the Commons found a new bone of contention with the House of Lords in the impeachment of Fitz-Harris for having been privy to the Popish plot.

The end came suddenly, and is announced by the newsmen in the curtest of terms:

'Yesterday [March 28] the King sent for the House of Commons to the Lords' House and dissolved the Parliament.'

Such promptness and decision were hardly to be expected from the easy-going King.

'Very suddenly and not very decently,' says Burnet, 'he, the King, came to the House of Lords, the Crown being carried between his feet in a sedan chair. And he put on his robes in haste, without any previous notice, and called up the Commons and dissolved the Parliament, and went with such haste to Windsor that it looked as if he was afraid of the crowds this meeting had brought to Oxford.'

The newsmen describe the sensation caused by this unexpected crisis in the collegiate city:

'Here are various discourses concerning the dissolution of Parliament, as to the Consternation of the Inhabitants of Oxford, who had made provision for three months, and the very hour the

Parliament was dissolved it was discoursed they would sit till August.'

Thus ended the week-old Parliament. With its demise there could be no more franks for Sir Richard, or opportunities for his undoubtedly pugnacious character to assert itself, rightly or wrongly, in the councils of the nation. Perhaps it was as well for him personally that no longer time was allowed him for action at the present juncture. There is sufficient evidence of his being in communication with Monmouth at this critical period. A single letter of the Duke's has been preserved, which speaks for itself. The date of the month is not given, but the year is written in the old style, $168\frac{0}{1}$, which limits its possibilities to the period between January 1 and March 26 in this year 1681. We know that Monmouth and Sir Richard were both at Oxford for the meeting of Parliament. The letter is dated 'Sunday morning' and has been sent by hand. The superscription is merely 'For Sir Richard Newdigate.' It may therefore be safely concluded that it was despatched on Sunday, March 20, the day before the Parliament met at Oxford. The contents, beautifully written, are as follows:

'S^{r} / if you will doe me the favour either to dine with me, or lett me see you att Three in the afternoon att my Lodgings, I shall give you your papers, and the best satisfaction I can as to our present condition; tho' the account of that may be uncertain, nothing is more certain than that I am, S^{r},

'Your most humble and faithful Servant,

'MONMOUTH.

'Sunday morning 168$\frac{0}{1}$.'

After reading this note none can doubt that Sir Richard's sympathies were with Monmouth and the Protestant cause which he represented, although he never became one of his open and active adherents. Still, there is no knowing into what dangerous courses the ex-member's life might not have been diverted had he remained for any length of time under the influence of Monmouth's attractive personality.

As it was, Sir Richard returned to his home straightway, whilst the only apparent result of his two election contests was the feud before mentioned between his neighbour, Lord Denbigh, and himself.

Lady Newdigate had tried to throw oil upon the troubled waters in a letter to Lady Denbigh. She received the following reply:

'Madam, You cannot be more troubled than I have been for the difference between our husbands, and had it been in my power it should long since have been at an end, but after Sir Richard at the election gave my Lord very rough and uncivil words, he never expressed any remorse for it, but persisted to oppose my Lord at the election at Coventry, where he had nothing to do, which heightened the breach. Had Sir Richard after the first heat made any application to my Lord, and owned (as the stoutest gentleman in the world might have done) that his present passion forced some expressions from him which he was sorry for, my Lord would have quickly been reconciled, for everybody that knows him will own he is the best-natured man in the world; but he is also very high in honour and therefore could not but resent public affronts, so that as things now stand, except Sir Richard begins to give some opportunity for a reconciliation, I know not how it can be brought to pass, tho' nobody wishes it more, or would be readier to endeavour it than

'Yr. La: humble Servant,

'M. DENBIGH.'

The breach remained unclosed in spite of the ladies' efforts, each of whom loyally espoused her husband's cause. At the election for the Oxford Parliament 'fresh fuel' was 'added to the flame,' as we learn from Lady Denbigh's last letter on the subject:

'You do me justice, Madam, in believing that I have been always sorry for the difference that has happened between my Lord and S^r^ Richard, and I should be very ready to promote a reconciliation if I knew how, but the way y^r^ Ladyship directs is not in my power, for my Lord never went yet to any 'Sizes since I knew him, nor does he delight in such Meetings, so 'twill be impossible for me to put him upon it. Time, I hope, may efface what is past, if no new subject be given for unkindness. But my Lord was credibly informed that at the past elections, S^r^ Richard, to lessen my Lord's interest in the country [county], publicly bid them remember my Lord voted "not guilty" in my Lord Stafford's business, which exasperated my Lord very much; for what he did according as his conscience and honour directed him ought not to be mentioned with reproach. This I repeat to your Ladyship only that you may know that there is fresh fuel added to the flame, else it could not have lasted so long. But these things force a separation between you and I, yet I am not the less

'Yr. La: humble servant

'M. DENBIGH.'

Whilst Charles II.'s subjects were having their private feuds over the excited state of politics in the country, the King himself was setting all precedent at defiance. Henceforth he ruled without a Parliament as an absolute monarch.

CHAPTER X

THE LADY OGLE'S MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURES

Sir Richard Newdigate has preserved amongst his correspondence a packet of letters from his cousin Elizabeth, Countess of Northumberland. She was the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh, who became Earl of Chichester.[1] Rachel, Lady Russell, was an elder daughter of Lord Southampton's by his first wife, and in one of her published 'Letters' she laments the premature death of her half-sister Elizabeth in 1690, after she had become Countess of Montague by her second husband's elevation to the peerage.

Lady Montague's first husband was Josceline, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland, of the old family of the Percys.

[1] Lord Chichester's youngest daughter was Mary, Viscountess Grandison.

Pepys, that practised critic of feminine charms, saw her in 1669, as 'Lady Piercy,' and speaks of her as 'a beautiful lady indeed.' Evelyn, writing of her fourteen years later, calls her 'the most beautiful Countess of Northumberland.'

This fair lady was left a widow early in life with one little daughter, and soon after married Ralph, son of Edward Lord Montague, by whom she had four younger children. She retained her title of Countess of Northumberland until her second husband was created Earl of Montague by William and Mary, whose cause he had warmly espoused. Later he was advanced to a dukedom by Queen Anne, which title became extinct on the death of the second Duke in the next generation.

After Lady Northumberland's second marriage she resided for a time in Paris, where Mr. Montague held the post of Minister, and, having property of her own in Warwickshire, she corresponded with her cousin at Arbury concerning various matters of business. In June 1676 she writes to him in regard to the imposition of the Trophy Tax,'[1] which she objected to pay:

[1] Possibly the £70,000 voted in 1675 to defray the expenses of a public funeral for Charles I.'s remains. 'For more Pageantry,

'I am very sorry to find by yours which I received the last night that the Gentlemen of the County, which you write me word did resolve to refuse paying the tax, have altered their minds, it being in my opinion a very unreasonable thing to consent to anything of that nature that is not raised Legally. But I think it is in vain to stand out such a thing alone, therefore Mr. Mountague and I do think it best to do as the rest of you do, and if you are all resolved to pay it we will submit and do so too; for in these general cases I know no remedy. My service, pray, to your Lady. Mr. Mountague is an humble servant to you both, etc.'

Another letter relates to a curious privilege connected with the Peerage in former days:

'I did some time since receive a letter from you concerning the Qualifying a Man as my Chaplain which I did not then know whether I could do; but upon enquiry they tell me by the Statute of 21 of Henry the Eighth, the thirteenth amongst the provisos, I have liberty as a Countess that have married under a Baron to make Chap-

writes Marvell in one of his caustic letters, 'the old King's statue on Horseback, of Brass, was bought and is to be set up at Charing Cross. . . . The old King's Body was to be taken up to make a perfect Resurrection of Loyalty, and to be re-interred with great Magnificence; but that sleeps.' The statue was set up by Lord Danby, whilst Charles II., unhindered by filial scruples, appropriated the country's vote for his private uses. See also *Notes and Queries*, vol. iv. p. 414.

lains the same as if I were a Widow. Therefore I have here sent you a qualification to put in what name you please, and am very glad of this or any other opportunity of serving you.'

At the date of the last letter of the packet, January 23, 1679, Mr. Montague had got into trouble with the King and Council. He was nominally accused of having had unauthorised and private interviews with the Pope's Nuncio in Paris:

'I am very sensible,' writes Lady Northumberland, 'of the favour and concern you are pleased to show to me and to Mr. Mountague in this business. I do not at all doubt that great person being very much exasperated, and I confess it was from thence that my apprehensions were so great when I first heard of his being taken. But I am much more at ease since it was carried last night, that he could not be sent in custody without the King had something more to lay to his charge than has yet appeared. Upon which his Mat^{y} thought fit to send an order to the Mayor of Dover to release him, and to Mr. Mountague to come and appear before him, and this upon his Allegiance, which I do not doubt but he will obey, and if there be nothing unjust or illegal used against him, I am in no apprehension of his coming off but with honour to himself and satisfaction to his friends.

'Your desiring to have an account of this

affair is the only excuse I shall make for troubling you with this long letter from

'Y^r^ most faithful Cousin and humble Servant,
'E. NORTHUMBERLAND.'

Lord Massareene, writing at this juncture to his cousin Richard, comments on the state of affairs, tidings of which had reached him in Ireland :

'Will my old schoolfellow at Westminster, Mr. Ralph Montague, be elected again at Northampton, or elsewhere? and will his case now (in the intrigue he managed at his first sitting in the House) be tolerably guided during the vacancy of Parliament? It was an ill wind that put him into the hands of the Mayor of Dover in a time of such a recess. I am troubled anything should ruffle the most serene thoughts of that delicate Lady of his you mention, whom I had the honour to observe in the late Treasurer Southampton's time, when such passages as are now extant were not to be found about that office; and I conclude Danby is not more likely to go ambassador into Spain (altho' it be so still reported) than that Mr. Mountague will go again into France—the one being under the King's displeasure, and the other under the same, yet I think out of the reach of a late Impeachment.'

The writer was justified in surmising that Mr. Montague would not be hardly treated. The

King had quite as much reason to be anxious to shield him from trial as in the case of Lord Danby. Both were too fully cognisant of the bribes offered by Louis and accepted by Charles to have been safe subjects for public trial without the revelation of facts that would have injured the King's credit with the nation. Mr. Montague escaped better than did Lord Danby, who was impeached chiefly on the evidence of two letters brought forward by his quondam ally in his own defence. Both weathered the crisis ultimately, and lived to be created Dukes in a later reign.

Only once does Lady Northumberland in her letters refer to her sole surviving child by her first husband, and then merely in a postscript, when she was about seven years old. 'My little daughter' (she writes), 'I bless God, is very well at this time.'

Yet this last of the Percys was a personage of great importance in the eyes of the world. On her father's death, the child Elizabeth at four years old became in her own right Baroness Percy, Poynings, Fitz-Payne, Bryan and Latimer, with estates to correspond to her titles. She was too desirable a prize to remain long unmated. At

thirteen years of age she was married to Henry Earl of Ogle, the young son of Henry Cavendish, second Duke of Newcastle. At the time of the formal ceremony, in November 1679, the boy bridegroom assumed the name of Percy in right of this alliance. A year later he died, leaving a maiden widow aged fourteen.

The newsmen take great interest in the after-career of 'the Lady Ogle,' probably incited thereto by Sir Richard's kinsmanship to her mother and herself. Rumours soon became rife concerning the young widow's future, and two or three months after she was free to marry again reports of fresh wooers began to arise.

Under the date of February 1, 1681, we read this item of news: 'Tis said Prince Hanover Courts the Lady Ogle.'

Now 'Prince Hanover' (afterwards George I.) was in England ostensibly as a suitor for the hand of Princess Anne, and although this projected royal alliance came to nought, and the rumour of Prince George's attentions to the young widow was mere tittle-tattle, it serves to prove the importance attached to the position of 'the Lady Ogle.'

Another announcement quickly follows the

above: 'Esq^re Thynn is to be married to the Lady Ogle.'

'Esquire Thynn' was the son of Sir Thomas Thynne of Longleat, Wilts. It is said that he had lately come into £10,000 a year by the death of an uncle, and therefore was not a needy fortune-hunter. Nevertheless there must have been blameworthy action on his part, as shown by an entry in Evelyn's Diary on November 15, 1681.

'I dined' (he writes) 'with the Earl of Essex, who after dinner, in his study, where we were alone, related to me how much he had been scandalised and injured in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his Lady's niece, the rich young widow of the late Lord Ogle, sole daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, shewing me a letter of Mr. Thynn's excusing himself for not communicating his marriage to his Lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate lady's being betrayed by her grandmother, the Countess of Northumberland, and Colonel Bret for money; and that tho' upon the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth he had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure, which Mr. Thynn pretended he would settle on the lady, yet he wholly discouraged the proceeding as by no means a competent match for one that both by birth and fortune might have pretended to the greatest prince in Xtendom. That he also proposed the Earl of Kingston or

the Lord Cranborne, but was by no means for Mr. Thynn.'

The marriage into which the girl widow had been betrayed by her own relations had been a private one. Mr. Thynne, in haste to ensure his rights to the lady's large fortune, was contented with the formal ceremony at an early date, and was not to claim his wife until her year of widowhood had come to an end. Before this time came round, in November 1681, the unfortunate bride was doing her utmost to free herself from the unwelcome ties which had been imposed upon her by undue influence. Fortunately she found friends outside her own family in Sir William and Lady Temple —the latter so well known to us as Dorothy Osborne.

The news-letters tell us how she evaded her impending fate, with Lady Temple's active assistance :

'On Wednesday last the Lady Ogle and Sir W^m^ Temple's Lady went to the Exchange, and leaving coach at the fore door went out at the back door, and by Morn got to the Downs, where Mr. Sidney put them on board a yacht he had provided for them, which sailed for Holland. She went away to avoid Mr. Thynn, whom she some-

time since married. . . . 'Tis said the Marriage will be made void and that she's designed for the Duchess of Cleveland's son, who is newly made Earl of Northumberland. Mr. Thynn is gone to take possession of her estate.'

The mercenary bridegroom, having lost his wife, did not intend to abandon his claims upon her property without a struggle :

'Mr. Thynn hath feed six Councillors in each Court to settle him in the Lady Ogle's estate.'

Two months later, in January 1682,

'Sir G. Jeffries moved at the King's Bench bar against Mr. Thynn touching the Lady Ogle, and the counsel of Mr. Thynn moved a petition to stop the proceedings of the Delegates, and answer was returned that that Court was dilatory enough.'

Lady Ogle's friends were not idle, and, in accordance with the lax principles of the time, attempts were made to influence in her favour those Delegates who were to decide on the legal claims of her marriage. The Bishop of Rochester told Evelyn that

'he had been treated by Sir W^m^ Temple, foreseeing that he might be a delegate in the concern

of my Lady Ogle, now likely to come in controversy upon her marriage with Mr. Thynn.'

Whilst all this intriguing was going on, the object of it remained in Holland, where we are told: 'The Prince of Orange hath several times visited the Lady Ogle.'

Soon fresh suitors were talked of, although the Delegates maintained their reputation for dilatoriness. One of the former was Mr. Sidney, who had assisted in the lady's escape. 'This day Mr. Sidney embarked for Holland to bring over the Lady Ogle, and 'tis said he will venture to marry her.'

We next hear of a far more unscrupulous and dangerous aspirant to the girl widow and her wealth.

Count Carl John Königsmark (or Conings-mark, as he is called in the news-letters) was a good-looking adventurer and soldier of fortune, a Swede by birth, but much in favour at the Court of France. He has been erroneously confused by Walpole and others with his younger brother, Count Philip Christopher Königsmark, who a few years later was accused of an intrigue with the Electress Sophia Dorothea, mother of

George II. Carl John, the elder brother, gained his notoriety in England by a crime with which he was charged in connection with his ambition to replace Mr. Thynne as the lawful possessor of the young heiress and her estates. He had already begun to pay his court to her in Holland.

'As Count Coningsmark was going to the Hague to make pretensions to the Lady Ogle, he was assaulted by some English, hired, 'tis supposed, to hinder his going to her, but he killing two or three on the place, the first fled.'

A fortnight later he arrived in England with the undoubted intention of getting rid of the chief obstacle to his ambition, and of freeing the object of his addresses once and for all from any previous matrimonial bonds.

'On Sunday night, Mr. Thynn, coming thro' the Pall Mall in his coach (out of which the Duke of Monmouth had not alighted above a quarter of an hour) was shot, five bullets being lodged in his belly. The person was on horseback who shot him, and two more with him, but they rid for it. Mr. Thynn was carried into a house and lay till seven next morn; and before he died he did make a will and gave his fine horses to the D. of Monmouth. The King upon hearing of it, sent by the diligence of the D. of M. to tell him how much he was concerned.

'The assassinates were this morn taken, and being carried before the Council proved to be a Swedish Captain, a Polander and a German, all Count Coningsmark's soldiers.'

The names of these hired assassins were Christopher Vratz, George Boroski, and John Stern. At their examination

'they owned the fact, and two of them said they did it by the Count's order, but the Captain (Vratz) said that he had challenged Mr. Thynn, and he refusing it, he therefore was resolved to murder him according to the Custom of his Country. They were all committed to Newgate.'

The next day 'the Swedish ambassador informed the Council that Count Coningsmark had been in England three weeks; that he had supped with him on Sunday night; that one of the Count's gentlemen had asked the Ambassador "whether, if Mr. Thynn was removed, his master might not marry the Lady Ogle according to the law of England."'

In consequence of this information orders were sent to all the ports 'that no suspicious person shall depart the Kingdom.'

The Count evaded justice until

'a Master of a Swedish vessel sent to inform the Duke of Monmouth that he had been offered £200 to carry over Count Coningsmark

to his own country, and that he was in hiding at a Swede's house near Erith.'

On the Sunday following the Swede's house was visited by the myrmidons of the law, when the man confessed on pressure

'that the Count was just gone down to Gravesend in a sculler disguised in a poor habit, in order to go on board. Upon which they posted thither, and having stood half an hour on the bridge, the boat came in and the Count was without much difficulty seized and brought to Whitehall.'

At his examination the Count averred his innocence, even declaring 'that had the Captain come into Swedeland he would have surrendered him to justice for so barbarous a fact.'

Nevertheless he was committed to Newgate, 'and being concerned at the place the Lord Chief Justice told him there was lodging fit for any Lord in England.'

Incriminating evidence soon began to come in.

'The Master of the vessel that brought the Polander o'er saith that he received him from Count Coningsmark's man. A person informs that being sent with a letter to the Captain from the Count, he bid him carry the Polander to him as an answer. The Count came immediately

from the Lady Ogle hither, and left his page with her.'

The trial took place without delay, when

'they all pleaded not guilty. The chief witness against the Count was his boy, taken the other day, who said his master and the three aforesaid were together the Saturday night before the murder; that the Polander lay in the house with the Count; that on the Sunday morning the Polander was fitted with boots, Coat and an Execution sword; that the Count asked him if it was usual for men to ride on horseback here on Sundays; that the Captain came to the Count about half an hour after the murder and the boy was sent out of the way; and most of the things in my former letter were proved against him.

'The Count made an excellent defence to the Court in French.'

The instigator's faithful but misguided tools adhered to the old pretext of a challenge which had been refused, but they added that 'the Polander, misunderstanding, had fired the fatal shot.' They all maintained that the Count knew nothing of it.

'The Lord Chief Justice summed up the evidence impartially . . . and in a quarter of an hour the Jury brought the Count in not guilty, and the rest guilty, who received sentence; and the Count gave £2,000 security to answer an appeal, if brought, and so went to supper, which

in the morning he had appointed to be made ready.'

The three hired assassins were condemned to the gallows. In less than a month from the date of the murder, they suffered for their crime on the spot where it had been committed.

Captain Vratz remained hard and impenitent to the end. He may have hoped for mercy even at the last moment. After his sentence we are told that

'the people about the Captain flatter him that if the gentlewoman who yesterday petitioned the King all in white satin for his life, and was refused, will beg him at the Gallows, he may be saved, for he lives merrily.'

Evelyn says: 'Vrats told a friend of mine, who accompanied him to the gallows and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman. . . . He went to execution like an undaunted hero, as one that had done a friendly office for that base coward Count Coningsmark, who had hopes to marry his [Mr. Thynne's] widow, the rich Lady Ogle, and was acquitted by a corrupt jury, and so got away.'

The two subordinates, Stern and Boroski, confessed their crime with penitence. The former is said to have

'written a book in high dutch relating how the Captain hired them both and shewed them a letter from the Count promising five hundred crowns reward to whoever should murder Mr. Thynn.'

Boroski had his orders to obey the Captain in this matter direct from the Count,

'who told him that he should be paid for his pains, which was all the inducement he had to commit the murder, he having never seen Mr. Thynn.'

The chief criminal had left the country before the execution took place :

'Yesterday (March 3rd.) the Count went with the Duchess of Portsmouth to Deptford, where they went on board the Mary yacht for France.'

Only a month later he is reported to have been at Calais for several days, and

''tis said he came over hither on Sunday last incognito, but will appear splendidly when his equipage arrives, and make Love to the Lady Ogle, who hitherto seems averse to having him.'

The Lady Ogle's antipathy was not surprising. Fortunately there was a better fate in store for the twice-widowed girl.

On May 24 the newsmen write: 'Tis said the Duke of Somerset is to marry the Lady Ogle.'

A week later the marriage had taken place:

'' 'Tis said the Lady Ogle was last night married to the Duke of Somerset, Count Coningsmark having quitted his claim and gone to Holland.'

The newsmen were rightly informed. Charles, Duke of Somerset, had lately succeeded to the dukedom on the death of his brother, who was murdered in Italy. He was born on August 12, 1662, and consequently was not yet twenty when he was married to Elizabeth, Countess of Ogle, on May 30, 1682. Of the bride it has been justly remarked that she was three times a wife before she was seventeen.

Her name still flits through the pages of the news-letters.

Ten days after her marriage 'S^r^ Thos. Evelyn nobly treated the Duke and Duchess of Somerset.'

In August the poor young bride was 'taken sick with the smallpox' and was in much danger. 'But we hear she is in a hopeful way of recovery, tho' reported dead.'

In the following March the newsmen announce in grandiloquent terms that

'the late Lady Ogle, now the Duchess of Somerset, was on Thursday evening last, to the great joy of that family, delivered of an heir or Earl of Hertford, which by the Capitulations of Marriage is to assume the name of Percy instead of Seymour.'

This welcome infant only survived his birth six months, but in November 1684 a second son was born, who lived to succeed to his father's and mother's titles and estates.

Elizabeth, Duchess of Somerset, became the mother of thirteen children, but none of her male descendants survived the second generation. On her death in 1722 her son Algernon took his seat in the House of Peers as Lord Percy.[1] After he succeeded his father as Duke of Somerset, the titles of Baron Warkworth and Earl of Northumberland were granted him by George II. In default of male issue there was a special

[1] Charles, Duke of Somerset, married secondly Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchilsea. We gain an insight into the domestic relations of the twice-married Duke from the recorded anecdote illustrating the proud aloofness of his nature. When his second wife once ventured to attract his attention by tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, he rebuked her with the crushing remark: 'My first Duchess, who was a Percy, never took such a liberty as that!'

remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, who had married his daughter Elizabeth. Accordingly, on the death of his father-in-law, Sir Hugh Smithson succeeded to these last titles, and took the name of Percy in right of his wife Elizabeth, granddaughter of 'the Lady Ogle.'

Count Coningsmark, who had spread his toils so boldly to capture the young heiress, and who had not hesitated to instigate a dastardly murder in pursuance of his object, apparently escaped scot-free. In England his reputation was by no means cleared. When he waited upon the Duchess of Modena at Calais as she was on her way to England in June of the same year, we are told that he was 'coldly received.' Nevertheless, a few days later, when he returned to Paris, he had tangible proof of the French king's favour, for Louis XIV. 'hath given him the Prince of Furstenberg's regiment, as also a body of horse.'

Carl John, Count Coningsmark, is said to have died in 1686 of a pleurisy brought on by exposure in the last of the many warlike enterprises to which his life had been devoted.

CHAPTER XI

AMBASSADORS AND THEIR ECCENTRICITIES

AMBASSADORS at the Court of Charles II. were troublesome people to deal with. They stood upon their dignity, were punctilious as to etiquette, and would not abate a jot or tittle of the ceremonial honours they conceived to be their due.

We learn from the news-letters that when the Bantam ambassador had been introduced to the King's presence by a nobleman of the rank of an Earl, one of the European ambassadors sent a message to say that he must in consequence be presented by a peer of higher degree. Charles II. got out of the difficulty with his usual adroitness, and sent back word to the complainant that though he must be introduced by an Earl it should be by one who had the Garter.

The Russian ambassador was equally sensitive as to his rights:

'The Muscovia Ambassador last Sunday refused to go to the Greek Church, because he thought the King's coach which was assigned him not good enough; upon which notice being given to S^r^ Stephen Fox he sent to his Excellency to bear with it that time and he should have a better on the Morrow. But never a Coach being assigned for his Priests (S^r^ Stephen Fox not knowing that they went with him) his Excellency would not let them go in a Hackney Coach, so that had not a Gent. coming up obliged them with his Coach, their devotion would have been spoiled.'

Evelyn, in his Diary, ranks the ambassadors from Bantam, Morocco, and Muscovia in the same category, as more or less barbarians. He calls them 'exoticks,' and says the Russian ambassador had the worst manners of the three. He might have included the ambassador from Sweden in this low class, if we may judge of him by an anecdote in the news-letters.

'The Swedish ambassador was lately arrested for £200 by one Mr. Battersby and Mr. Pierre the King's surgeon, for cure of a distemper, and he complaining to the Council, the plaintiffs were sent for to the Council and by the King ordered to discharge [the Amb^r^] and beg his pardon, which

they accordingly did ; but he rung Mr. Battersby's nose almost off.'

The death of the Bantam ambassador's cook whilst in England gave some trouble, 'the Churchwardens refusing permission for his burial at Hide Park Corner, until Mr. Secretary Jenkin's warrant had been obtained. The funeral ceremony then took place after their way.'

Of all the 'exoticks' who came to England none excited so much interest as the Envoy from Morocco. He was sent over to settle a peace between his Emperor and Charles II., and the presents he brought with him were lions and ostriches. The Morocco ambassador and his retinue had their first audience with the King in January 1682, when they all appeared in the picturesque attire of their own country. One member of the suite was a renegade Englishman of the name of Jonas. He was so much valued by the Emperor that there was a special proviso for his safe return to Morocco.

As they went to their audience the manners of our own countrymen were not at all creditable, 'a gent. spitting in one of the attendants' faces, for which he is committed.'

On arriving at Whitehall Gate the ambassador was desired to alight, whereupon he was angry, 'but being told that the coaches of none but the royal family drive in, he was satisfied.'

At the audience which ensued Evelyn says:

'the concourse and tumults of the people were intolerable, so as the officers could keep no order, which these strangers were astonished at, at first, there being nothing so regular, exact, and performed with such silence as in all these public occasions in their country, and indeed over all the Turkish dominions.'

Under this polish of outward gravity there lurked the barbarian element which was only concealed, not suppressed.

'This morning (Jan^{ry} 14) the D. of Monmouth and other persons of quality waited on the Amb^{r}. A servant having offended him he threatened to cut off his head, but some English gentlemen interposing he was reconciled to him, and this afternoon he went to the King's playhouse.'

'On Saturday a Minister of the Church of England going to see the Morocco Amb^{r} he seized him, saying he had been one of his slaves and escaped from him, and 'tis said he will not let him go under three hundred dollars ransom.'

These Moors had one accomplishment which excited much admiration in Court circles. Their

skill in horsemanship, whilst throwing and catching their spears etc., was reported to the King,

'who, being informed of the agility of the Amb^{r} and attendants in riding, desired his Excellency will provide him with a sight of it next week, which he hath promised.'

Before this exhibition for royalty took place, the Ambassador and his following

'exercised before the King's horse in Hide Park and charged and discharged their guns in two or three minutes, with other extraordinary actions; upon report of which the King hath given the Amb^{r} leave to hunt and kill what deer he pleases.'

The picturesque Moor was much fêted by 'persons of quality.' One night he supped with the Duchess of Portsmouth, 'the King being there,' and 'the Amb^{r} much wondered at the room of glass where he saw himself in a hundred places.'

When treated by the nobility it is reported that 'he eats sparingly and drinks nothing but milk and water.' The 'renegado,' on the other hand, 'was damnably drunk at Windsor one night, notwithstanding their law forbids wine.'

As time goes on the ambassador is taken to see

the various sights of the town. One day he is at the King's Chapel, and 'extremely pleased with the music.' Another afternoon he goes to see the play, 'Rollo, Duke of Normandy,' at the King's playhouse, and the next day he is taken to the bear garden, where six bears fought on a side.

A month after the Envoy's first audience with the King the treaty he was sent to arrange was ratified, and a copy ordered to be sent to the Emperor of Morocco.

The ambassador's mission having been satisfactorily fulfilled, he stayed on to enjoy himself, and the newsmen report that 'he is daily treated by persons of quality, the particulars too tedious to mention.'

When the Court adjourned to Newmarket he went with them, and there 'he and his Company exercised to Admiration on Newmarket Heath.'

'Since his coming from Newmarket several persons of great Quality have been to wait on him, to whom he several times declared that he could not imagine there could have been half the pleasure in England, much less the Nobleness and Generosities as he found at Newmarket; adding that he thought his Royal Highness [D. of York] the completest prince in the universe. So that he declared that nothing now remained

for him but to buy a quantity of English goods and then to return to his own Country, intending to blazon the greatness of the English Court throughout the world.'

It was not until the end of June that the Morocco Ambassador went to Windsor 'to receive his audience of leave, the King having presented him with three hundred firelocks.'

Before his final departure a difficulty arose between the 'renegado' and the ambassador. The former had taken advantage of his stay in England to marry an English wife and was anxious to carry her back with him. To this the ambassador objected, with the following results:

'A quarrel arose between the Amb^{r} and his Secretary, but the difference being reconciled, the Secretary is gone on board with most of his goods, but the Renegado who was the cause of the aforesaid difference hath recalled his goods, and on Thursday night went away from the Ambassador, and on Friday was with Judge Raymund's warrant taken in Sheer Lane with his English wife. He, before the Judge, produced a sheet of paper written on three sides of motives to induce him to return Christian, sent him by an unknown hand. He said his sentiments were agreeable to them, and that he was sorry he had lived twenty-two years in Darkness and was resolved to be a Christian tho' he was

hanged. The Judge sent him to Secretary Jenkins, who committed him to the Gate house, and this day he was examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury and re-committed till the King comes to town. The Amb^r saith he dares not return without him for fear his master in a fury should cut off his head and ruin his family. He accused him of robbing him of £100 and Jewels, but the Renegado said the £100 was his own, the King having given it him.'

The newsmen pursue the history of this grave fracas a day or two later:

'Secretary Jenkins having surrendered the Renegado to the Ambassador, Articles were drawn up between them whereby the Amb^r promised him pardon and life, but in heat of discourse the Renegado threw the Articles at the Amb^r and ran down stairs and got into a hackney coach. The Amb^r following, dragged him thereout, who swore and stormed that he would not go, tearing his garments and desiring rather to be executed here than to be boiled in oil in Barbary, and used such expressions that the Amb^r drew out his scimetar to cut off his head in good earnest, but was prevented through the Interposition of some there present. The reason of his trying to escape is thought rather to be his desire to stay here with his wife (whom the Amb^r refused to let go along with him) than for religion. The Amb^r hath since consented that she, her father and mother shall go to Tangier, and he will settle them there.'

The ambassador, being still afraid of losing his slippery prey, had him confined in a room under a file of musketeers,

'and about two of the clock Sunday morning they all went down the River in order to go on Shipboard for Morocco . . . The Renegado saith he expects to be boiled in oil there, notwithstanding the Amb$^{r's}$ fair promises.'

The unfortunate Jonas, carried off against his will, proved a dangerous passenger. Three weeks later

'the Admiralty received a letter from on board the Woolwich frigate, being off at sea, which gives an account of how the Secretary to the Morocco Amb^{r} when in London combined with the Renegado to murder the said Amb^{r} while on board. But just before the design was to be executed they were discovered and the Captain had clapped them both into irons and put them in the hold.'

It seems surprising that, with such murderous feelings on both sides, the ambassador and the renegade should have arrived alive at their destination. Yet such was the case, and the interested newsmen do not fail to give an account of their reception in Morocco after the tidings reached England.

'By a letter from Colonel Kirke, governor of Tangier, we understand that the Morocco Amb^r^ who went from hence, upon his arrival at Fez, found that the Emperor was gone several miles up the Country at the head of his Army to quell his Enemies, who made head against him; his Brother espousing that Interest. The said Amb^r^ hereupon sent one of the chiefest of his retinue before him to give the said Amb^r's^ account of his Embassy in England; who stating the matter before the Emperor and relating the difference which happened between the Amb^r^ and two of his servants whilst in England, the Emperor, being incensed, ordered the Amb^r^ and the said servants to be brought before him in Chains, in which posture the ambassador gave a particular account of his whole Embassy, for which the Emperor was extremely pleased, but gave him a Check as representing his person and not striking off his Slaves' heads upon their offending him so far distant. He then knocked off his fetters and, embracing him, said that he would inviolably observe the peace with England, and for the great service he had done in that affair bid him ask what he would within his dominions and it should be granted. To which the ambassador readily answered that he humbly begged but one thing, that he would be pleased to pardon his two Enemies the Secretary of the Embassy and the Renegado, which the Emperor did accordingly.'

After this magnanimous request all ought to

have ended well, both for England and the renegado. But a month later news came that the ambassador was not only in dire disgrace with the Emperor, but

'had received one hundred blows with a Cudgel; together with those Barbarians taking and confiscating our ships having agreed only a Cessation at sea for four months, two of which are already expired; which gives his Mat^y a great dissatisfaction, insomuch that a Committee for Tangier sits every day to consider of sending supplies both of men and money.'

Five months after this announcement better news came through 'a Bombay merchant who had arrived from Tangier and gone for Windsor.' He reports that

'the Emperor will make good the Peace agreed at Land but not at Sea without a new Treaty, but has promised that in case our Men of War will not attack any of theirs, our Merchants shall be free from Molestation until an Express Carrier comes from England. That Jonas the Renegado is in favour, as also the Ambassador, as much as ever; that the Report of killing his Wife and receiving a hundred Blows are altogether fictitious, but Certain that he was tied to a Mule's Tail to be Dragged to Pieces; but the Emperor's displeasure was Chiefly against him for visiting his Wives.'

The final fate of the ambassador and the renegado remains unreported. The King was becoming thoroughly weary of the endless trouble and expense caused by the possession of Tangier. The constant warfare with the Moors had cost England dear in men and money. For some years past a large number of English prisoners had been employed as slaves by their captors, until redeemed on exorbitant terms. Many were still awaiting, with the heart-sickness of hope deferred, the promised means that failed to come and set them free.

'The Ransom for the Redemption of the English captives' (write the newsmen in 1680) 'will come to a vast sum, and the poorest Wretch is valued in Algiers at £50 sterling and some at £500 sterling.'

More than a year afterwards they report that

'the wives of the Algiers slaves taken since '78 were yesterday at Council and soliciting to have their husbands inserted in the list to be redeemed, but the Stock of Money will not hold out.'

Towards the close of the year 1683 Charles sent a fleet, commanded by Lord Dartmouth, to

bring away the inhabitants and demolish the harbour with its fortifications.

In this manner he disembarrassed himself of so troublesome a portion of his wife's dowry, and accomplished what the old historians call 'the Slighting of Tangier.'

CHAPTER XII

SOME DARING WOOERS

In the lawless days of which we are writing fair ladies endowed with large fortunes ran many a risk, were they maids or widows, until safely appropriated in the matrimonial market.

'A few days since,' write the newsmen in February 1680, 'five men and a woman went hence in a coach and coming to the old Lady Tirrell's in Buckinghamshire about seven in the evening, the men pretended they had a warrant from the Lords of the Council to search the house for a Priest. The old lady, knowing the house free from such vermin, suspected them, and demanded why they came without a constable, and desiring to see their warrant, they began to exercise the usual Violence of Robbers. But one of the servants rung the House bell, which brought in the Neighbours who seized on them before they had done much Mischief, and they were all committed to Aylesbury Gaol.

'*March* 6.—'Tis said of the persons that made the Attempt at Lady Tirrell's that it was not to Rob her as was said, but one of them under-

standing that one of the Lady Tirrell's daughters had a considerable fortune and fearing to accomplish his design by ordinary means, did endeavour to have carried her away under some crafty pretence, and to have married her. But 'tis thought they will be severely dealt with at their Trial at Assizes; and the rather for so misemploying the Chief Justice's Warrant.

'*March* 18.—The Judges are arrived at Aylesbury, and the fifteen persons that made the Attempt at the Lady Tirrell's are to be tried, and the Lady came in attended by above forty horse to prosecute them.

'*March* 20.—At Aylesbury Assizes were indicted Mr. Roger Langley and twelve others . . . 'Tis said they were indicted for burglary, but the Grand Jury found the Bill only a Riot. Upon which they Traversed the Indictment till next Assizes.'

In the case just quoted the presumed object of the 'Riot' failed, but there are other instances where bold and needy young sparks, undeterred by the risks entailed, succeeded in carrying off the well-endowed object of their rejected addresses, hoping thus to succeed when all legitimate arts of persuasion had been tried in vain.

There was a 'Madam Synderfin,'[1] the wealthy widow of a counsellor of the Temple, who went

[1] Probably Syderfin or Siderfin.

through much tribulation before she escaped from the clutches of an ardent wooer.

'Captain Clifford having made love to Mrs. Synderfin (widow of a Counsellor of the Temple and worth £100,000) and being refused, the Captain with Captain Sarsfield, Mr. Lassalls, Purcell and Makarty and seven more Irish papists, met her in her Coach with Mrs. Wren and her daughter, and a maid, on Hounslow Heath going to Windsor and made the Coachman drive two hundred yards out of the way, where forcing her into a hackney coach, hit her head against it, which put her into a "swound." However they carried her to the water side and carried her down the river in the Lord Mordant's pinnace. On Sunday Captain Clifford's man and Mr. Brabson's were taken and committed to the Marshalsea, tho' Colonel Dungan would have been their bail; and 'tis said that Captain Sarsfield and Purcell are since taken.'

This was a case in which the King was induced to intervene,

'sending to all his Ambassadors in foreign Countries that if Mrs. Synderfin came thither they should send her hither, and we hear they have carried her into Calais.'

Before the unfortunate prisoner had started for this place her captors had

'sent a woman to persuade her to marry Captain Clifford; but she desired the woman to carry

her ring to her uncle Gee in Fetter Lane and tell him how she was used and that she would never marry the Captain; that her honour was safe; that she expected to be murdered; and to desire him to use all means possible to rescue her. The woman went accordingly; after which they put her into the Pinnace and sailed to Calais, where Landing, some of the Company enquired for Count Coningsmark, which alarmed the town, they thinking that somebody was come to fight the Count.'

It was only a few months after the murder of Mr. Thynne by the emissaries of the Count, which explains the stir caused by the enquiry for him. On this occasion his co-operation was required to assist Captain Clifford in his illicit enterprise. The King's order for the lady's release speedily followed her arrival; whereupon

'Madam Synderfin gave five pound apiece to the messengers who brought the letters to the Governor of Calais to send her over hither. She is expected next week.'

A day or two after this announcement it is reported

'that Captain Clifford is incognito in town and that the relations of Madame Synderfin missed but three hours of catching him.'

As soon as the rescued lady arrived in England she went to the Chief Justice

'for a warrant to take up Captain Clifford, notwithstanding she at Calais contracted herself to him in the presence of Count Coningsmark and a public notary, she saying that he forced her to it.'

Captain Clifford was still at large, and able to strike terror into the widow's heart by giving out that 'whoever marries Mrs. Synderfin shall be murdered.' 'A Gent.' had already begun to court her, and 'he having been challenged, her friends intend to petition the King for leave to apprehend any person guilty as aforesaid.'

A month later this disturber of Mrs. Synderfin's peace was discovered, seized, and committed to the King's Bench, from whence he was transferred to the Fleet Prison.

The bold lover languished in jail for nearly two years, when we hear of him again.

'One Captain Clifford who was convicted and fined £1,000 to the King and £1,500 damages recovered against him by Madam Synderfin for forcibly stealing away the said Lady with intent to constrain her to Marriage, being prisoner in the Fleet, yesterday divers Gents came under pretence to see him, who attending them to the door, they knocked down the Turnkey and con-

veyed the prisoner to the Water side, where taking boat he is not since heard of.'

Another victim of a similar adventure, in the next year, was Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of the sixth Lord Chandos, and widow of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

'Sunday last the Lady Herbert of Cherbury, widow of the elder Brother of the now Lord of that Title, was hurried away in a Coach in like manner as the Lady Synderfin, and 'tis generally said by one of the persons, viz. Captain Sarsfield, who was acting in her concern. The persons designing this adventure cut the traces, and having one Sir John Parsons' Coach ready behind, desired the said Lady since she met with that disaster to take the benefit thereof; which the Lady innocently doing, they hurried her away into the Country, and kept her all night, and would have obliged her to marriage, which she resolutely denying, they returned her back to London and set her down; who immediately got the Lord Chief Justice's warrant for Sir John Parsons, Sarsfield etc. Which the said Captain Sarsfield understanding, went to her lodging and either dissembling Love or frenzy took forth a Penknife and opening his breast slashed his skin, and then stabbed himself therewith, at which the Blood gushed out extremely before her presence and he was carried away, but is not yet dead. But 'tis thought he will scarce recover, he refusing to have his wounds dressed.'

The wily captain had good reason to conceal the depth of his wounds. They were soon healed, whilst he escaped the punishment he richly deserved. Before long he gave tangible proof that he was alive and well again.

'Saturday last Captain Sarsfield, who was lately engaged in the attempt upon the Lady Herbert, assisted therein by one Sir John Parsons, his intimate acquaintance, made a Challenge to Sir John, tho' upon a very slight occasion of not returning back a writing which the said Captain Sarsfield, at the time of his being wounded, gave him for his Indemnification; and they fought without seconds behind Montague House. Sir John had the advantage in the field, but they were both carried off so dangerously wounded, being each run thro' the body, that their lives are both in danger.'

The newsmen being apt to exaggerate the tragical results of these adventures, we may hope that Captain Sarsfield and his quondam friend survived their injuries and lived to be reconciled.

Lady Herbert of Cherbury, having escaped from the toils of the snarer, subsequently married twice. Her second husband was William, Earl of Inchiquin; and her third venture in matrimony was with Charles, Lord Howard of Escrick.

There are other instances of the trials of heiresses, when they failed to be satisfied with the choice made for them in early youth by their parents and guardians, especially when others appeared upon the scene who were more attractive to their maturer eyes.

It may be recollected that, in Charles II.'s supposititious speech to his Parliament in 1675, he takes credit to himself for his 'behaviour' in regard to the proceedings about 'Mrs. Hide and Emerton.' In spite of royal interference this case remained unsettled until 1683.

Mrs. Bridget Hyde was the only daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Hyde of North Mymms in the county of Hertford, and appears to have been married early in life to a Mr. Emerton. The proceedings mentioned above were started in order to release her from the ties of a marriage which she repudiated. The why or wherefore of this action would seem to have been so entirely a matter of public knowledge that the newsmen enter into no particulars to enlighten us.

The case was being tried before a large and distinguished body of Delegates, and allusion is often made to their dilatory measures. In the

course of time another name is added to the first two, and the case develops into that of 'Mrs. Bridget Hyde, *alias* Emerton, *alias* Dunblayne.' Lord Dunblayne or Dumblaine was the eldest son of the Earl of Danby, and aspired to replace Mr. Emerton in the possession of the lady and her estates. Mrs. Bridget Hyde, tired of waiting for the tardy decision of the Delegates, and fearing lest it should be given against her emancipation, took the law into her own hands and bestowed herself upon another husband. This bold step she concealed from all until her liberty was jeopardised by the impending judgment of the Delegates.

1682.—'Yesterday morning (March 12) the delegates met to give sentence in Emerton's cause, and about ten o'clock the Lord Dunblayne came in with Mrs. Hide and she sent in a note to the Court, who sent for 'em both in, also Mr. Emerton, when the Lord Dunblayne and she declared they were married; upon which they ordered her to be delivered into the custody of Dr. Dove of S^{t} Bride's till sentence be given, which is believed will be on Friday for Mr. Emerton, to which time the Court adjourned. The Earl of Danby sent a letter to the Delegates saying that he knew not of the marriage until this morn. About nine days after the marriage Mrs. Hide came to the Lord

Clarendon and told him that he should have a kindness for his family for name's sake, and desired him to be her guardian. My Lord told her he must speak with the Lord Danby first; with whom discoursing after, Lord Danby told him that he was sensible he had done her cause much harm and would meddle with it no more. So his Lordship was willing to be her guardian, and designing her for his son, he hath followed the business vigorously.'

Mrs. Hyde had been clever enough to conceal her marriage from Lord Clarendon as well as from her father-in-law, or the former would not have taken up her cause with so much zeal, hoping evidently to be rewarded by obtaining her fortune for his own son.

The Delegates met again for one of their unsatisfactory sittings in July, when

'most of them were for giving sentence ('tis thought in favour of Emerton), but four or five going away the rest arose and departed without adjournment and the Learned say the commission is at an end, and the former sentence in his favour must stand.'

The case still dragged on from month to month until at length a complication arose which puzzled the lawyers, but finally brought matters to a crisis and decided the case.

In March 1683

'M^rs Bridget Hide, *alias* Emerton, *alias* Dunblayne, who has given so often occasion to be mentioned by reason of the long depending cause before the Delegates as yet undetermined, was on Saturday last brought to bed of a son, which administers the subject of discourse by reason it admits of various interpretations as to the nature of the thing, in case the Judges' Delegates on the 30^th of next month give sentence for M^r Emerton; and the learned in the law say that then M^r Emerton, notwithstanding 'tis apparent to be the Child of the Lord Dunblayne, must father the same, and will thereby become Tenant by the Courtesy.'

This was a climax beyond human endurance. Fortunately for Lord Dunblayne, he found a golden key by which he was able to unfasten his rival's claims and retain possession of his wife and son.

'Am credibly informed' (writes the newsman) 'that the Earl of Dunblayne, who married M^rs Hyde, *alias* Emerton, is now upon treaty with M^r Emerton to compromise and agree the so long depending Cause, which, if fame may be credited, is to give the said Gent. £20,000 to quit his pretensions to the Lady and Estate, which otherwise will come to a Judgment to-morrow.'

This proposal was accepted, and Mr. Emerton undertook

'for ever to acquit his pretensions both to the Lady and Estate, and in consideration thereof was to receive the sum of twenty thousand Guineas together with reasonable charge he has been at in that Suit, which 'tis said will amount to five thousand more; and also be indemnified from the Devastation and Ravage he has made by falling Timber upon the Estate. And on Thursday last he had the twenty thousand guineas paid him, with security for the rest; and the Judges' Delegates, meeting yesterday after a short stay to subscribe the sentence, entered the Sentence in the name of M^rs^ Bridget Hyde to vacate the marriage, taking no cognizance of Lord Dunblayne as not being before them.'

There were nineteen Delegates present, all of high degree. Ten signed the sentence, whilst nine refused to sanction it. This majority of one brought the long-contested case to an end. Mr. Emerton's pretensions to the lady and her estates having become of marketable value, we hear no more of Mrs. Bridget Hyde and her aliases.

Evelyn mentions having met this somewhat notorious lady a few months later, when he was dining with her father-in-law, Lord Danby, then a prisoner in the Tower:

'Here' (he writes) 'I saluted the Lord Dunblaine's wife, who before had been married to Emerton, and about whom there was that scandalous business before the delegates.'

Lady Dunblayne outlived her husband, who succeeded his father as Duke of Leeds. Their second surviving son, Peregrine Hyde, in due course became the third Duke.

Some years later than the period we have been discussing, a bold lover invaded the sacred precincts of Sir Richard Newdigate's own roof-tree and married clandestinely one of his daughters. It may not be out of place here to give the respective parents' version of the romantic episode, although forestalling the date when it actually occurred.

It was in 1695 that Sir Richard's third daughter, Frances, aged eighteen, married secretly and without her father's consent Sir Charles Sedley, Knight, the illegitimate son of Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. It was purely a love-match, for the bride, far from being an heiress, was one of seven daughters, and entirely dependent for means on her father's good will. It cannot be called a runaway match, for the

marriage took place on July 8, and ten days later the bride was still under her father's roof.

The ill-considered action was revealed in the first instance to the elder Sir Charles Sedley by the young bridegroom with a view of enlisting his services as mediator with Sir Richard, whose easily roused wrath was justly feared. Sir Charles Sedley, senior, like the astute man of the world that he was, wisely made use of a mutual friend as a go-between, with the object of so far appeasing Sir Richard's indignation, when apprised of the deception, as to induce him to take into consideration the future means of subsistence of the impecunious young couple.

The friend to whom this task was entrusted was Sir Thomas Rowe, and the letter he received from Sir Charles Sedley was passed on to Sir Richard and endorsed by him '18 July 1695. Sir C. S. senior to S^{r} Tho. Rowe about his Son's marrying Frank without his or my Consent.' It runs as follows :

'S^{r}

'Since I saw you my Lord Chamberlain came to me and truly surprised me with the news of my son's being actually married to M^{rs} Frances

Newdigate. It is a matter that ought to be more considered of and not thus transacted without the privity and consent of parents. I was very angry with my son for his proceeding in that manner with such precipitation—not that I have not all the value imaginable for the young lady and for the Character all the world gives S^r^ Richard Newdigate of a very honorable, worthy and judicious person. But I think (as perhaps he may) that the young couple ought not to have gone so far, but have waited for our Consent, upon whom their well-being so much depends. After his many Submissions I have forgiven my Son, and shall do all I can to make the young couple easy. I hope, S^r^, you will do them both good offices with S^r^ Richard and make this discovery to him with all the alleviating circumstances so rash an action will admit of. I know this is too much trouble to impose on you upon so slender an acquaintance, but necessity must be my excuse, having not the good fortune to know any person who is like to see S^r^ Richard suddenly but yourself.

'Y^r^ most faithful humble servant.

'CHARLES SEDLEY.'

This letter is followed by another from the same writer, addressed direct to Sir Richard. It is undated, but from the tone of it we may gather that Sir Thomas Rowe's embassage had been fairly successful.

'S^r^

'I am sorry your Daughter continues so ill, having a nearer concern in her now then I expected so suddenly. Since my last to you My Lord Chamberlain told me my son and the young lady were actually married. I confess it surprised me, and I was very angry that he did not wait yours as well as my consent in a matter of such importance to us all. I believe he chose to break it to me by my Lord rather than tell it to me himself, concluding the great Value I have for my Lord could not but much abate my resentment, especially when he became his advocate. As soon after as possible I writ to Sir Thomas Rowe to entreat him to represent the whole matter to you in the best circumstances so rash an action would admit of. I had not curiosity enough to enquire into my Son's motives, nor can I dwell with pleasure on the arguments till I receive your Judgment and apprehensions of it, which I hope will be the same with mine: which are, since it is now past remedy, that we should transact together for the ease and comfort of the young couple, and mutually endeavour to satisfy each other as well as their reasonable expectations. If the young lady's condition of health will bear such a Journey, we think here that change of air, together with the help of our London doctors, might further her recovery. But you, S^r^, are the best and properest Judge.

'Your most faithful and humble Servant,

'CHARLES SEDLEY.

'Give my blessing to my Daughter, and

service to all the rest of your good Family, if you think fit.'

Meanwhile the chief culprit in the matter had also been approaching Sir Richard and bespeaking the aid of the same mediator, Sir Thomas Rowe. From the date of his letter he must have forestalled his father in opening negotiations for forgiveness. It is possible that his overtures were repulsed with the outspokenness and vigour of speech characteristic of Sir Richard, and it was then his father's services had to be called into play.

His letter is docketed 'Sir C. S. junior, his excuse for marrying Frank without my Consent.'

'S^r^

'Had not my illness prevented my writing I had before presented my humble duty and thanks for your great kindness to me, and begged your pardon for my presumption in marrying your daughter without acquainting you with it. I hope I shall always carry myself with that great Submission and duty, you will easily pardon a fault my infinite passion for your daughter made me Commit. I shall be at Banbury next Friday night and there S^r^ Thomas Rowe will do me the favour to meet me, and he will wait on you with

'Y^r^ most dutiful and obedient Son,

'CHARLES SEDLEY.

'Tuesday 16^th^ July, 1695.'

Possibly the illness of both the wrong-doers had softened Sir Richard's heart, for the young couple were soon forgiven ; but when it came to an arrangement of settlements between the two fathers much wrangling ensued over the customary 'perquisitts' etc.

More than a year after the marriage Sir Richard makes the following entry in his account-book :

'*Nov.* 1696.—Paid my daughter Sedley's maid £1. Sir Ch. Sedley refuses to pay her upon pretence that I will not pay my Daughter's Portion. Whereas the true case is this ; young Sir Chas. married my daughter Frank without my consent, as was acknowledged both by his Father and him (see their letters in Walnut Scritoire drawer, F. for Frank). Yet I am willing to pay £5,000 and assign him a thousand p[d] Debt, if he will make a settlement, viz. Stand to his Word, for he said he would not give sixpence from his Son. Now I desire to have two-thirds of his estate settled, viz. £2,000 per an., but he will settle but one. The Base usage I have had makes me resolve not to pay the Portion this two years ; viz: the Father threatening me, the Mother and Son slandering me and my Children, and the Son threatening to put a spoke in Phill's[1] Cart, and accordingly traducing us all.'

[1] Sir Richard's eldest daughter, Amphillis.

In spite of these angry words peace reigned between the two families in after years, although it was some time before Sir Richard satisfied the elder Sir Charles Sedley in his money arrangements towards the subsistence of the over-hasty young people who loved 'not wisely, but too well.'

CHAPTER XIII

A FAMILY INTERLUDE

AFTER Sir Richard had been baulked a second time in his attempt to enter the arena of public life by King Charles's abrupt dissolution of the week-old Parliament at Oxford, he had to concentrate his energies upon home and country interests. This he seems to have done with the alertness of brain and action that characterised him. Where he failed was in lack of prudence and forethought in the conduct of his affairs

His family was increasing year by year, finally reaching the goodly number of fifteen, eight of whom were sons and seven daughters. In spite of the self-evident demands upon his means in the present and future, thrift and good management appear to have been wanting. Yet his account-books and diary abound in economical axioms and devices.

Amongst the latter we find that he institutes an effective system of 'Forfeitures' or fines in his household, which he imposes arbitrarily for a diversity of faults of commission and omission.

The following record of domestic peccadilloes, with the penalties adjudged to the culprits, will serve as an example of this high-handed mode of procedure:

'Nan Newton, for breaking a Tea pot in Phill's Chamber, 2*s.* 6*d.*

'Ri. Knight, for Pride and Slighting, 2*s.* 6*d.*

'W^m^ Hetherington, for not being ready to go to Church three Sundays, 18*d.*

'Tho. Birdall, for being at Nuneaton from morning till night, 5*s.*

'Cook dead drunk, 10*s.*

'Betty Air and Sarah Hasledine 2*s.* 6*d.* apiece for going to Coton [Church] when I ordered them to go to Astley. This Hester shall have because she obeyed.

And so on.

Sir Richard devotes whole pages in his vellum-bound account-books to household affairs. Apparently he engages all the servants. He also pays their wages, and makes confidential entries concerning them, such as the following:

'Anne Jennings, Cook-maid, 8th of Oct. she came. She ran away the 25th of Oct., but stole nothing, only is, and was formerly, distracted.

'George Mutton, a Scribe, £10 per an. Came Wednesday 3rd Dec. Went away Dec. 11, proving no Scribe.

'Anne Adams, to be Washmaid at Lady Day. She went away the 29th of July for being wanton and careless. She lost five pair of Sheets and five pillowbeers,[1] for which my wife made her pay £1.

'Hired Charles Golding, a new Cook, at £16 a year. Took fish to try his workmanship.

'*Mem.* Send to Blithfield for a Brewer and Dairy Maid, and to Redburn for a good Drudging Wench.'

On one page is a list of servants' faults noted down presumably for the infliction of fines when pay-day comes round. One or two specimens are here given:

'Wm Wheeler, Cook. Good if less given to drink.

'Tho. Moseley. His faults are innumerable.

'Obadiah Keys. Crossness on 4th Nov. At the Church carelessness.'

The difficult post of butler at Arbury was sometimes held by a man and sometimes by a woman servant.

[1] Pillow-slips or covers.

The dowager Lady Newdegate, writing to 'Dear Dicke' from Harefield, gives him some advice on this subject:

'I wish you a good one,' she says; 'you had need of one that hath experience. But I think it were far better for a woman to keep the Wine.'

In the same letter she expresses a wish that he may have 'good markets for his oxen, for beefe is now at the dearest, but one with another it is three pence halfepeny a pound.'

The news-letters mention the vast difference there was at one time in the price of corn etc. in England and Scotland in 1684:

'The Middle price of Corn here is Wheat 36*s.* per quarter, Rye 25*s.*, Barley 20*s.*, Oats 13*s.* 6*d.*, pease 40*s.*, and beans 39*s.* per quarter.

'They write from Scotland that Corn is very cheap there; our English quarter of the best Wheat is sold for 12*s.* 6*d.*, Barley at 8*s.*, and Oats 7*s.*'

But even though English prices might be high and tenants prosperous, Sir Richard's account-books do not convey satisfactory impressions of the results from his 'many contrivances' to improve his income.

Before long he is obliged to confess that

'Whereas I have assigned £40 a year for Charitable uses (besides the Poor which I set on work and the bread I give at the Door), *i.e.* £10 a quarter, which I have set down in this book so dedicate: Of which I have for want of money been forced to make use of the greatest part, which has happened to be set down again when paid, and therefore, I conceive, has put me out in these accounts.'

A year later he notes, 'I have a parcel of debts upon bond, which I fear are desperate.'

In the fragments of Sir Richard's diary we find the same hints of trouble about money matters:

'1682, Arbury.—With my Wife examining and writing out three months (of the several sums paid) out of the Diary of my own great Book, that I may see which way my Money is gone.'

Other extracts of the same date will tend to show with what candour and simplicity the diarist notes down his thoughts and actions:

'*May* 1.—Extremely troubled with the tooth-ache, which upon my prayers went away. Entered the birth and christening of Betty [his sixth daughter]. Went with my Wife to Chapel to her Churching. Backed the five-year-old Grey Gelding which I call Ophthene, and rode to the

several grounds and woods upon him. Gave God thanks for preserving me, tho' I think my method to be very safe. Prayed and slept soundly, I thank God.

'*October* 6.—This day I fasted as a revenge upon myself for sin, and pray'd fervently tho' little. . . . Troubled with toothache, cured with sack.

'*Sunday* 15*th.*—Spent indifferent well. . . .

'*Tuesday* 17*th.*—Took the Great Parlor lock in sunder and with great difficulty set it together again, having made it clean. . . . With the boys and M^r^ Wyat [their tutor] who dined here to-day. Reckoning with M^r^ Wyat. . . .

'*Thursday* 19*th.*—Finished my reckoning with M^r^ Wyat and desired him henceforth to gather the Fish I give him, in which I will assist him. Received R. Beighton's rent of J. Parker, who is as ill a Bayly as he is a Friend. Ordered him to give my Coton Tenants notice to pay their rents on the 2^nd^ of Nov. next, and to come hither on the 1^st^ to borrow, if any of them wanted money. . . .'

The home education of Sir Richard Newdigate's sons was carried on by the long-suffering Mr. Wyat aforesaid.[1] As they grew old enough, three, at least, went on to Winchester, and

[1] Mr. Wyat was formerly precentor of Lincoln, which post he resigned, and retired to Nuneaton. He died under Sir Richard's roof in 1686, and a tablet has been erected to his memory in the chancel of Astley Church.

Walter, John, and Francis were all admitted to Gray's Inn at or before sixteen years of age. John alone ultimately made a profession of the law. Francis, the youngest, went into the army in the time of Queen Anne, and Walter, poor lad, died at Winchester in 1686. His brother had to break the sad tidings to his father, which he does in a short and pathetic letter, labelled 'Jack's account of Wat's death at Winton.'

'Honored Father

'This is to acquaint you with the sad news of the Death of my Dear Brother, who died yesterday. He lay in great pain and misery from 8 in the morning till 9 at night, and then very patiently Departed this life. He called to the nurse for some cordial, and she took him up in her arms to give him some cordial, and he fell away in her arms. Pray present my humble Duty to my Mother and Grandmother, and love to my Sisters concludes this from

'Honored Father,

Your most Dutyfull and obedient Son,

'JOHN NEWDIGATE.

'Winton, 24th August 1686.'

Walter Newdigate was buried at Winchester, where his epitaph may be read in the College Cloisters at this day.

To return from this digression to earlier events, we find a letter from Lord Massareene in the spring of 1682, asking for his cousin's help in the matter of rescuing two family portraits, painted by Sir Peter Lely, from the hands of his executors.

Sir Peter had died unexpectedly at the end of 1680, and it would seem rather late in the day for Lord Massareene to begin to feel anxiety for the recovery of the portraits which had been left unclaimed.

He writes from his Irish home, Antrim Castle, on April 27 1682 :

'. . . And now must desire your favour in looking after two Pieces of Sir Peter Lilly's Painting—one of my Daughter Skeffington, perfectly finished, in a fine frame, and fully paid for; another of my Son Skeffington, neither quite finished nor at all paid for; the third a Copy of that Picture,[1] for which I am assured you paid much beyond the value. These being all left with S^r^ Peter Lilly when we left London, and in S^r^ Peter's hands when he died, I am quickened to call for them by what I see in the London Gazette (a few weeks since), whereby all S^r^ Peter's Collections are exposed to be sold by the

[1] A full-length portrait of Lord Massareene in his peer's robes, painted for Sir R. Newdigate, and now at Arbury.

Candle[1] (which use to be seen in better Lights). Not that I fear any will either over-value these I mention or dispute the property, but lest they be cast into some dirty Corner or behind the Door, and perhaps fall into hands that may not know the proprietors. If you please therefore to let them be put into any place of your appointment and become security that I will pay what is due thereupon; which for the copy at length is as much as you agreed for, if it be well finished. For my Son's, if it were quite finished, there was once £40 (p[d]) demanded for that size; all which I leave to your care and kindness, and hereby promise in one month's time after your letter giving notice that you have received the said three pictures, I shall pay what you find reasonable and shall agree with the Executors of S[r] Peter Lilly on behalf of, Dear S[r],

'Y[r] most affec[ate] kinsman and most grateful servant,

MASSAREENE.'

Eventually £60 was paid for the two pictures, one being the original portrait of Clotworthy Skeffington, and the other a copy of Lord Massareene's full-length now at Arbury. The third portrait, of Rachel Skeffington, had already been paid for.

Lord Massareene has to write again more than once to u rge Sir Richard to bestir himself

[1] A sale by auction carried out by 'inch of candle.'

in the matter of the pictures, which did not come into his possession for two years or more. He also begs his cousin to take measures to have two more copies made of the full-length portrait of himself (which he evidently covets) in order to give one to each of his married daughters. The younger one had now also left the parental roof and become the wife of the eldest son of Sir Oliver St. George in Ireland.

The delay in the delivery of the pictures in the first instance seems to have been owing to Lord Massareene's lack of punctuality in sending the promised payment, but in his next letters he is so much taken up with horse-racing near Dublin that he has no thought to spare for other matters.

Writing from Dublin on November 8, 1683, he says :

'My son Skeffington and I put in two Stone Horses of our own breed to run for a Plate of £40 near this town, being a four mile course. Nine horses did run for it and four of them English Horses, one of which was my L^d^ Derby's famous horse Collier, who came in third, my son's second, and mine first; which gave great Reputation to our Breed and carried the plate to Antrim, where I hope it will abide. I bought Collier the same

night after the Race was over, and have sent him into the Country to be kept against Spring, which time we propose to have a hundred pound plate run for near this town, and against which time three or four top-Horses are designed to be brought from New-market to beat our Horses; who now easily gained the Plate that was run for the 18th of Oct. in the sight of the Ld Deputy and many thousands of spectators, and more coaches and Ladys than I ever saw at a horse-match; from whom our horses had many good wishes beforehand, and acclamations after we won the plate, which was a great Bason and Candlesticks . . .'

Lord Massareene, full of his present success, and with plans for further victories on the turf, makes no reference to the troubled state of English society, where at this time many of its chief members were objects of suspicion, whilst other persons of note were undergoing impeachment, trial, and execution for high treason.

The cause and results of this upheaval of society will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

SEARCH FOR ARMS AT ARBURY

THE Rye-House or Protestant plot, as we all know, was revealed by informers some three months after the date when its design was to have been carried out. Charles II.'s premature return to London from Newmarket, owing to the conflagration which had broken out in the town, is supposed to have frustrated the plans of the conspirators, who were to have lain in wait for him with murderous intentions on his road homeward.

The fire which baffled the plans of the would-be assassins was, according to the newsmen, 'kindled by one of the Black Guard,' with the result that 'half the town was consumed in the space of an hour, the houses being principally of thatch.'

Charles remained in happy ignorance of the danger he had escaped for the moment. When

the revelation took place the commotion it excited extended far and wide. The conspiracy was said to include the names of some of exalted station. The Duke of Monmouth was naturally accused of being a principal in this so-called Protestant plot. A proclamation was issued for his capture, but he remained in hiding, probably through royal connivance, whilst some of his most powerful adherents, less fortunate than he, were brought to trial and executed.

This was a period of some danger and difficulty for the newsmen.

'Tuesday' (writes Sir Richard's scribe on June 14) 'being the time that Judgment was given against the Charter of London, I had well nigh finished my Letters, when an order came from the Lord Mayor into my house and seized all the said Letters together, which my Wife and Servants say 'twas done to divers others besides, which prevented that Post's transmitting you the proceedings of yesterday, which you must excuse, as also this slender information at present.'

The writer was probably unaware that two days previously one Josiah Keeling, a citizen, moved as he alleged by feelings of remorse, had revealed the Rye-House Plot and its ramifications to the King and Council.

The trial and execution of Lord Russell speedily followed. The newsmen fill many pages with particulars of the accusation, defence, and judgment of one who inspired universal respect and sympathy.

On the scaffold the condemned man professed

'in the words of a Dying Man that he knew of no plot against the King's life or Government.' 'But,' he continued, 'I have now done with this World and am going to a better. I forgive all the World heartily, and I thank God I die in Charity with all men, and I wish all sincere Protestants may love one another and not make way for Popery by their animosities. I pray God forgive them and continue the Protestant Religion amongst them, that it may flourish as long as the Sun and Moon endure . . .'[1]

The executioner bungled his task in a horrible manner. 'It took three strokes with the axe . . . and then a knife to make an end of the work . . . which was a dreadful exit.'

Another of Monmouth's prominent followers, Lord Grey, was more fortunate. He escaped justice by liberally entertaining his guard on the way to the Tower.

[1] 'Last Speech and Behaviour of William, Lord Russell, 1683.'

'Serjeant Deerham was ordered to guard his Lordship to the Tower, whom his Lordship prevailing upon to drink they continued doing the same till next morning early, when Mr. Deerham called for a hackney coach to drive to the Tower without any guard but himself. Being there arrived, Mr. Deerham fast asleep, his lordship left him in the Coach, took water and escaped, and is not since heard of. Which his Mat^{y} having notice of, was so displeased at the Negligence of the Officer that he caused him to be committed to the Tower, and, we are told, is put into the hole, where he may have leisure to repent his indiscretion.'

The King thought it necessary at this juncture to pay special attention to the members of his household.

'It is told that his Mat^{y} intends to make a Regulation in the officers of his household, some of them being Whiggishly inclined, and hath already begun with his Cooks.'

In November another follower of Monmouth's was condemned to death:

'On the 28th Mr. Algernon Sidney was brought to the King's Bench Bar, where he received the Sentence of a Traitor, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He made many frivolous exceptions; none that bore weight. One was that his Jury were mean men, whereas he him-

self had excepted against thirtyfive Knights and Esquires and called out tradesmen, who yet are of good estates and expectation and every way qualified by Law for that affair.

'On the 7th December Mr. Sidney paid his debt to the Law. He went sturdily to the Scaffold and there gave a sealed Paper to the Sheriff. The Sheriff asked him what he would have done with it? He said if he did not like it he should give it him again. He kneeled so long as one might fancy he said the Lord's Prayer; then arose and pulled off his Coat and disposed it, and having fixed his Neck to the Block bid the Sheriff see his office performed. This is the length of what he said on the Scaffold. The Executioners took off his head with one stroke.

'*December* 20.—In the present Enquiry of the Town (since that Mr. Sidney spoke so little on the scaffold) what he said in his paper, which whatever others may give out I can find to be no more than some sentiments he conceives of hardship in the proceeding against him, but no word whether Guilty or not guilty, so that to do the dead no wrong, if he did not come up to the height of that which some call Christian, to make a full, satisfactory Confession, he must be said to have died like a Gentleman, in that he would not Justify himself in an ill action.'

If we now leave the news-letters, with the tragic occurrences they have to chronicle as the result of the revelations of the informers of the

Rye-House Plot, and return to the first discovery of the conspiracy in the preceding June, we shall find how far-reaching was its disturbing influence.

An outlying ripple reached Warwickshire and ruffled the surface of Sir Richard Newdigate's pastoral life at Arbury. Probably the outspoken baronet was already an object of suspicion to the Popish party. We have had evidence of his personal acquaintance with Monmouth and of his having received 'papers' from him, whilst his firm hold on Protestantism must have been well known amongst his friends and neighbours, for he was not the man to have repressed in silence all expression of his principles and sympathies. For the better understanding of the events which follow it must not be forgotten that on June 12 Josiah Keeling, the informer, unbosomed himself of the alleged Protestant plot to the Duke of Albemarle and Sir Leoline Jenkins. On the 14th the news-writer reported the invasion of his house by the myrmidons of the Lord Mayor, and also informed Sir Richard that such letters as were lying ready for despatch were seized, including one for himself.

Meanwhile the squire of Arbury continues the chronicle of his usually uneventful life as follows :

1683. '*June* 25.—Rose, retired to my Study; looked out a Window a quarter of an hour at their [1] vaulting in the great Hall. Corrected all the Errata in Dr. Hall's Heaven upon Earth, which held me a quarter of an hour. Examined part of the Work Book; read over and titled twenty letters.

'*June* 27.—Walked about all the afternoon, overlooking my Husbandry and other Works. Supped, was pleasant with the Children, but very weary. . . .

'*June* 28.—Rose at five. Prayed, dressed, took horse at six; went to wait upon the Lord Leigh at Stoneleigh Bowling Green, but overtook him before I came to Bedworth, and providentially, to my great satisfaction met with Mr. Smith in the Lord Leigh's Company, who had desired me to meet him at Long Itchenton, which I had consented to, but had sent him word of some business which prevented me, and afterward I ne'er thought of it. So it went off on my side, but now we appointed to meet this day sennight at two of the clock at Itchenton. Then I went with Lord Leigh to Coventry and sent George for the letters, which I read as I came back. . . .

'*June* 29.—Was disturbed with my Wife's pains at three. Lay awake till six. Slept, or rather slumbered, till nine.

[1] Probably his boys with their tutor.

'*July* 1, *Sunday*.—Rose before nine. Dressed. Resisted a temptation in thought. Ten o'clock, went to Chapel.[1]

'While the Psalm was singing the Door was opened, and Johnson, whom I sent to see who was there, brought word that the Cook saw a party of horse riding about the yard. Upon which I, doubtful whether they were Thieves or not, went out to see, and when I saw one of the King's Trumpeters and several Soldiers presenting their Pistols as ready for a Storm, I resolved, thinking they looked for me, to go into the Chapel again; where I was no sooner seated but Johnson brought me word that 'twas Captain Lucy, our present High Sheriff, who enquired for me, but hearing I was at Chapel, said he would stay till I had done. But I sent Johnson again to invite him in, upon which he came in, attended by Ensign Knotsford, Captain Cave, Quartermaster Conisby, and three others.

'I revolved in my mind what should occasion their coming. Sometimes I thought they came to search for arms. But then, thought I, why so many? why so armed themselves? Possibly they have some order to secure my Person. If so, I will desire the favors of a good many of my Books to prison with me.

'While I thought this my old Distemper, a Dizziness in my head, came upon me, for which I did privately eat two bits of Orange.

'I thought the Sermon long. When Service was ended, and as soon as Captain Lucy had

[1] The chapel at Arbury is in the house.

saluted my Wife and Daughters, I accosted him thus:

'"What Commands have you for me, Sir?"

'To which he answered: "Sir, I must beg your Pardon that I have not waited upon you before I come on such an Errand."

'"Sir," said I, "you must obey your Orders."

'"To tell you the truth, Sir," said he, "there was an Information given that two wagon loads of arms came down to your house, upon which our Noble Lord Lieutenant could do no less than issue out his Orders that your house should be searched, which is the Occasion of our coming, for I desired to come myself that it might be done with all civility imaginable."

'"Sir," said I, "I have an Armory, but 'tis, I fear, so ill kept that I shall be ashamed Soldiers should see it."

'Upon which I had them taken up thither and into several parts of the house, farther than they would have gone, who desired me only upon my Word and Honor to give an account what arms I had, and that I would deliver them up, if the Lord Lieutenant desired them.

'The arms which I had were nine suits of Armor and one silk Armor [a suit of steel armour concealed by a covering of silk], eight old Musquets, one fowling piece, three birding guns, four old Swords, three Militia swords, five swords left by the Sheriff's men with their Belts and Javelins, five old cases of Pistols, three militia cases of Pistols, two pair for myself, two for my men, and one pair of pocket pistols. At this time I had

two pair more; one Brackenbury[1] Militia Pistols, and one that I gave Dicky. *Note.*—I find but two horses in Warwickshire, and I did find one in Leicestershire.

'They told me that they were to search several other houses, viz: Mr. Stratford's and Mr. Coton's etc.'

Mr. Stratford, it may be remembered, was the candidate for Parliament in 1679, who 'stood against all the Gentlemen of quality in the County, having the Vote of all the Presbyterian and fanatic party.' He was unsuccessful, but it is not surprising that his house was liable to suspicion.

Sir Richard continues:

'I invited them to Dinner and gave their Soldiers some Ale and Victuals, and they commended this Seat, and Captain Lucy invited me and my Wife to Charlecote, and told me that he was confident that neither my Person nor anything else of mine was dangerous to the Government.

'To which I replied, "'Tis not my Interest to be an Innovator," and so we parted.

'I walked out with my Wife and then went to Chapel. Afterwards I wrote to the Earl of Conway. Supped. Was discomposed. Prayers. Read Holy Dying. Slept ill, for I was vexed to be taken for a Malcontent, which thou, O God, knowest that I am far from.

[1] A part of the family property at Harefield in Middlesex.

'*July* 2.—Rose at ten. Wrote to the Earl of Conway another Copy, disliking that written last night. Walked with my Wife and the Children.... Kept up till eleven by writing my letter fair to the Earl of Conway, and till one by my Wife's illness, who had her pains of Childbed come upon her; so I sent for two Midwives and cleared the lying-in Chamber of my surveying papers. I ordered Johnson to go to-morrow morning to the Earl of Conway with my letter and a list of my arms and an old list in 1672. Went to bed and slept till nine of the clock.

'*July* 3.—Got dressed by twelve. Dined; Bowled three rubbers; walked; was listless and weary. Wrote a little of this. Discoursed my Wife. Eat fruit and drank Aqua-mirabilis, about eight spoonfuls.'

The newsmen, writing on the same date as the above, report that 'all our discourse now is who are seized and who are committed.' In this state of public excitement it was natural that Sir Richard's appeal to the Lord Lieutenant should be disregarded, and that he was required to give up a large portion of his arms.

'*July* 14.—Delivered some of my arms to Mr. Maund, Captain Lucy's Corporal, who was very civil and left me five Suits of Armor, cases of pistols and swords, and gave me a Note for what he took.

'I wrote a letter to Captain Lucy, but when I found that they took my Drum, I wrote another letter to him for it again. This held me till dinner with Mr. Wyat. After dinner I delivered the rest of my Arms to two other Soldiers. Was vexed to be thus disarmed. Supped. Received a News-letter and one from Mr. Clark to give me notice of a Scandal at Barnet. Received one from the Bishop of Oxon by Mr. Scot and read an Oxford News-letter which he brought to shew me that a wagon load of Musquets, Blunderbusses and Pistols, were taken from me, which I heard, by a letter from my Cousin Offley to my aunt Skrymsher, was got into Cheshire, and by Mr. Wyat from Mr. Osbaston was got into Northamptonshire. Received my Drum again.[1] Played at draughts and won. Prayed heartily for my Wife who is in labor.'

Sir Richard's seventh daughter, Juliana, was born the following morning, July 15.

'*July* 21.—Read a Chapter, 3rd Deut. Reflected upon Moses' Meekness and Resignation, which I desire to imitate, and if my own heart do not much deceive me I am very willing to die. Began to go on with my Will, but seeing John Keen I went to him and was contriving for the Chains to the Bars.

'*July* 24.—Looked about my Business i' th' Yard. At four came up, put my papers in order; those about seizing my Arms into the uppermost

[1] The drum is still at Arbury and sounded daily for meals.

Drawer on the left hand the Hall window. Then wrote this and slept. To ten o'clock killing a Bat. Heard that my sister Parker and her daughter-in-law the Lady Parker were come, yet did not rise.

'*July* 28.—Rose half an hour after five. Dressed. At seven o'clock christened Juliana, my seventh Daughter. Read the News-letter. Was extremely out of Humor at the base reports that are raised of me. Dined with our Company. Betook myself to my prayers. Then walked in the Garden with the Ladies and eat fruit.

'*July* 29.—Sunday. Slept till after eight. Dressed, read a little of Seraphick Love, for I would fain stir up my Love to God. At Chapel. Dined with my Wife and all the children. At Chapel. Eat Melon, then went into the Garden with my sister and Mr. Wyat. Eat Apricots and Nutmeg Peaches. Was vext as yesterday. Supped. Read Lord Russell's speech. Prayed. Read Government o' th' Tongue. Uncharitable truths.

'*July* 30.—Waked at five, being disturbed by the Pewets flying in the Buttery Chamber. Wrote to my Sister and a resenting letter to the Lord Conway. Was extremely angry at some disturbance which I met with in the house. Retired to my prayers. Was better. Read the 8th of Deuteronomy. Ordered the coach to be got ready. Seriously wished myself in another World, for life is very troublesome.

'*August* 4.—Wrote an answer about the late Scandals of my Arms. Then went to John Waldron (the Dull) and directed him about my Stable. I was violent angry to-day upon a small occasion.

'*August* 5, *Sunday*.—Waked at seven. Read Sermon on Love and Dr. Taylor on Holy Dying. Lay abed half an hour after eight. Was in excellent temper. Eat a Crust and drank water. At Chapel listless and weary. Reached out my silk Armor (while I think of it) to shew Mr. Wyat. Dined. Sent Gervase to give thirty of Bedworth Poor who are not served 30^{s}. Went into the Garden and eat (rather) too much fruit with Dick. Gathered some for my Aunt and Cousin and the Girls, to whom I gave sparingly. At Chapel, Drowsy, which I shook off.

'I have these three days abstained from eating one grain of Salt with my meat, which is very insipid, especially roast venison, without it. Merit, I pretend to none; but, O God, sanctify the means I use to preserve myself from sin, that I be made capable of the Atonement wrought by my blessed Saviour, for whose sake I hope to become a member (though unworthy) of the Kingdom of Heaven.

'*August* 14.—Lay abed to eight. Went to the New Way; directed Sander Knight how to mend it. Dined. Went to Sleep awhile. Was cross with my Dear Wife. Went with her in the Coach up the New Way. . . .'

Here we leave Sir Richard, for a time, honestly recording each day's aspirations and struggles to do right with his many failures; emblematic of poor human nature from the beginning until now.

CHAPTER XV

WIG AND GOWN

THE news-letters being addressed to a man who had been admitted to Gray's Inn in his youth, whilst his father had risen to distinction in the law, they contain many allusions to passing events connected with the Inns of Court, and members of the legal profession.

In 1677 we learn how the Middle Temple was burnt out in a night, with the exception of the Hall, 'that is to say Vine Court, Pump Court, Elm Court, Hare Court, Essex Court, and part of Fig-tree Court.'

'The Devil Tavern was twice on fire, but with much labour was preserved; which if it had taken fire, would much have endangered all the Timber Buildings in Fleet Street near the Bar, considering how the wind blew with a continued blast without intermission.

'Yet in the Temple the fire burnt both ways, and came back from Pump Court, where it first

began, as far as the Cloisters near the Temple Hall and Church, both which were once on fire, but with great industry were put out again. The hall was somewhat damnified, but the Church is not in the least spoiled, and the lane leading towards it stands well.

'There was a great want of water, by reason the Thames was frozen and the Ice driven to the Temple Shore, that no water could be had there, and though the pipes in Fleet Street were broken up, yet by reason of the great frost they afforded little water, so that they were forced to make use of above a hundred barrels of Beer out of the Temple cellars and Devil Tavern to supply the engines.'

Other paragraphs give certain particulars of the special ceremonies ordained for newly made Serjeants-at-Law before they were admitted to the full privileges of their position.

'This day (Jan. 21, 1684) the sixteen new Serjeants met in their Inns of Court and as by Custom had 5^{s} in a Purse delivered to them with a Speech.

'Those of Gray's Inn were told that their happiness was that no Protestant dissenting Brethren were among them.

Those of the Temple were told that Learning procured Riches, but only Loyalty Honour.

'After which, having their Coifs and Gowns put on them at Serjeant's Inn, they marched

along the streets to Westminster, preceded by above a hundred persons in party-coloured coats, and the students of their society.

'When they came to Westminster all the Judges descended into the Common Pleas Court, where they heard each Serjeant Count and Plead in French, and then each delivered the Judges and other Serjeants a gold Ring with the motto: *A Deo Rex, a Rege Lex.*

'After which was a splendid entertainment.'

On one occasion Lord Justice Scroggs is reported to have expressed anxiety lest the newly created Serjeants-at-Law should fail to live up to the dignity of their office, by practising undue thrift or economy.

'Yesterday the eleven new Serjeants at Law appeared at the Court of Chancery. The Lord Scroggs told them they must be careful of their state and not come four in a hackney coach to Westminster for twelve pence, nor in a sculler for three pence.'

Lord Scroggs's own sense of dignity does not seem to have been of a high order. When he was informed that 'a Barrister at Law had been observed taking notes at several Trials and afterwards giving them to be printed, he declared that if any barrister used such things he would pull his gown over his head.'

The public would at times openly express their want of faith in the justice meted out by courts of law in Charles II.'s reign. Lampoons were written and even printed on doubtful sentences, though always at considerable personal risk to both author and publisher.

Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, was tried in 1680 for being concerned in the Popish plot revealed by Titus Oates. He was acquitted on insufficient evidence to convict him, and the Protestant party maintained that judge and jury had been corrupted.

A Mr. Henry Cave, 'author of the Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome,' was tried at Guildhall and found guilty of having published a lampoon on the judgment in this case.

'There is lately found out by an experienced Physician A wonder working Plaster, truly Catholick, in operation, somewhat of kin to the Jesuit's Powder but more effectual. The virtues of it are strong and various; it will make Justice deaf as well as blind; take out spots of the deepest treason more cleverly than Castle soap[1] doth common stains. It miraculously exalts and purifies the Eyesight, and makes people behold nothing but Innocence in the Blackest Male-

[1] Castile soap.

factor . . . It is a mighty cordial for a declining cause, and in a word, makes fools wise men, and wise men fools, and both knaves. The colour of this precious Balsam is bright and dazzling, and being applied privately to the fist infallibly performs all the said cures and many others: *probatum est.*'

There was no freedom of the press in the latter part of Charles II.'s time, as frequently exemplified in the news-letters:

'You may remember' (writes the intelligencer) 'that some months since, one Browne was committed to the Tower for dispersing scandalous Papers and Pamphlets, and that he came out upon a Habeas Corpus. This term he was brought to his trial and was found guilty of having dispersed a Libel entitled "the long Parliament dissolved." And on Tuesday last he received his sentence, which was that he should be fined 1,000 Marks and continue a Prisoner until the same was paid; and that he should be disabled for seven years from practising in any Court as an Attorney, which he is by profession.'

Even women were not exempt from punishment on this score:

'Mrs. Anne Brewster is sent to Newgate for unlicensed pamphlets till she give security for her good behaviour for a year.'

As a last example I will quote how 'on the 29th one Thomas Parkhurst was committed to

the Gate House for printing an unlicensed book called 'A friendly debate between Satan and Sherlock.'[1]

The name of the notorious Lord Jeffreys often appears in the news-letters. He it was, we may recall, to whom Charles II. gave a ring off his own finger soon after the execution of Sir Thomas Armstrong, one of Monmouth's devoted servants. After the discovery of the Rye-House Plot Sir Thomas was outlawed, but eventually taken at Leyden and brought to London. Here he was condemned to death by Judge Jeffreys without being allowed the formality of a trial.

'Last Sunday,' relate the newsmen, 'the Lord Chief Justice Jeffries being at Windsor his Mat^y^ told him he was very well satisfied with his Conduct; bidding him to continue to preserve him and the laws, and gave his Lordship a diamond ring from off his own finger.'

This was the ring afterwards spoken of as 'the Lord Chief Justice's bloodstone.'

The junior dwellers in the Temple were a wild and rollicking set, quite in keeping with the times. At the New Year of 1683 their revels

[1] Dr. Sherlock was afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

passed all bounds, not without some encouragement from the Court, and their final suppression was effected with difficulty.

'The Young Students of the Middle Temple having chosen one Thomas Montgomery for their Comptroller (the Government of the Society these Holidays being devolved upon them) they repaired to Whitehall on New Year's Day in extraordinary grandeur and state, attended by forty Halberdiers in new Liverys which they clothed, being conducted thither in eighteen Noblemen's Coaches, most with six Horses, and were very well received, one of them delivering himself to his Mat^y^ in a speech expressing their abundant loyalty, wishing his Mat^y^ a happy new year with the continuance of many others, which Ceremony being performed together with his R. Highness, they made an invitation to most of the great Men to accompany them to dinner, which the Duke of Ormond, Marquess Halifax with divers others did them the Honour to accept.'

A week later we read that on

'Saturday last both the Societies of the Temple having dined together, about six in the evening summoned their Guards and each party divided to collect and gather in five shillings of every neighbouring house, a Custom they pretend for some hundreds of years; and by reason the same had not been performed for some considerable time the affair was very novel and surprising, especially upon the executing thereof. For their

Guards, being armed with Halberd and half pike, marched in a warlike posture, driving all before them, and at what house soever they had not immediately the money they demanded, finding the door shut, they first gave a signal by blowing their horn and then broke open the said house, levying their pleasure, and thus they continued till two o'clock Sunday morning, which by reason of that early time the people in their beds were mightily affrightened. Some, not knowing the occasion, cried out "Arm, arm!" and Constables that came to disturb them in this procedure were by them seized and put into the stocks. And it looked like the Emblem of a Massacre or the plundering of a Conquered City, several opposing them with Spits and other weapons. And 'twas a great Providence that little hurt was done, and being loaded with Money and booty they returned.

'The next evening, the Sunday, they held a great Mask or ball of dancing, which continued till Monday morning; and thus our young Students revel night and day, tho' many sober people are extremely against it.'

These wild revellers, anticipating the consequences of their riotous proceedings, summoned a (so-called) Parliament of their members in the Middle Temple, when the following Resolution was passed:

'Whereas several vexatious suits are, or are intended to be, commenced against the Gentlemen

of this Society for a pretended Riotous Levying of Rents which by Ancient Custom, time out of mind, hath been gathered at twelfth day at night yearly, when they have kept a public Xmas :

'Resolved by the said Assembly in full Parliament assembled,

'That whatsoever Councillor at Law, Attorney or Solicitor, shall or may be concerned in prosecuting any of the Gentlemen or Servants of this Society on account of the said pretended Riot, shall be judged and upon all occasions treated as an enemy or betrayer of the honour and privelege of the Inns of Court, and that the Concurrence of the other Societies of Law be desired herein.

'(Signed) T. TREVOUR.'

Regardless of the consequences, these madcaps renewed their revels on the following Sunday evening, when

'about the hours of seven and eight was held a second Ball or Masquerade by the young Students of the Middle Temple, and had extraordinary Resort of many great personages of both sexes. But notwithstanding they had before closed their Gates the Rabble began to get head upon them and a disturbance ensued ; but notice being given to Whitehall some of his Mat$^{y's}$ horse and foot guards were sent for their Relief, who prevented any farther disorders.'

Again, a week later, when there was no

longer a pretence for Christmas laxity, they continued their pranks:

'Saturday last being Essoines Day[1] before the Term, which should have concluded the Revelling of the young Students in the Temple of both Societies, the Middle Temple youths acquiesced, but the junior house continued their accustomed Game-ing. Whereupon the Benchers and the Grave Seniors of that Inn, accompanied with Mr. Attorney and Mr. Solicitor General, went to the Hall and desired them to clear the house, for that their time was expired, ordering some servants to obey their commands, which they performing were prevented by the young men, and Mr. Attorney General with his followers driven away with a hollow.

'Whereupon they returned to their Sport and put all these servants into the Tower, *alias* the Stocks, for obeying the Benchers, where they continued all night, and the next morning being Sunday they discharged them thereout, burning them in their hand (which they so call pouring water into their sleeve till such times as it runs out of their Shoes), and were resolved to hold a Ball on Sunday, having provided all necessaries.'

This was rank rebellion, and necessitated the intervention of a higher authority:

'On Sunday the Lord Chief Justice Pemberton, having knowledge of the same, came from his

[1] The day for granting excuses to those who were unable to obey summonses by reason of sickness or other cause of absence,

dinner with the Benchers and demanded entrance into the hall or Garrison, which some of the Guard, mistrusting their cause, gave him Admittance, who immediately commanded the Comptroller to surrender his staff and be disarmed together with his Guard, and that all the Chairs set ready for a Ball be turned out and the usual tables set up, which was done, and the Benchers put into possession, who sent for their dinner and dined there.

'And Mr. Attorney, having wrote a letter to Court of these proceedings, had an answer thereto from Mr. Secretary Jenkins that his Master gave no Countenance to the same, having given Orders that none of the Court do come to their Ball on Sunday, leaving the matter wholly to the decision of the Benchers who were at present Governors of that Society.

'And thus ended their Christmas gambols.'

CHAPTER XVI

THE GREAT FROST OF 1683-4

THE frost which began in December 1683 and lasted until the following February is graphically described in the news-letters as day by day it increased in intensity.

Before the end of the year the Thames had become frozen over to such a degree that attempts were made 'to foot it over,' though without success.

'A Wherry with some passengers upon urgent occasion, endeavouring to get over, advanced to the middle, and were there, by the flakes of Ice that drove one upon another, overwhelmed and lost.'

Two days later:

'some thousands of people walk in a Beaten path from near the Bridge to Whitehall, though few attempt to foot it across, being forewarned by the loss of divers lads who perished in that undertaking. Several poor watermen have erected on

the Ice booths and stalls in nature of a fair, where the people flock through the vanity to discourse in future of it.'

On January 5, 'a Coach and six horses drove over the Thames for a wager.'

On the 8th 'whole streets of Booths are built on the Thames, and thousands of people are continually walking thereon.'

As the Thames had now become a thoroughfare, its lack of lights made it a service of danger to cross after dark.

'Several persons going over the Ice in the night from Westminster market were set upon and robbed near Lambeth, and two Gentlemen, quarrelling thereon, fought a Duel and one was dangerously wounded.'

In the middle of January

'a kind, gentle thaw began and lasted two days, so that all the Booths etc. had to be pulled down from off the Ice on the Thames, where coaches had been driving to and fro, and people gave considerably to ride in them.

'On Sunday morning, the Wind returning to its Cold Corner, we had a hard frost, which rendered the streets extreme slippery, and yesterday the people returned to their sports on the Thames, though several paid their Lives for their curiosity, frequently dropping in,'

On January 19, it is reported

'that this frost will hold till March, and one hath undertaken for a wager to build a house two or three stories high on the Ice, and lie a night in it, and pull it down again himself before the frost is gone.

''Tis said his Mat^y^ hath ordered a "Landskip" to be drawn of the Thames as at present frozen over, with the booths, people, and coaches thereon.

'On Sunday we had an express of the Prince of Orange's arrival, having escaped great danger of shipwreck on our Coast, a great Flake of Ice lying over against Deal seven miles long and one mile broad. Its uncertain what he comes about, but must conclude its in Relation to the dismal condition of the Spanish Netherlands by the French, and the sharpness of the season, thousands of them starving, and more would if they were not clothed by the Dutch.'

On January 23,

'a Bull was baited on the Thames, and on it are many streets erected with several names, and many sorts of commodities; and Coaches ply as frequently as Boats did before.'

On the 26th,

'one Captain Edwards of the Trained Bands exercised his Company on the Ice of the Thames, and conducted them thereon from the Three Crowns to the Temple Stairs.'

Amongst other unusual results of so prolonged a frost it is noted that

'one of Squire Herbert's family in Buckinghamshire did this frost shoot an Eagle preying upon a Dove, which is thought rare in England.'

Reports at this time from the Continent show that the sufferings caused by the severity of the frost were greater than in England:

'Our last account from foreign parts was by a gentleman from Hamburg, who says that the Weather is favourable with us to what it is there, for that they relieve their sentinels every hour, and yet found two of their soldiers frozen stiff, leaning against the fortifications. They tell us also of a Ship in so much distress in the Ice that they cast lots which should be first sacrificed to appease the others' hunger, and its certain that many ships will be in want, as not being able to put into port.'

After seven days more had passed,

'the ship formerly mentioned to be surrounded among the Ice in the Downs still continues without any succour, and its feared that her men are perished, none of them for three days being perceived on the deck.'

About the same date it is reported that

'passengers at Dover designed for France, and those at Harwich for Holland, are all returned

back, there being no possibility to get over. Yet a person at Dover, having extraordinary occasions, has agreed with four Seamen to adventure with a small open boat by Rowing where they find water, and then to draw it over the Ice; but its thought a Rash attempt and a hundred to one if they do not miscarry.'

Sir Richard Newdigate does not seem to have had implicit faith in the sensational items of news supplied by the intelligencers, and when writing to a correspondent in London he asks for confirmation on one or two points. The reply is as follows:—

'As to the business about Coaches upon the Thames, there is forty of a day, and they carry people from the Temple Stairs over the water to the Barge houses, or straight up the Thames as far as Whitehall or Westminster, Foxhall or Lambeth, going as frequently between these places as in Holborn. There is also Sledges with Horses which go galloping upon the Thames. Also a kind of Sledge Chair which people, which skate, drive before them at a great Rate. There is a perfect Street quite Cross the Thames at Temple stairs. . . . All the booths have fire in them and sell Ale and Brandy and Gingerbread and Cakes in abundance; also several sorts of Earthenware. All these I have seen. . . .'

The same correspondent, Thomas Dodd by

name, writes again three days later to describe the streets with rows of booths

'which sell all manner of things, Soldiers, Bartholomew's fair, and also printing presses. And there are Music Booths and Wine Booths which bear ale and brandy, and a much greater concourse of people than at Bartholomew's fair. This day (Febry 2nd) over against Whitehall was a whole Ox roasted on the Thames, and meat is roasted at the fire in many of the booths . . . the like scarce ever known.'

In spite of the continuous merry-making on the Thames the prolonged frost caused much suffering amongst the poor.

'Coals' (say the newsmen) 'are by the bushel a fourth part the price of meal for bread. But though the Weather be so extremely rigorous, Charity, God be praised, is not so cold as to suffer the more indigent to increase the bills of mortality. And though the last week's bill had one in it "starved," it is to be admired that there were no more in so great and populous a city, when the like account has been found in a mild and moderate season.'

There was a rumour that, owing to the difficulty experienced in breaking through the hard-bound ground, the dead had to be deposited in charnel-houses, to await burial.

The newsmen were bidden to make inquiry on this point, and report that they can only hear of one or two being brought for burial before the graves were quite ready.

'They were then set by in such places till they were digged deeper, which takes up more than ordinary time, as being wrought a great part with a Chisel and not without a great deal of Labour and difficulty.'

The watermen on the Thames found a cause of complaint in their loss of trade, owing to the transformation of their liquid right of way into a solid and public thoroughfare. They tried

'to claim a prerogative above others to Erect their booths on the Thames; but many tradesmen take the liberty to build them stalls where the streets are more crowded than Bartholomew fair, and the Roads as passable for Carts and Coaches as on the firm land. But Mr. Water Bailiff exacts of them Toll and Ice Rent and forces them to pay. But the Watermen opposed it as being free of the River, saying though they could not Row thereon, they might build or Ride thereon, and its adjudged for them.'

Encouraged, but not satisfied by this favour,

'the Watermen on the Ice presented the Court of Aldermen with a petition against the plying of Coaches thereon.'

This was on February 5: 'but' (write the newsmen)

'yesterday we had a welcome Thaw which has forced the Booths to be removed, and put an end to the aforesaid Controversy.'

'God be praised' (they add on February 7), 'the kind and gentle thaw still continues.'

. . . . . .

It would be interesting to know how the inhabitants of Arbury and its neighbourhood had stood the Arctic winter, but unfortunately there are no fragments of Sir Richard's diary of this date.

The extraordinary and prolonged frost must have caused anxious moments to Sir Richard, who had a reputation in the county for his knowledge of arboriculture and horticulture, and for the skill with which he cultivated the fresh specimens he was constantly adding to his gardens and plantations.

He has preserved letters from his friends and neighbours thanking him for his ever-ready advice and the gifts of seeds and plants which he seems to have dispensed lavishly far and near. Sir William Temple writes from Sheen to thank him for a contribution to his garden, and Lord

Massareene continually pleads for novelties wherewith to beautify his Irish demesne.

'My health is impaired of late' (writes the latter from Antrim), 'and my greatest entertainment is Planting, in which I saw you were curious, and your nurseries fully stored. I therefore desire a Paper of seeds of your greens of all your best and most curious kinds,—at least of your Pines, firs and other sort of trees with which you are well stocked, and so am I. But because your kinds are very different from ours, I beg some more variety from you, with your advice to sow and raise them, and the best season etc.'

Another time he makes a special request for 'Spanish jasmine,' and makes arrangements for its transit in pots through his son Clotworthy Skeffington, who lived at Fisherwick in Staffordshire.

The seeds and the advice were duly sent, but the result proved unsatisfactory. Two years later Lord Massareene writes to ask for a further supply on account of his lack of success in raising the expected plants. He goes on to drag in an inconsequent allusion to Oxford in order to emphasise the fact that other people's gifts of seeds have not led to disappointment.

'None of the seeds' (he writes) 'that you sent add to our plantations, because they do not come up. I am glad your son has had Oxford education, from which place my cousin Will Bunbury of Brasenose College sends me seeds which have come up, and I do not despair if you make another favourable essay.'

Lord Massareene's frankness in casting the blame upon the seeds that would not come up, and not upon the difference of soil or mode of treatment, would rather appeal to Sir Richard's love of candour than be likely to affront him.

When one of his friends, Sir Willoughby Aston, of Aston in Cheshire, wrote him an extravagant letter of thanks for the hospitality he had received at Arbury during a short visit, his blunt outspoken host labelled the well-meant effusion, 'Sir W. A.'s ingenious but most abominable complementall letter.'[1]

[1] This 'complementall' gentleman had a family of twenty-one children by his wife Mary, daughter of John Offley, Esq., of Madeley Manor, Staffordshire. Eight sons and thirteen daughters made up the number. Sir Willoughby died in 1702.

CHAPTER XVII

SUNDRY ITEMS OF NEWS

In 1683 there was an attempt to start the Spanish sport of bull-fighting in England. Fortunately the experiment ended in a fiasco; not from any tender-heartedness in the spectators, but from a lack of combativeness on the part of the bull. The newsmen recount the event in their usual quaint language:

'In the Artillery Yard by Red Lion Fields is preparing a great number of Scaffolds, in which place will be performed (scarce ever before in England) the Spanish way of worrying Bulls with men on Horseback and foot, which Pastime they tell us will continue for a fortnight.'

This was written in the beginning of June, but the long-expected fighting with bulls on horseback did not come off until July 30, when

'a liberty was granted to the Spanish Cavalier to shew the dexterity of his Exercise against the

Bull. The place for the spectators had been some time erected, and now, the Horses having been led about the Streets like Bears to draw in Company, about three in the afternoon they began the Show.

'The Cavalier appeared well mounted in a careless posture with a Cloak about him and a short spear in his hand, and then the Bull was let loose.

'The Bull (not so fierce as those in Spain, but yet sufficiently taught) neglected the Don, who thereupon provoked him several times with his spear. The Bull did not yet turn to account, and so the Don with his spear gave little satisfaction. Out then springs a nimble Portuguese, who on foot attacks the Bull, vaults upon his back and bestrides him, and the Bull could no sooner acquit himself of him than he was up again; and this indeed gave some Diversion.

'But this was not the thing the people looked for; they thought to have seen at least an horse or a man killed outright. But being bereft of their expectation, as having not mischief enough for their money, the rabble grew Couraged and fell upon pulling down the scaffold, and having destroyed a great part of it, carried away the Bull and so the Show ended.'

Amongst the current events retailed in the news-letters we find an interesting mention of the re-discovery of the medicinal spring afterwards known as Sadler's Wells.

'*July* 17, 1684.—In the time of popery, on the South side of the road at the hither end of Islington

was a well which was had in very great esteem for its medicinal qualities even to Adoration, which soon after the Reformation was covered and by success of time wholly forgotten.

'Last year the well was again discovered and by its curious carving enquired after, and many eminent physicians have tried the Water by Rules of Art and say it is as Medicinable as any, and comes the nearest in operation to that of Tunbridge; and its now commonly visited by two hundred in amorning.

'*August* 9.—Six people have contracted with Mr. Sadler (in whose Garden the much visited Water at Islington is) for £600 fine and £300 per an. during his lease, which is twenty years.'

During this summer an event of interest to the populace took place in the arrival of a rhinoceros, apparently the first that had reached the shores of England alive.

'On board one of the East India ships is come a Rhinoceros valued at £2,000 at the Custom house, and will be sold next week by inch of Candle.'

Accordingly, on the day fixed, the rhinoceros was put up to auction in the customary manner by the burning of a candle measured off inch by inch, and was purchased for £2,320 by Mr. Langley, 'one of those that bought Mr. Sadler's

Well at Islington, and in a day two will be seen in Bartholomew Fair.'

The enterprising Mr. Langley (possibly the same man who created a riot at Lady Tirrell's with the object of carrying off her daughter[1]) proved unable to raise so large a sum. He consequently lost the rhinoceros and forfeited the £500 he had to pay beforehand.

'This evening the Owners procured a Warrant from Sir James Smith and carried away Mr. Langley and afterwards put up the beast for sale again by Inch of Candle for £2,000, but no person bid a farthing; so lies upon their hands.'

After a time the interest in the depreciated animal revived, and it became a source of profit to its owners.

'The Rhinoceros is much visited at twelve pence apiece, and two shillings those that ride him. They get fifteen pound a day.'

. . . . . .

The news-letters give us some quaint illustrations of the intensity of political antagonism in the latter part of Charles II.'s reign.

[1] See p. 178.

There was a certain Mr. Samuel Mearne, Master of the Stationers' Company,

'who departed this life after several days' indisposition of a violent Fever. He was very loath to leave at this Season because the Whigs, he said, would impute it a Judgement as being a Zea ous persecutor of them.'

He was not far wrong in believing he would afford his political enemies a mark for their malice. On another occasion, when JusticeBalch Throaster in Spitalfields died suddenly in his chair, we are told that 'the Whigs believe it a Judgment upon him for designing to be sharp upon their meetings. But,' adds the news-writer, 'he was a fat, corpulent man, and this disaster may be naturally incident to him, which God deliver us all from!'

The Whigs were naturally antagonistic to the Duke of York and his following, and betrayed this feeling in dubious ways.

The episode of the loss of the 'Gloucester' had not added lustre to the Duke's name. Reflections were made on the haste with which James had saved himself by putting off in his pinnace with some of his suite and his favourite dogs, whilst

the ship went down with a hundred and fifty souls on board.

Amongst those who perished was Lord O'Brien, and the newsmen relate that

'his page, being saved from drowning, offers to swear that his Lord, being on a chest in the sea, cried out to some of the watermen that were in the Barge, if they would save his life he would give 'em £500, and some answered, "Let him alone; he's not worth 500 pence."'

When the Duke arrived in London on his return journey from Scotland he found a paper affixed to St. James's Palace on which was written, 'They that are born to be hanged shall never be drowned.'

The Duchess had accompanied the Duke from Scotland in order that her expected infant should be born at St. James's. The Whigs openly professed their disbelief in the cause which brought her to England.

'The Duchess of Modena' (say the newsletters) 'is expected here in Whitsun week, and will stay till her daughter the Duchess of York is brought to bed; tho' they talk as if she was not with child; of which the Duke being informed said, "May be their Parsons told 'em so last Sunday."'

The hoped-for prince was a princess after all. 'The Lady Charlotta Maria' lived but a few months, like so many of the Duke of York's children, and was buried privately in Westminster Abbey.

It was while the Duchess of Modena was in England for this event that 'Mr. Dryden' went to wait upon her, 'but she refused seeing him.'

This poet's name often appears in the news-letters. On one occasion they report how

'Mr. Jo. Dryden, the poet, was set upon in Covent Garden by three persons, who have so grievously maimed him that his life is in much danger. Its said it was done by some gentlemen whom he had in verse reflected upon.'

In July 1682,

'a play having been made by Mr. Dryden termed "The Duke of Guise," it being supposed to Level at the vilifying the Duke of Monmouth and many other Protestants, great interest was made for the acting thereof, but coming to the knowledge of his Mat^y^ the same was forbid; for though his Ma^tys^ pleasure is to be dissatisfied and angry with the Duke of Monmouth, yet he is not willing that others should abuse him, out of a natural affection for him.'

Four months later 'Mr. Dryden' succeeded in having his play produced:

'This day (November 18) was acted a play called "The Duke of Guise," by Mr. Dryden. It was formerly forbid as reflecting upon the Duke of Monmouth, but by the application of the author is now allowed to be acted.'

Possibly the King's feelings towards his troublesome son had undergone some change in the interval, for Monmouth was in fresh disgrace. He had been perambulating the country at the head of a band of followers, and at some of the chief country towns his advent had been welcomed with much stir and excitement. This could not have been agreeable to the Duke of York or to the King, and it was deemed necessary to put a summary stop to these doubtful proceedings.

Monmouth was seized at Lichfield, whilst dining with the gentlemen of his suite, and brought to Whitehall to be examined, but afterwards he was admitted to bail.

Amongst the complaints brought against him we find one concerning a certain

'Parson Fogg, who preached before the Duke and is much complained of for inserting in his prayer

James D. of Monmouth after the King instead of James D. of York, and forgetting to pray for the Queen.'

These and other audacities were condoned for the time being by the King, and Monmouth escaped the punishment he deserved. The next year the discovery of the Rye-House Plot had, as we know, far more serious consequences for the Duke and his adherents.

Whilst Monmouth fled the country his followers suffered for their leader's undisguised ambition, and even those who were but passive sympathisers with his cause had, like Sir Richard Newdigate, to undergo the humiliation of having their homes invaded to search for, and deprive them of, their arms.

Whilst Monmouth was in banishment and the Duke of York's influence in the ascendant at Court, Lord Churchill's martial instincts helped to quicken royal interest in the standing army. A general muster was talked of at Blackheath, which caused some excitement in September 1684.

'Great preparations are making for the general muster at Blackheath. The officers and soldiers are to be in new Habits etc. and its said Lord

Churchill's regiment of dragoons will appear in most excellent order and discipline.

'*Sept.* 25.—Its discoursed that at the Muster at Blackheath the Prince [George of Denmark] will be made General; the D. of Albemarle, the E. of Oxford, Earl of Craven and Earl of Feversham Lieut.-Generals; and the Lord Campbell Major-General.

'*Sept.* 30.—The Ground at Blackheath being found inconvenient, the Muster to-morrow is appointed on Putney Heath.

'*Oct.* 2.—Yesterday m^e^ marched into Putney Heath his Mat^y's^ Regiment of foot; his Royal Highness's; the Earl of Craven's and the Earl of Dumbarton's; the Life Guards of horse; two companies of Grenadiers on horseback; the Earl of Oxford's regiment of horse and the Lord Churchill's of dragoons. They were drawn up four deep and in one line, which made a front of a mile and a half; six thousand men the most that were in arms. Every Regiment was exercised before the King, and that by beat of drum, to the great satisfaction of his Mat^y^, Royal Highness etc.

'The day proving thick and rainy prevented much of what was designed. About 2 o'clock his Mat^y^ withdrew and dined in a Tent, and the Regiments marched to their Respective Quarters. So the day ended without making General, Lieuts.-General, or Major-General.'

The newsmen relate an amusing episode concerning the Prince of Orange at this date, illustrative of his high-handed dealings with the States

if they baulked his military ardour when striving to combat the designs of the French king:

'*October* 9, 1684.—They write that the Prince of Orange is gone from the Hague to Soesike, and being to go through Amsterdam, the Magistrates, having notice of it, gave orders for preparing a very splendid dinner for him and were got ready to receive him. But to show his dissatisfaction to their former proceedings he caused the Coachman to drive full trot through the City. But the Burgomasters ran after the Coach and with much ado the Coach stopped, and one of the Burgomasters making a speech to the end aforesaid, the Prince slightingly told them he was in a haste, and so left them.'

The little tiff between William of Orange and the town of Amsterdam arose from a private pique caused by the opposition of the civil authorities to the Prince's desire to enter into a new war rather than let Luxemburg fall into the hands of the French.

We can picture to ourselves the chagrin of the Burgomasters, who, anxious to propitiate the offended Prince, had started upon their undignified pursuit probably burdened with their robes of state, but had to return through the public streets weary, snubbed, and unforgiven.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE LAST OF THE STUART KINGS

At the epoch to which the news-letters have brought us, Charles II.'s span of life, with its many errors and lost opportunities, was nearing its close.

After the Duke of York's final return from Scotland, his power over the indolent and pleasure-loving King increased month by month until it became almost tyrannical. Yet with the people James's popularity was no greater than before, except with a certain party. At the same time it seems probable that the revelations of the Rye-House Plot had not only the effect of strengthening the nation's sense of the value of the King's life, but, owing to this heightened feeling of loyalty, of indirectly confirming the Duke of York's position at Court.

No one was better aware of James's unpopu-

larity than Charles himself, as exemplified in his well-known retort to his brother's entreaty that he would pay more attention to his personal safety: 'Tilly-vally, James; there be none so silly as to shoot me to make you King!'

It was during the summer that was darkened by the discovery of the Rye-House Plot that an event of hopeful import to the royal house was brought to a successful conclusion.

The marriage of Princess Anne to a Protestant prince excited general approbation, and created a renewed interest in the Duke of York and his family as the next successors to the throne.

The preparations for the coming ceremony helped to distract men's minds from the prosecutions for treason that were going on. Whilst execution followed execution amongst Monmouth's adherents, marriage bells were ringing, and the Court and country were holding festivities in honour of the arrival of Prince George of Denmark as a consort for the Lady Anne.

As long as the Duchess of York had no son and the Princess of Orange remained childless, the Duke of York's only surviving unmarried daughter was a personage of considerable import-

ance amongst royal alliances. It seems surprising that Princess Anne, with such expectations, should have reached the unusually mature age of eighteen and be still unmarried. It is true that more than one foreign prince of the Protestant religion had been talked of as a suitor for her hand, but the only one who seems to have been a serious pretender for this honour was Prince George of Hanover. He, as we know, after some stay in England, returned home in obedience, it is said, to his father's summons, in order to marry a German princess.

Then followed a period when the Lady Anne, unhampered by the presence of an official wooer, was free to amuse herself with the attentions of any one within the Court circle who might be bold enough to aspire to a princess of so much importance to the royal line.

Such an aspirant actually made his appearance, as the scandalised news-writers relate in cautious terms. On November 7, 1682, they write :

'We have had for some days a flying report that the Earl of Mulgrave was forbid the Court, which I forbore to speak of till there was a Certainty, and now I find that his Mat^y^ and Royal Highness

are much displeased with him relating to a Letter between his Lordship and Lady Anne, intimating too near an address to her; for which, being privately considered of, the Lord Chamberlain had orders last night to bid his Lordship provide other Lodging than in Whitehall; and some say all his places are taken from him, but that as yet being no certainty shall forbear to mention.'

After two days they report further:

'It is now certainly confirmed that the Earl of Mulgrave has so mightily incurred his Mat$^{y's}$ and Royal Highness's displeasure that his Lordship is not only banished from Whitehall and S^{t}. James's, but also displaced from his great offices and Commands. His Governorship of Hull is conferred on the Lord Windsor; his Lord Lieutenantship of the East Riding of Yorkshire given to the Marquis Halifax; his chief command of one of the King's Regiments of Guards bestowed on the Lord Chesterfield, and his Hon^{ble} Office of one of the Lords of his Mat$^{y's}$ Bedchamber granted to the Earl of Feversham; and 'tis thought that he will be in perpetual disfavour.

'Some people talk very harshly of the affair, reflecting too Censoriously on the Honour of the Lady Anne; but I am well assured that the Princess of her own accord discovered his Lord ship's intentions by showing a letter which she received to her father, his Royal Highness.'

Lord Mulgrave's punishment, in the loss of all his lucrative appointments, with banishment from

Court, would seem a heavy penalty to pay for a passing devotion to the King's niece in those days of rampant and unlawful courtship.

The rash lover did not remain in 'perpetual disfavour,' as expected by the newsmen. Soon after James's accession Lord Mulgrave was made Lord Chamberlain, and in the next reign he was raised to be Marquis of Normanby. When Anne came to the throne, she in her turn distinguished her old lover by creating him Duke of Buckingham.

Lord Mulgrave quickly recovered from this episode of slighted love, and subsequently married three times. His last choice, being a natural daughter of James II.,[1] gave herself royal airs on the strength of her parentage, after she became Duchess of Buckingham.

This touch of romance in Princess Anne's life probably hastened the royal decision for her marriage. The country favoured the choice of Prince George of Denmark as a suitor, not only because he was a Protestant prince, but also as one likely to make his home in England. His

[1] Her mother was Catherine, the only child of Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., by his wife Catherine, daughter of John Savage, First Earl Rivers.

arrival was awaited with general interest, and the newsman, writing in May, 1683, takes credit to himself for early information on this point:

'Although little of certainty has been lately known of the coming of Prince George from Denmark, I am very credibly advised that on Wednesday two Bucks were killed in St. James's Park, which are potting up with other choice provisions to be sent aboard of several yachts which within a day or two sail for Gluckstadt on the River Elbe, where they take in the Prince to transport him for England.'

It was not until six weeks more had elapsed that the bridegroom elect arrived in the month of July. After his ceremonial visit to the King and Queen he went to St. James's to make acquaintance with his intended wife. Here, we are told, 'he played at Cards with Lady Anne, discoursing in the French language.'

The stolid Prince must have been sadly hampered in his short courtship by his ignorance of his bride's native tongue. As to his French, 'he spake it but ill,' says Evelyn.

A week later the marriage took place, and

'all that night the Bells etc. loudly proclaimed the people's Joy, and the next day the whole Court

appeared very splendid, and the Nobility etc. paid their Compliments of Congratulation.'

Whilst the Duke of York and his family were profiting by this last turn of Fortune's wheel, the Duke of Monmouth remained an exile on the Continent and outwardly in disgrace with the King. He had taken refuge in Holland, where he was cordially received by the Prince of Orange. Indeed, so warm was Monmouth's reception that 'no man,' say the news-letters, 'is more respected by him (W^{m} of Orange) than he, who eats, drinks, hunts, and does everything but sleep with him.'

We know from subsequent revelations that the King in reality was gratified by the Prince of Orange's kindness to Monmouth, and during the period of his seeming disgrace was secretly in constant communication with his erring son. But Charles was such 'a master in the art of dissimulation' that he was able effectually to conceal this private understanding from the Duke of York and the nation. For this end he went out of his way to express his displeasure at the favour shown to Monmouth at the Hague, as we read under the date of October 14, 1684.

'Mr. Chudleigh, his Mat$^{y's}$ Envoy, is arrived at the Hague. He passed by the Prince of Orange without showing him any Respect, having such orders, the Prince having disgusted his Mat^{y} for his Extraordinary Caressing of the Duke of Monmouth, who is now at the Hague, and will reside there, the Prince having given him a house that was his grandmother's, that is fitting for him.'

In December there was a report that Monmouth had come secretly to England and kissed the King's hand. Whether true or not it could be safely denied, as the Duke reappeared in Holland immediately.

History tells us how, at this time, Charles was growing weary of his brother's tyrannical yoke, and had even been heard to say that 'in order to make himself easy for the rest of his life he was determined to send away the Duke of York and recall the Duke of Monmouth.'

The latter, in his private notebook, taken from his pocket after his capture in the next reign, fully confirms the impending crisis. One or two short extracts are here given:[1]

1685. '*January* 5.—I received a letter from L. marked by 29 [the King] in the margin, to

[1] Welwood's *Memoirs*. 1701.

trust entirely to 10; and that in Feb^ry I should certainly have leave to return. That matters were concerted towards it, and that 39 [Duke of York] had no suspicion, notwithstanding of my reception here.

'*February* 3.—A letter from L. that my business was almost as well as done, but must be so sudden as not to leave room for 39's party to counterplot. That it is probable he would choose Scotland rather than Flanders or this country, which was all one to 29.'

Thus man proposes. . . . Three days later all was changed by the King's unexpected death. The tidings reached Monmouth on February 16:

'The sad news of his death by L. O CRUEL FATE!'

It was indeed a cruel fate that deprived poor Monmouth of his most powerful friend at Court, and of the only restraining influence that could have kept him from the rash enterprise which a few months later cost him his life.

As for the news-letters at this time, there is an ominous gap in their sequence for more than thirteen months. The year 1685, with all its momentous events, remains unrecorded amongst Sir Richard Newdigate's manuscript papers.

Charles II.'s sudden illness on Monday

February 2, ending in his death four days later; James's accession to the throne; the subsequent risings in Scotland and England, headed respectively by the Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth; their speedy suppression; the capture of the two leaders, followed by their death upon the scaffold: all contemporary reference to these events has disappeared from Arbury.

It was probably due to necessary precaution that no news-letters were preserved at this period of overwhelming interest to Protestant England. Sir Richard Newdigate, with his pronounced opinions and well-known championship of the form of faith upheld by Monmouth, could hardly have escaped being a marked man at the time of the risings in England and Scotland. Suspicion was rife on all sides, and Sir Richard, warned by previous experience, may have had reason to fear a raid upon his papers after having undergone the ordeal of a search for arms. Otherwise we cannot suppose that he voluntarily dispensed with a source of intelligence which was afterwards resumed and continued for many years to come.

When James II. had been a year upon the throne, Lord Massareene makes a passing allusion

to the vital occurrences of the last few months in one of his letters.

Writing from Dublin on January 29, 1686, he says:

'I hope all things now are in great quietness and tranquility with you after this summer's trouble; of which we had a part by Argile's rebellion in Scotland, that was very near us. But we had the King's Army quartered in and about our Estate and did enjoy much Peace, Blessed be God, as we do at this hour.'

In November of the same year he makes a similar report, but ends with some words of significant and prophetic import:

'We enjoy peace and plenty here' (he writes), 'having also had many Soldiers Quartered amongst us and a great Change in the Army here: and some are *full of fears*.'

When the news-letters begin again we find gaps in their order still recurring, and they are written with too much caution to be as entertaining as in Charles II.'s time.

In 1688 there is an interregnum of some months. In this last year of James II.'s reign we are left in ignorance of the newsmen's version of the crisis that was impending. They give us no

subtle indications of the slumberous discontent which was shortly to be roused into action, and would put an end to the tenure of the British crown by kings of the House of Stuart.

Nor have we any record of the unwelcomed advent of a Prince of Wales, followed by the openly expressed disbelief in the genuineness of the royal babe.

It was not until October 1688, when William of Orange had landed with a small following, to be rapidly increased in his progress towards London, that the news-letters recommence their regular course of intelligence.

They give us James's speech to his Parliament when he was on the eve of starting to join his army in order to meet the son-in-law whose hostile arrival imperilled his possession of the throne. It begins as follows:

'My Lords, I am well assured my kingdoms are intended to be invaded, and am resolved to go in person, and knowing that Bullets make no distinction, I think good to settle the succession, and assure you, on the word of a King, that the Prince of Wales is my son. . . .'

It would be only recapitulating ancient history to transcribe the further progress of events, ending

in the speedy and, at first, tranquil replacement of King James by William and Mary.

The Queen and Prince of Wales, with Father Peters[1] disguised in woman's clothes, were the first to flee for refuge to France. Before the end of the year the King had followed them and met with a warm welcome at the Court of Louis XIV. The throne was declared vacant by this action on the part of King James, and consequently rendered free for a successor.

'The Prince of Orange' (we read) 'hath in print desired all such as were members of Parliament in the time of Charles II. etc., etc., to attend him to-morrow at St. James's.'

This summons to those who belonged to the seven days' Oxford Parliament in Charles's reign was attended by about two hundred members, among whom we may be sure was Sir Richard Newdigate if he had chanced to be within reach of so short a notice. In any case, when the elections came off in January 1689, he was again chosen to represent his county in Parliament, with the prospect of sharing in the councils of the nation amid more congenial influences than before.

[1] Father Petre or Peters, confessor to James II.

Lord Massareene, writing from Antrim to congratulate his cousin, takes the opportunity to impress upon him the parlous state of Ireland at this juncture, and of his own neighbourhood in particular.

'8 *Feb.* 1689.—Y^rs from Westminster I received and at the same time saw your name in the Gazette, one of the representatives for the great County of Warwick. And I am glad one of mine was received when yours of the 26th of Jan^ry. was written, which you say gave you a true Account of Ireland. And so it was, I assure you, although different representations of our case was before you. The Rapines, assaults, robberies and outrages of the Papists committed daily upon the Protestants increase, from which some of the Protestants defend themselves, among whom your friends here are interested, as by the Commission of Array is lawful for their defence. But are called by the Papists Rebels and Traitors for self-preservation. And some of them have been assaulted by the new-raised Irish Army, which is very numerous. Some prisoners have been taken, some blood shed, and if succour from England do not speedily come, these outrages and the effusion of more blood must come upon us. The delay raises our enemies' pride to an intolerable height, with the French King's promises of aid to the Irish, which they expect before any come from England; and two thousand a month ago from you (when it was first proposed and assured

we should have relief) had done as much as ten thousand will now do. I really fear that the next intelligence from Ireland will be that the Army in a Body may fall upon the Protestants, who resolve to defend the Protestant Religion, the Laws and their lives, and so have associated some weeks ago; which is called Treason by the Papists.

'Read and improve this all you may. It is but a faint character of our sad and miserable case, from which thousands are by flight delivered. But your friends stay with their many Protestant neighbours under God's protection in the north of Ireland, to which part we are told that few are designed to come from England in comparison of those greater numbers designed for other parts of Ireland.'

Lord Massareene was only too correct in his gloomy prognostications. Unfortunate Ireland was destined to be the battle-field on which the rival claims of Kings James II. and William III. were to be fought out in a sanguinary warfare, embittered by the religious element imported into it, and by the presence of five thousand French troops, sent by Louis XIV. to assist the last of the Stuart Kings.

The unfortunate babe who was borne away with such haste and secrecy from his native shores, to be received with open arms at the Court of

France, became the innocent cause of this struggle by sea and by land, for the throne which his father was said to have forsaken and abdicated, when he too sought an asylum with the French king.

If there had been no Prince of Wales, James might have acquiesced more easily in the decision of the nation who had preferred his son-in-law to himself. In such a case it would have only been forestalling by a few years the natural succession of his eldest daughter to the British throne. But with the claims of a long-desired son to fight for, the case was different, and His Most Christian Majesty of France was only too willing to foment and support any cause of strife with his old enemy the Prince of Orange.

For a time all went peacefully except in Ireland, where storm-clouds were gathering.

1689.—'On the 13th of Febry' (write the newsmen) 'both Houses came to the banquetting house, and about eleven the Prince and Princess of Orange came hand in hand, and an officer read the proceedings of both Houses, and the Prince in a short speech signified their acceptance [of the crown], adding he should endeavour to his utmost to discharge the trust reposed in him and protect the Protestant religion and Laws, and was Re-

solved to pursue no counsels but theirs: at which was a mighty shout. . . .

'Also at their proclaiming were such shouts as were scarce ever heard. . . .'

Two days later:

'both Houses being assembled it was expected the King would come to the House of Lords, so that the Peers caused their Robes to be brought, but his Mat^{y} sent them a Message that they would adjourn till Monday. 'Tis said the Reason was that the Robes which the King desired were not found in the Wardrobe, and that new ones must first be made.'

By February 18, this necessary adjunct for imparting dignity to the insignificant bodily presence of the new King was supplied, and William III., coming to the Lords' House, sent for the Commons and made his first royal speech to the combined Houses of Parliament.

CHAPTER XIX

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE CROWN

WHEN Lord Massareene last wrote to Sir Richard Newdigate, he was urging on the newly elected M.P. the absolute necessity of speedy succour for Ireland in the shape of troops from England, before worse things befell them.

He wrote no more from Antrim, and his next letter to his cousin is written far from the home he had improved and beautified, and of which it was his boast some years before that 'this Castle is pretty strong, being never taken in the Rebellion that was in Ireland in 1641.' The tale of his misfortunes will be best told by himself in his letter with the following address.

'*For S^r^ Richard Newdigate, Bart., a Member of Parliament.*

'*To be left at the door of the House of Commons, Westminster, London.*

'Near Durham, 21 April, 1689.

'S^r^ I presume you may have heard from others How difficult it was for me, my wife and family to

get out of the merciless hands of Tyrconnell's Popish Army; who on Saturday the 16th of March seized our House at Antrim, our Plate, stock of furniture, and my whole Estate as I have cause to fear; and since Kg James his coming to Ireland (which I knew not of when we left Home but the 15th of March) we hear of a Proclamation, requiring all to Return to Ireland or forfeit their Estates, and Tyrconnell excepted me and my Son before from all mercy by a Printed Proclamation; so that it was time to come away the 15th of March, when his Army was within 14 miles of us, and came to our house next day; in which interval my Steward and Servants buried the plate, which the Irish army soon found and said it was forfeited to the King.

'We came to the city of Derry and thence by Sea to Greenock in Scotland and to Edinborough and the Duke of Hamilton and other Nobles were very civil to us, the rather because I had the first discovery made me of about fifty letters sent from Kg James at Dublin in Ireland, to raise great troubles in Scotland and the north of England, whereof Duke Hamilton sent King William notice by transmitting the Papers his Grace had from me on that notable occasion, which thing is made plain by other circumstances concurring; besides fifty Letters and instructions, a Declaration, and two letters all in Kg James's own Hand to that effect, some of which I did See and Read.

'And Ld Balcarres and Sir John Trevenick and others are seized upon this discovery; which by this time is more perfectly known at White-

hall by what is further transmitted. I met Protestant horse and foot between Berwick, Newcastle, and Durham, by which places we passed with our women and five Small Children in two Hackney Coaches gotten at Edinborough. And we are going to Hoghton Tower to see my daughter and children there, before I can go to Arbury, Fisherwick, or London; which journey is very tedious already and like to be more so,—cross Durham, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, as I have this post written to S^r^ Charles Hoghton, directed as this is, that he and you may tell my Son, or write him word, if you know where he is. For he went from us in a Man of War, bound for Chester, and since we have not heard from him, which troubles us; and he wants his Health, as we fear.

'Thus you see how we are scattered and the Protestant interest of Ireland ruined, all but Londonderry City as I fear. And I cannot express the Hardships and Wants to which the Protestants were reduced before I left Ireland; some women since ravished, and men condemned to be hanged, drawn and quartered, and some so used, Tyrconnell pretending all were Traitors that did not join with him, or do join with King William, or did take Arms to defend themselves against his Rude Army, and a Rabble of Irish Men, Women and boys, all Armed with Half Pikes and daggers, going before and following the Irish Army. Besides all this, his promises by letters to me and messages just before he sent his Army fully shew his designs against me and my Son, and to ruin all the Protestants, even under the pretence of

securing them from violence, which I can evince too plainly.

'The present expectation is of an Irish Army o invade Scotland and disturb England, in order to which, things were much ripened, I do assure you, if the late discovery do not prevent it and the effusion of Blood by the Army of thirty thousand Irish now in Pay, which the said K^g James owns he hath, and I read it in his letters on that Subject.

'I am etc.

'P.S.S.—Duke Gordon held out Edinborough Castle when I left that town Tuesday last, and I heard and saw his Cannon Play.

'Tyrconnell is made a Duke by K^g James.

'Excuse Hasty Writing in a bad Inn and ill Paper.'

Lord Massareene's next letter is written from Fisherwick, the Skeffington property in Staffordshire. His Irish estates had been sequestered by King James, and for the next three years were alienated from their rightful owner.

'8 May, 1689.

'I wrote to you on my way from Ireland, and now the Letters which my Friends may send me may probably find their way; which before, for three or four months past, miscarried by the Lord Tyrconnell's malice at the Protestants and at me and my family particularly; for which in

due time He will be considered, when Ireland is reduced to the Protestant settlement and Crown of England; from which many think it is now forcibly torn and Ravished by an alienation to the French Crown, and livery and seizen thereof given upon K^g James's late access thither with many French officers; which was unexpected. And so was the failure of aid expected by the Protestants upon many promises, and more particularly by the Faithful Assurances thereof, given in King William and Queen Mary their declaration, date 22 Feb. $\frac{88}{89}$; which was the cause of my family's stay so long in Ireland, till with difficulty we escaped with our children, and had our Lives for a Prey. But our Plate, Stock, furniture and Lands are seized by the Popish Army, and our excellent House, so furnished for forty years past, and with conveniences of all sorts, made an Irish garrison the day after we left it. By this means my sufferings are more than any Protestant in the King's dominions, And my charge also in removing our family through Scotland and the north of England, having left my wife and part of the family at Hoghton Tower, Lancashire, and part came here last Saturday, where I stay to refresh myself, sojourning with my Lady Rouse here.

'I know not when I may come to London, and I am sorry to see so many delays in the aid for Ireland, and such fears of Troubles in Scotland and England, which is too apparent. I hear little news, and if anything be afforded from my Relations, directed hither near Lichfield, It will be a favour to, Dear S^r, etc. etc.'

When next we hear of Lord Massareene he is established in London, and is in a position to give news to his cousin, now at Arbury, instead of demanding it from him.

'Pallmall, 10 Sept. 1689.

'. . . We have no News but that Duke Schomberg since he took Carrick-fergus is going forwards towards Dublin, whence the Irish Army is meeting him, as the Letters from his Grace yesterday imported, which were received when I was at Hampton Court. We hear to-day that Mentz is taken by storm, which may make the French king somewhat lower. The great News in Town is about a Plot for which thirty or forty are imprisoned, among which are three or four Ladies, but I do not find much in it.'

In a letter about this date from Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., he complains of King William's partiality for Hampton Court, so that only those whose places allow them to keep six horses can wait upon him.

In October 1689 Lord Massareene writes again from Pall Mall:

'I have not had a line from you of late. The news to-day is that the King comes to Hampton Court to-night from New-market, and that the French fleet are out and have taken one of our Ships. Things are not right; there are some mis-

carriages. We know nothing of Action between the Armys in Ireland, but what the last Gazette informed you. I stay here and shall observe what the Parliament does at meeting. Some of the Lords and other prisoners in the Tower are like to be released before the Habeas Corpus Bill expires. . . .'

After the meeting of Parliament Lord Massareene writes to urge Sir Richard to come up without loss of time.

'24 Oct. 1689.— . . . This may perhaps be in vain if you be come from Arbury, and it is time you were at Westminster, and all Honest Men. The Printed Votes I will not repeat, but the Vote to-day for giving the King a vigorous assistance, and a full one for reducing Ireland and opposing the French King, did take very well, and the House was calm and unanimous.

'I fear thousands are sick in Schomberg's Camp, and all are going into Winter Quarters without action, which is the best of this French expedition.

'I believe King James's Army is distempered also, and decamping. Some letters say they follow one another.

'The prisoners in the Tower will be some of them released, and others put upon strict bail, but that thing is before a Committee with other matters.

'My L[d] Griffen is absconded two days ago

upon a discovery made that a Cook of his was sending letters of dangerous Consequence, which will make a great noise. . . .'

We get no more Irish news from Lord Massareene. He is obliged to remain in England until, William III. having subdued his foes and restored peace and quietness to unfortunate Ireland, the sequestered property at Antrim is restored to its lawful owner. This did not take place until 1692.

In the meanwhile the French and English fleets, with the Dutch as our allies, were carrying on the conflict within view of England's southern shores. An old family friend of Sir Richard's, Mr. John Scott by name, who lived in the Isle of Wight, was able to describe the manœuvres of the rival fleets by his personal view of their proceedings immediately preceding the victory of the French on June 30, 1690. His letter helps one to realise how entirely dependent the battle-ships of that day were upon wind and weather for opportunities of coming into action.

Mr. Scott writes from Norwood near Cowes, and begins his letter, which retails the events of several days, on June 28, 1690:

'S^r^, I had ere this paid my respects to you, but that I was unwilling to interrupt your business without something of news to communicate to you, and therefore we of the Island being now, as it were, the centre of news and the subject of most people's discourse, by reason of the vicinity of the French fleet, I think this the most proper time to do it, both to impart to you what we have seen, and to assure you that we of the Island are still alive, in good health and cheerful in despite of Monsieurs.

'On Sunday the 22^nd^ inst. at four in the afternoon the French fleet was discovered off our Western Hills coming with a full gale (the wind at W.) towards us, upon which our Island was alarmed and got to arms. I was surprised with it at 12 o'clock at night. I arose, gave out my arms, returned to bed, and my wife and I slept well. An express was immediately sent by Sir W^m^ Stephens, our Lieut. Governor, to Sir R. Holmes our Governor, then at London, and another to Admiral Herbert[1] riding with our fleet off St. Helen's point, which latter returned answer, 'That he would weigh speedily, and did not doubt but to give the French such a welcome as should make each true Englishman glad.'

'By Monday morning the 23^rd^ the French were got up to the back or South part of our Island, but the wind chopping about to the eastward they could make no more way, but cast anchor about three hours' sail from our Fleet. That afternoon I had the curiosity to go and view the French, which from our hills I did

[1] Earl of Torrington.

distinctly, they being within two or three Leagues of our shore, divided into three Squadrons.

'From the same place and at the same time I saw our fleet at S^t^ Helen's, who had cleared their ships of cabins, boxes, and other impediments to fight; had weighed and were standing out, but the wind veering they could not get out that night.

'Tuesday the 24^th^ by 8 in the morning, I saw our fleet under Sail (wind N.E.) and standing eastwards from the French, who were then within two hours. This we wondered at, but afterwards found out the mystery, for about 11 we heard several guns from aboard and in the afternoon more, the meaning of which was, that at 11 they had descried a squadron of Dutch which at 3 post meridiem joined them to the number of fifteen capital ships, besides fire-ships, together with the Lyon, a 3^rd^ rate of our own. So that now we consisted of sixty-six capital ships, most of them 1^st^, 2^nd^, or 3^rd^ rates,—stout ships and well manned, besides fire-ships and tenders. This day (24^th^) our Governor, Sir R. Holmes, arrived in the Island post from London, In the evening the French, having manned out two long Boats, made towards our shore, but seeing a company of militia foot ready to salute them, they tacked and got home. Their intent was, as we imagine, to borrow some of our sheep. But about 11 at night a boat came ashore with a woman and two boys, English. They had been taken out of a boat off Weymouth on Sunday by the French and had their Liberty granted them on condition

they would carry a Letter from S^r W^m Jennings (who hath a flag in the French fleet) to Admiral Herbert, which they undertook; but being at Liberty made our Island and delivered the Letter to the Governor, who has sent it to the Queen.[1] The contents were "that K. James had found himself in an error as to his treatment of Adm^l Herbert; but if the Admiral would return to his Allegiance he, the said Sir W^m Jennings, had a pardon ready sealed for him, with an assurance that K. James would maintain him in his post of Honour."

'The same offer was made in it to all the Commanders and Soldiers in our fleet.

'Sir W^m Jennings asked the two boys on Sunday as to the number of our fleet, who answered eighty or ninety Sail. Sir W^m angrily replied "It was a lie, for there were but thirty English and twelve Dutch ships, and that they would be with them on Monday." And indeed his account was partly true, for there came no more of Capital Ships from the Downs, they having been joined by eight more from Spithead, which he knew not.

'Wednesday morning, 25^th^, it was hazy at sea so that we could see nothing, but the haze clearing up about 11 a clock we found the two fleets within three hours of each other (Wind W.), the English in a line, the French without order. But about one, the Wind springing N.E., our fleet made all the sail they could to come up with the French, and the French (who were

[1] Queen Mary was reigning alone, her consort having taken the field in Ireland at the head of his troops.

drawn up then in a line from W. and by N. to South, as ours were from N.E. to S.) seemed to make towards them, insomuch that about 3 the two points or vanguards were come up within a league, or half-hour, of each other, and it was expected that the fight would begin. But the wind on a sudden slackening, the French took the advantage and bore away with the tide Westward, and ours could not fetch them. All this afternoon we had a distinct view of each fleet, and I told[1] them twenty times over and could count no more than 110 of the French, whereas ours were 100.

'On the 26th, for want of wind to stem the tide, both fleets were got more Easterly, and both made what Sail they could to get the Wind, which was then S.E., and about 5 in the Evening the Scouts were engaged, but the wind being eddy, the bodys did not come up.

'On the 27th (wind E.) there was so much haze at Sea all day that we could not discover them, and we suppose they are now over towards the French coasts, S.E. Doubtless the design was to have surprised our fleet and burnt them in harbour before the Dutch came up, and in all probability they had done it, had not God's providence protected us by a sudden change of the wind on Monday morning. We have both foot and horse coming into the Island to guard us, and do not doubt but by God's blessing to maintain our own. . . .

'Your very humble servant,

'JOHN SCOTT.

[1] Counted.

It was two days after the date of this letter, on June 30, that the hostile fleets which had remained so long within sight of each other came into collision, with disastrous results for the English, but the chief sufferers were our Dutch allies.

The English fleet was commanded by Lord Torrington, and his mismanagement was considered so flagrant that he was in consequence committed a prisoner to the Tower. He was ultimately tried by court-martial and acquitted, but was dismissed the service by King William.

Mr. Scott's next letter refers to this defeat, and is written from Oxford on July 15. He begins by explaining how he and his family deemed it prudent and necessary to leave their island home after the victory of the French.

'. . . Since my last,' he writes, 'which I suppose you received at Arbury, we have not seen the French fleet off the Island, but have heard of them more than we desired. We lost the Anne, a 3rd. rate, in the engagement, but the Dutch lost eleven, which were all sunk and burnt, being indeed shamefully deserted by ours, and I very much wonder that the French did not pursue the victory farther, they not having lost (that we are sure of) one ship. There is indeed

talk that one of their flags was sunk, but I do not find that there is any certainty of it.

'The day after the fight a Squadron of ours of eleven men of war were coming from Plymouth to join our fleet, and were got up as far as the back of our Island, but the Mary Galley meeting them and speaking with them, they immediately tacked and made all the speed they could to the Westward again, and are now at Plymouth, whither also is come Sir Cloudesley Shovell with four more, but how they will join our fleet I know not, the French lying almost the whole Seas over from Bullogn Bay to our Coasts. The French are also increased since the fight, being joined by fifteen Galleys and six large Capitals, which passed by our Island the last week.

'Last Friday night D^r^ Clutterbuck's [1] house at Southampton was Searched by the Mayor etc. of Southampton by order from the Queen and Council. The business was a Letter which was intercepted, directed from Sir William Jennings (now in the French fleet) to the D^r^, mentioning a Letter which a quarter of a year ago Sir W^m^ Jennings had writt to the D^r^ acquainting him with their success over our fleet, and resolutions to re-establish K^g^ James, persuading him etc. to return to their [his] duty. The Doctor designs for London this week to purge himself as to the Latter Letter; he urgeth that he knoweth nothing of it, and as to the former that Sir W^m^ Jennings is related to him, and it contained only matter of

[1] A Doctor of Divinity and an old friend and correspondent of the Newdigate family.

compliment; and I do not suspect the Dr, but I pray God preserve us from treachery amongst our Selves, which is the only means to defeat the designs of the Enemy.'

Before leaving these contemporary accounts of the struggle which was going on between King James and King William for the British crown, it may be advisable to transcribe one more of Mr. Scott's letters, though its date is four years later. France was still our open foe, and it relates the defeat of our gallant forces in an attempted landing near Brest, mainly owing to an ill-conceived plan of attack, and a lack of common prudence beforehand.

'Norwood, Isle of Wight, June 22, 1694.

'. . . . The forces returned from Brest are all now ashore and encamped in this Island, and the Squadron which brought them back now rides at St Helen's to the number of thirty sail of Capital Ships, commanded by my Lord Berkeley.

'The account which the Gazette gave of that action was a little too favourable, for I have been in company with Several officers and others who had a share in it, and they do all confess that we lost above a thousand men with little or no loss to the Enemy. The occasion of the ill Success was doubtless treachery at home, for the Enemy, as they declare, had intelligence of the design seven

weeks before; insomuch that they had particularly fortified that place where our Commission was to land, and were strongly entrenched about the bay to the number of 25,000 horse and foot, and had our whole body landed (as they had done had not the Enemy been too hasty) they had been cut off to a man.

'Another prejudice was the Straitness of the Commission, which was positively to land in that bay, as the Enemy well knew. And a third was the inconvenience of the place of landing, it being a narrow beach under a high Cliff, so that Several of our men fell by the very Stones thrown down from the precipice. Nor was the Cliff to be ascended but by narrow defiles, which being so strongly guarded made the thing impracticable, so that in half an hour's time our men were glad to retreat to their boats, which yet they could not recover but by Swimming, the Ebb having carried them off, so that very few who landed came off.

'The General's hard fate precipitated him, for as my Lord Cutts our Governor (who now commands the forces here) relates it, it was agreed in a Council of War, which was held immediately before, that the L^d^ Cutts with the Grenadiers should first make the shore to discover the works, with the posture of the Enemy, and that General Talmash should follow with the body as he saw occasion.

'Accordingly my L^d^ Cutts with the Grenadiers were got into the Well boats and were making for the shore, when on a sudden General Talmash,

contrary to that result, comes off in his barge, outwent the Well boats, and was the first man that landed, sending to my L^d^ Cutts to stop.

'His wound was not thought mortal, being in the fleshy part of the thigh, without any fracture, and I saw a Letter from a Gentleman at Plymouth who was with him half an hour before he died, and then thought him in no danger. But his wound, being searched soon after, was found gangrened, and he presently died upon the opening of it, almost in the operation.

'We do not hear of any further design upon the French coasts, and it is believed that these men here with us, which are in all about five thousand, will, after some refreshment, be sent for Flanders. . . .'

This letter has been docketed by Sir Richard with this trenchant remark:

'Mr. Scot's account of the failure of our Fleet at Brest, and of General Talmash's Death.

''Tis easy to impute Rashness to the Dead, to excuse the Cowardice of the Living.'

. . . . . .

It was not until the Peace of Ryswick was concluded in 1697 that King James recognised how hopeless were his claims to the British throne in his own person, whatever the future might have in store for the son who arrived so inopportunely.

We must now leave public affairs to follow the

fortunes of one of King William's faithful subjects and supporters in the person of Sir Richard Newdigate, M.P.

His career as a knight of the shire for Warwickshire was not long-lived. When King William summoned his second Parliament in February 1690, Sir Richard and his colleague Sir John Burgoine met with a vigorous opposition from rival candidates, Messrs Andrew Archer and William Bromley. The heat of party contest was not likely to have languished in Sir Richard's vicinity. During the polling a free fight took place between the partisans on either side, in which the ex-members became involved. Sir Richard seems to have been the more severely handled of the two, and was denied the after-consolation of victory, for both he and his colleague lost the election.

On April 2, 1690, a petition was presented to the new Parliament by the freeholders of the county of Warwick, setting forth :

'That at the last Election for two Knights of the said County to serve in Parliament, Sir John Burgoine and Sir Richard Newdigate were fairly chosen ; but the High Sheriff, to frustrate

such Election, suffered divers Abuses and Irregularities to be committed thereat; not only in the beating and wounding several Persons who came to Poll for Sir John Burgoine and Sir Richard Newdigate, but serving them so likewise even to the Hazard of Sir Richard's life: and after such discouraging Practices used, the said Sheriff hath returned Andrew Archer and William Bromley, Esq[res], in prejudice to the Petitioners: and praying the Consideration of the House and Relief in the Premises: and that Sir John Burgoine and Sir Richard Newdigate may be restored to their Places in this House.'[1]

This petition was referred to the Committee of Privileges and Elections, which was apt to take an unconscionable time in deciding the many disputed cases brought before it.

Sir Richard's name appears no more on the Roll of Members. It must therefore be taken for granted that the High Sheriff's adverse decision was confirmed. There is no record of his standing again. Probably domestic cares and an impaired income combined to render him unwilling to contest a fifth election. From this date onward the scope of Sir Richard's energies had to be limited to the narrower and safer sphere of private life.

[1] Journals of the House of Commons.

CHAPTER XX

AN AUTOCRAT AT HOME

In 1692 Sir Richard Newdigate had to undergo an irreparable loss in the death of his wife Mary, who had been the mother of fifteen children. Deprived of her beneficial influence, it becomes evident that the widower's hastiness of temper and tendency to extravagance increased, though the primary result seems to have been renewed energy in starting colossal account-books with virtuous resolutions for controlling minute details.

'There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty,' quotes Sir Richard from Proverbs, and begins a new coal ledger with this text for a heading. But not being endowed with the wisdom of Solomon, the scattering and the withholding were so arranged as only to lead to a diminished income.

Mary, Lady Newdigate, was buried at Harefield, where a beautiful monument by Grinling Gibbons has been erected to her memory.

The sculptor's letter of acknowledgment for the payment of his work is remarkable for the eccentricity of its spelling, even in those days of originality and independence in the art of writing the English language. The last sentence of his letter may be quoted as a specimen, though it makes one doubt whether Gibbons did not employ an amanuensis for all except the carefully written signature, which is in his well-known regular characters:

'I holp all things will pleas You wen You see it for I indevered it as much as in me lais, but If you should mislick enny thing, You may be shoer to Comand

'S^{r}, Your ombell and obegent sarvant

'GRINLING GIBBONS.'

It was after his wife's death that Sir Richard began to devote a separate page in his general account-book to the expenses of each of his seven daughters, headed by their respective names: Mrs. Amphillis, Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Frances, Mrs. Anne, Mrs. Jane, Mrs. Elizabeth, and Mrs.

Juliana; known in everyday life as Phill, Moll, Frank, Nan, Jinny, Betty, and July.

The burden of the household management fell upon the eldest daughter Amphillis, though strictly under her father's supervision.

'*Mem.*—I now order my Daughter Phill to receive no money of the rents but of any but myself, who will pay her duly quarterly. I likewise order her to pay duly for whatsoever she has, without running in debt, upon pain of my utmost displeasure. I likewise order her to pay all postage of letters that come to her, and all carriage of goods, as each of my Children shall, except it be upon my own business'

In the pages devoted to the younger children there is a particular account of their clothes, and the specified outfit (caps and aprons included) of those among the girls who went to school. It is satisfactory to note that for many years there was a 'Nurse Ebburn' in the wages list who could look after the motherless young ones. She also did much knitting of stockings for the family generally, with wool that had been grown, spun, and 'coloured' on the estate.

The master of the house is equally careful in taking stock of his own wardrobe. Under the

head of 'Socks' he notes that '$3\frac{1}{2}$ pair are worn out and are to be unravelled. One Sock, which is too little for me, I give to my daughter Jinny.'

Sir Richard was somewhat extravagant in the matter of 'Periwigs.' He makes out a list of those he had in stock one year as follows:

'*Perruques*

'To wear abroad in winter . .	2
'To wear in cold weather visiting .	1
'For winter at home ith' house .	1
'For Summer abroad . . .	2
'For Summer at home ith' house .	1
'For London	3
	10

'I find but nine, which are more than enough at one time.'

We learn the value of the flowing wigs of the period from an earlier entry:

'At the Warwick Assizes, merely upon the Sheriff's account, *i.e.* occasioned by my waiting upon him, Jo. Perkins lost my Peruke there, which cost 30^{s}.'

'A Penny saved is a Penny got, *ergo v. infra*,' interpolates Sir Richard in the middle of his

accounts, and then follows a note of one or more minor economies such as the following:

'Delivered Moll a pair of Snuffers and a Saveall for herself, which if lost she is to pay for.'

Sir Richard made his own ink, which proved an excellent concoction, if we may judge from its permanence and blackness after two hundred years:

'Put 8 ounces of Galls to steep for Ink in rain water' (he writes) 'which I had sent for with 2 ounces of Copperas to them and 4 ounces of Gum Arabic, which is the just Proportion; but afterwards I found a little above 4 ounces more of Galls, therefore I send for this Copperas (1 ounce more). The Receipt is to steep the Galls ten days, stirring them every day; then put in the Copperas and stir it for a day or two. Then put in the Gum, and hang it for some time in a leather Bottle behind a door that is often opened; a week will do, but a fortnight is better. It needs no boiling.'

The successful maker of ink was much troubled by his inability to control the large consumption of beer in his household:

'*Dec.* '93.—The Brewer tells me just now that we spend under a hogshead and a half of small Beer a week.

'*Mem.*—My Family shall still be lessened, consequently the expense.'

At this time he was acting upon his mother's advice, and had given the charge of his wine and beer to a female butler; but it appears there was no diminution in the quantity consumed. As time goes on, he has recourse to other devices for discovering to whom the blame should be imputed.

'To Moll Porter for four months, 16^{s}. To her at going off £1" 0" 0", which she ill deserves, having been very careless; but according to the Proverb, 'Set a Knave to catch a Knave,' and having a great desire to know who my Secret Drinkers are that devour so vast a quantity of Ale, I have given intimation (tho' I gave no positive Promise) that I would give forty shillings to any one that would and could make a Full and Clear Discovery; which she has done of some, with some undeniable circumstances. Therefore I intend if I live, and I would have my Son, if I do not, give her 20 shillings more at Candlemas 1696; provided she does not (as so many ill Servants do) rail at the Family after she is gone away.'

Sir Richard's own daughters had to submit to fines if they chanced to cross their father's

pleasure, as exemplified in an episode that occurred at Christmas 1694.

The customary festivities were probably heightened by the presence of Dick Newdigate with his newly married wife, Sara, daughter of Sir Cecil Bisshopp Bart. The eldest son's choice had been entirely to his father's satisfaction, but after a short married life of fifteen months Sara Newdigate was taken away at the birth of her still-born son.

On this, the first Christmas after their union, the young couple were joining in the amusements of that season of good cheer, when an insignificant action on the part of one of the daughters of the house ruffled Sir Richard's quick temper and possibly damped the hilarity of the party:

'To Alice Hoggs 1s. out of Frank's annuity, because Frank was so cross and ill-natured as to hinder Alice her profit (whom I have put into the butler's place) by not permitting her to bring Clean Cards, but requiring foul ones, that Brother Lambert Bagot, my Son and Daughter N., Phill and She might play at Brag, whereby they hindered us from playing at Post and Pair. Upon this account I now give Alice 2s. out of Phill's and Frank's annuity, 1s. each.

'Christmas comes but once a year.'

It is difficult to divine how it came to pass that the thriftiness of Mistress Frances, in choosing to make use of soiled cards instead of new ones for the game of Brag, should have interfered with her father's wish to play at Post and Pair,—whatever that game may be. No doubt this was the real cause of offence, and the proverbial reference to Christmas, so dear to prodigal souls, is dragged in as an excuse for unnecessary extravagance.

If we can judge from stray cards and packs of cards still at Arbury, the sisters' economy was commendable. One pack, at least, dates from the time of Charles II. The kings, queens, and knaves are represented by the crowned heads and lesser rulers of foreign States, whilst below may be read various items of historical and geographical interest in accordance with the limited knowledge of the day. The remaining cards of each suit are equally instructive, and all have the pips coloured by hand in red or black at one corner. It need hardly be mentioned that Charles's strongly marked features, illuminated by a sardonic smile, represent the King of Hearts, whilst Tangier is still numbered amongst England's possessions abroad.

In handling these cards of long ago one is tempted to ask if, perchance, they can be the same pack the young bride may have shuffled on this, the last Christmas she was to spend on earth. And the mutinous Frank, who, before many months were over, had taken the bit between her teeth and started off on an independent career with young Sir Charles Sedley, did she win or lose at the game of Brag?

Not even the sons who had attained manhood and independence were exempted from their father's autocratic rule. John, now twenty-four years of age, was a member of the bar, with chambers of his own at Gray's Inn. Sir Richard often made use of him professionally in dealing with tenants and others. But here also he would allow of no tendency to dictation, or any implied superiority, on the part of one who was after all but a child in his father's estimation.

A page in one of the account-books is devoted to the following purpose:

'6 *Dec.* 1696.—I will this day enter my son John's Faults here, which I tell him of to make him humble. I pray God assist me to do all the good I can to him and the rest of my Dear Children.

'1. In superscribing a Letter to Lady Viscountess Massareene he omitted directing it to Dublin, which letter therefore miscarried.

'2. Jack forgot to send to Tedingworth to Mr. Hewet, had not I remembered it.'

The rest of the page is blank. Either Jack failed to profit by this method of abasing his pride, or no more lapses of memory could be brought against him.

The 'Lady Viscountess Massareene' who missed her letter through John's carelessness must have been Rachel, wife of Clotworthy Skeffington, who had lately succeeded his father as third Viscount. It was in 1695 that Sir Richard lost his cousin and constant correspondent, Lord Massareene. He had been failing in health for a year or two before he was forced to flee from Ireland, with the loss and ruin of his home at Antrim.

'I frequently want Health,' he writes in one of his letters, 'yet Hunt sometimes with Slow Hounds.' The hardships and anxiety of mind he had had to undergo on his flight through Scotland and England must have sorely tried an ailing man. He survived these troubles and had been reinstated at Antrim for two or three years before

he died. His latest letter to Sir Richard is written in February 1695. In it he alludes to Dick Newdigate's marriage, which had been duly announced to him.

'The last letter I writ was in return to my Cozen Ri. Newdigate, wishing him joy in his nuptials, wherewith he favoured me so far in general as to acquaint me that your near relation and cordial respect can never be forgotten. But my poor, solitary condition now renders me unfit for business or much converse, since the death of my Excellent, dear wife.

'My state of health, by grief as well as care and some old distempers, makes me think of my great change among these Publick and Family changes I have seen of late. That of the good Queen's[1] and good Archbishop of Canterbury's[2] removal were deep strokes so near one another, and I observe much compliment, and wish a firm, good understanding between Kensington and Barkly House; and her highness the P. Anne a good hour, who I hear is with child and past her wonted time of miscarriage. A great Court is (no doubt) where she is.

'My Son and Daughter S[t] George removed with your pretty god-daughter to their own habitation near a hundred Miles distant, when my Wife was pretty well. So that I am solitary, not knowing much of my Son's affairs in London; but hearing

[1] Queen Mary died in December 1694.

[2] Archbishop Tillotson.

the Small Pox is in town and Country and very Fatal to divers, as it was to our Admirable Queen.

'I enquire after the welfare of you and all your good Family, whose happiness and prosperity is so much prayed for and earnestly desired by S^r^

Your faithful servant and most affec^ate^ kinsman,

'MASSAREENE.'

The allusion in the above letter to a hoped-for good understanding between Kensington and Berkeley House refers to the coolness which had arisen between the royal sisters before Queen Mary's death. The shock of the unexpected bereavement brought about a better feeling between the two establishments of King William and Princess Anne.

To return to the autocrat in his own home. It should be noted that occasionally he varied his system of judgments and punishments with the more lenient device of rewards as an encouragement to do well.

For instance, 'To my three Daughters because they came to Prayers, three shillings.'

A still more characteristic example is the following:

'To Tom Cooper, who worked hard after I broke his head, *2s. 6d.*'

Money matters were increasingly a source of trouble to Sir Richard year by year, and we learn from his diary that his active brain was ever at work to devise means to lessen his encumbrances.

1697. '*Feb.* 22.—I have chalked out a way this day for getting £1,000, and by turning along Griff Lane southward, and not compassing the Beristeads North and East, I shall save £100 elsewhere. *Note.*—I have in this Book given very many hints of vast improvements by floating, which I could, but dare not, put in practice, because of the baseness of our Commissioners, who seek to raise me in Tax.

'*Thursday*, 24.—Lay long in bed, having slept ill, but projected to get £4 by making Mr. B. and Jos. Nut pay £4 for Spring Kidding this year; and to get £9 more by making W^m^ Nock pay £10 per an., who nows pay but £1. Read a Sermon to-day.

'*Thursday*, 3^rd^ *March.*—Lay Long in bed sweating off a Cold and ruminating upon my affairs.'

Sir Richard's private worries did not prevent his taking a keen interest in home politics and foreign affairs, more especially in regard to France—a country for which he had a special distrust and dislike.

A M. de Souligné, a French refugee in England, had lately written and published a work

entitled 'The Devastation of France demonstrated.' The name alone would have attracted Sir Richard, but the contents he found so interesting that he took some pains to ascertain the authenticity of the facts stated in the book.

Communication with the author took place through John Newdigate at Gray's Inn, and M. de Souligné was requested to write direct to Sir Richard to set his doubts at rest. The letter he sends in answer is remarkable for its excellent writing and good English.[1] It is too lengthy to quote, but begins thus:

'S^r^ I had the honour to see the Squire John Newdigate at Gray's Inn, who told me that your Honour had been well pleased with my Book, and since that I received a Letter from him wherein he tells me that your Honour desires that I should give him an account how I came by the knowledge of what I have printed concerning that subject. . . .'

M. de Souligné having explained at some length how intimate was his acquaintance with people and places in his native land, goes on to say:

'Although I have composed that Book in English, it was not without great pains, the English

[1] Only once does he leave the safe path of dictionary English when he hopes that 'your Honour will be able to read my gibridge,' *i.e.* gibberish.

tongue being not very familiar to me, and then I had an ingenious Englishman, who corrected all the faults, or the most part. . . .'

Sir Richard's desire to prove with his own eyes that the dèsolation of France was as great as M. de Souligné stated, impelled him to embark upon a journey which in those days was an arduous undertaking.

His friend Gregory King the Herald, or 'Rouge Dragon' as he sometimes styles himself, gives a description of the difficulties of travel on the Continent a few years previously. He also lays stress on the inconvenience caused by the adoption of the Old or New Style in the matter of dates, which varied as he crossed the frontier dividing one small principality from another.

Writing from Cologne on December 20, 1692 (Old Style), he begins:

'Hon^{d} Sir,

'Travailing night and day in very uneasy Wagons and for the last half of the way hither in open ones, I got well to this place last night, where I am with my Colleague, S^{r} Will Dunton Colt, the King's Envoy to the Princes of Brunswick and Lunenburg. The Duke of Zell had the Order of the Garter sent him to the Hague last Spring was Twelvemonth, and the Duke of

Hanover, who is his young Brother, is now lately made an Electoral Prince, having received the Electoral Cap and Dignity by Proxy at Vienna, from the Emperor's hands, the 9th Instant, It being consented to by four of the seven Voices of the College of Electors, But not by the other Colleges, who, as the manner is, have entered their Protest against it.

'In a few days we set forward together from hence towards Dresden by the way of Leipsic, the famous University, and the greatest Mart in Germany, in the Territories of the Elector of Saxe, to whom we carry the Order.[1] We shall have two Xmas's this year, for I was on Christmas Day, New Stile, at Bentheim, a free Prince of the Empire, but Roman Catholick; and next Sunday we shall be in the Lunenberg Territories, where they keep the Old Stile; Though in the Bishopric of Osnaburg, which belongs to this New Elector [of Hanover], they have the New Stile.

'Religions agree here much better than in England. The same Church will serve a Roman Catholick in the morning, and a Lutheran in the afternoon. And as for Property, it is all AD LIBITUM PRINCIPIS. But it makes the people poor.

'Yor Commands have drawn this trouble upon you from

'Yor most obedient Servt.

'GREGORY KING.'

At the time when Sir Richard was inspired

[1] The Garter.

with the desire to investigate the internal condition of France from his own point of view, his home party was much reduced in numbers.

Four out of his eight sons had died early, and three out of his seven daughters had left their father's roof for homes of their own.

Frank's venture as Lady Sedley has already been reported. Her elder sister Moll had married William Stephens, of Barton in the Isle of Wight, and Nan, a younger one, was Mrs. Venables of Woodcote in Hampshire. As long as the others remained unmarried they had always a second home open to them with their aunt Mrs. Pole, of Radbourne in Derbyshire.

The youngest daughter but one, Betty, aged seventeen, was selected to accompany her father and eldest brother Dick on their expedition to France.

Their suite consisted of two men and a woman servant, known respectively as Henry or Harry Haines, Jack Royl, and Frances or Frank Coles.

Harry Haines had been originally engaged as footman, but was afterwards promoted to the post of coachman, in which capacity he was an

important factor on the journey, Sir Richard providing his own means of conveyance by taking his coach and three horses.

Jack Royl came to Arbury as 'Brewer and Baker,' but later became a house servant and helper in the stables. His name appears frequently in the list of 'Forfeitures' for carelessness and forgetfulness.

Frances Coles must have had a post of some responsibility in the household, though her particular duties are unspecified. A few months after the travellers returned from France her master notes down that he has 'given her warning to go three months hence, for having only a loin of small mutton and two dishes of Broth for twenty three people.'

The justly incensed host probably relented before the culprit's day of grace came to an end, provided she sinned no more as a niggardly housekeeper, which could have ill accorded with her master's turn for prodigality.

The pages of the diary containing the account of the expedition to France have been left intact, this family enterprise being a rare experience in those stay-at-home days. The writer heads his

paper with the ambitious title of 'A Tour in France,' although his travels only extended to Paris and back.

The route, with all the necessary arrangements, was left to the originator of the tour. His design being to start from the Isle of Wight, a convenient meeting-place was readily found in the house at Barton belonging to Mr. Stephens, Sir Richard's son-in-law. Hence the travellers proposed to take boat to France, and, once safely landed, proceed with their own coach and horses by road to Paris. This was a slow mode of progression. The party started by sea on July 13 and returned to England on August 10. During these four weeks the journey to and fro occupied all but seven days which were spent in Paris.

Sir Richard notes down his preparations for the undertaking with his customary minuteness:

1699. '*Friday, June 30th.*—Designing, if it please God, for France very speedily, I will now enter all my Transactions in this Diary. Did not sleep well. Rose at eleven. Put up my things; got away at six, rode to Greenford, there took Coach, but Jo. Nash had almost tired my horses. Came to London by ten. Treated them with Lobsters and Steaks.

'*Saturday, July* 1.—Rose late. Paid Bills that were left unpaid before, and had my Jewels valued. Treated with Sir Charles Sedley to have Harfield Park etc. Jack prepared writings, which signified nothing.

'*Sunday 2nd.*—Heard two very good Sermons at Gray's Inn Chapel. Dined privately. Then with Dr Gibbons visited the Sick, *i.e.* Jack's Laundress.

'*Monday 3rd.*—Trusted Mr Stepney with my nine oval Cornelians to get them set. (*Mem.*—Mr Gregory King, the Herald, recommended him and knows where he lives.) Finished with Sir Charles Sedley. Paid more bills. Was disturbed till near one by young people in the walks. Bought a Gelding.'

Whilst in London Sir Richard did not forget to furnish his servants with new liveries, suitable and creditable for his equipage in a foreign land :

'*July* 3.—Newton is to make a Stuff Coat and Breeches for Jack Royl and Harry Haines, faced with black and strong black buttons, for £4 10*s.* 0*d.* to come down on Wednesday[1] by the Uxbridge Coach, else I am not to have them.

'To Frank Coles' he gives 'in paid wages and to buy clothes, £6.'

[1] The next day but one.

As usual with the squire of Arbury, there was always a difficulty about the ready money when extra demands were made upon his purse:

'Drew out a Bill' (he notes in his accounts) 'on J. Hill to pay my son Stephens £30. John Hill, like a Villain that he is, refused to pay my Note. Turn him off,' adds the angry landlord, 'root him out of Harfield. . . .'

It was on Tuesday, July 4, that Sir Richard left London for Harefield, as told in his diary.

'*Tuesday 4th.*—Rose not till nine. Discoursed several. Putting up my things. One Trunk to go to Southampton, and the rest to Harfield; all which I trusted to Laurence Smith to send. This held me till after eight [P.M.]. Then rode to Acton. As I went by S^t^. Giles's the hand stood at nine. Was cruelly galled.

'*Wednesday 5th.*—Rose a little before eleven. Counted my Money. Read in D^r^ Taylor, being out of humor.

'*Thursday 6th.*—Rose at four, designing to look out my things and to do much business, but played the fool, made myself Drowsy. Gave orders, continued out of humor. Abstained, blessed be Almighty God. Read part of the description of France. Put up my things, rode out. . . .

'*Friday 7th.*—I put M^r^ Beriond's bill of Credit for £200 payable at Paris, and Laurence

Smith's note for £150 payable to S^r^ Hele Hook, and £41 13*s.* 0*d.* in ore, in the Coach box wooden seat; £58 6*s.* 9*d.* in the little Trunk, and left £1 7*s.* 0*d.* in hand with M^r^ King and M^r^ Fuller.'

The necessary preparations now completed, Sir Richard was ready to start the next day on the first stage of the journey which was to lead to a 'Tour in France.'

CHAPTER XXI

A TOUR IN FRANCE

SIR RICHARD'S account of his foreign experiences jotted down at the time give a fresh and lively description of the impressions made upon his insular mind by the differences in the manners and customs of the two nations. His narration begins when he left Harefield betimes on Saturday morning:

'*July 8th.*—Rose at five, got out by seven. Rode to Bagshot. Baited. Took Coach. (*Mem.*—Jack Royl rode away Tempest against my order.) Drove to Farnham, ten miles. Then to Alton, seven miles. Drove to Woodcote,[1] eight miles. Went forty-four miles to-day. Was very weary and dry, and drank too much. Went to bed at twelve.

'*Sunday 9th.*—Went to church twice. Walked in Woodcot Grove.

[1] The home of his daughter, Mrs. Venables, who was away in the Isle of Wight.

'*Monday* 10*th.*—Rose at six and went to Winton. Paid for Frank.[1] Spoke to the Warden, who dined abroad. Dined with Dr. Harris the Bursar and Mr. Thistlethwaite. Viewed Wat's monument. Went to Southampton. There found Parker without, and in the Yard of the Inn my dear son Dick, my Son Stephens, his brother Hodges, his Cousin Newland and Mr. Scot, all waiting for my arrival. Walked, with all but Parker (whom I sent to the Key) and Captain Newland, to Dr. Clutterbuck. Found him and his Wife perfect Cripples. Stayed with them three quarters of an hour, and at the Key half an hour. Embarked my Coach in a Hoy and then myself on the Governor's yacht. West of Calshot Castle got into the long Boat; was tost, being rowed by four hands six mile and a half. Walked from Cowes, where we landed (having drunk a glass of Canary at Captain Newland's), half a mile. There we met the welcome Coach. Found at Barton four of my dear Daughters; Moll [Mrs. Stephens], Nan [Mrs. Venables] that are married, and Betty and July. Hasted to bed.

'*Tuesday* 11*th.*—Took four Quarts of Posset Drink. . . . At four afternoon eat boiled loin of Mutton, then drank burnt Wine, yet continued unwell. So discoursing several, spent this day.

'*Wednesday* 12*th.*—Very hot. Rose pretty early. Agreed with Captain Radzee for his Yacht and with Thos. Harly and Wm. Cook for their

[1] Sir Richard's youngest son, a boy at Winchester. It seems a confusing family arrangement that a daughter Frances and a son Francis should both have been known as Frank, but so it was.

Hoy (which is called the Success of Cowes) to carry our horses and Coach. Returned to Dinner and spent the rest of the day with our Company.

'*Thursday* 13*th*.—Rose at three. Rode to East Cowes, ferryed over; went thro' West Cowes to Radzee's, boarded the yacht, saw how my goods were stowed, went on board the Successe, prevented their spoiling the carriage of my Chariot, which they would have knocked to pieces. Stowed her aboard the Yacht, Slinged my three horses on board. Returned to Barton. Gave my Daughter Mary a Breast Jewel (Diamond) worth £40, and my Daughter Nan a Diamond Locket worth £16. Gave little W^m^ Stephens a half Jacobus, and little Dick Sedley a quarter Carolus. Yesterday gave the servants half Crowns apiece. Breakfasted, and embarked first on the Hoy, to which Cap^tn^ Radzee had returned the Carriage of the Coach, which I required him to take aboard his Yacht again. But he said he could not. Then I went and fetched my goods from aboard him, and sending back Nan and July, my son Stephens and M^r^ Scot, who were on board, we set sail in the Hoy and got against South Sea Castle that night. Lay rough. All were sick but Dick and I. Next day were becalmed. Could not lose sight oth' Island. Lay rough again. About two ith' morning a North East gale blew fresh and sent us forward. I wrote to my Daughter Stephens, and sent my Son Stephens a Key as follows. . . .'

It is unnecessary to give this 'key,' which was

composed of a long list of alternative words for the proper names and political terms that were likely to enter into Sir Richard's correspondence, should he wish to write as fully and frankly as was his custom. By this means he hoped to baffle the subtle machinations of the French people, whom he regarded with a deep-rooted mistrust both generally and individually.

As a matter of fact he wrote but one letter home during his tour, which had to do duty for all his correspondents, and, possibly to his disappointment, he found the precautionary measure of a 'key' quite unnecessary.

After two days and nights of much discomfort on a stormy sea, the little company of six arrived within reach of Cherbourg on the French coast. The appearance of the 'hoy' with its unknown freight caused no little excitement in the inhabitants of the town. Sir Richard, as usual, is found equal to all emergencies, and nothing seems to escape his 'roving' and observant eye.

'*Saturday*, 15*th July*.—About 4 ith' afternoon landed at Chirburgh, being a Port where the "Sun," the great French ship, was fired [burnt]. The Sea shore had hundreds of people upon it, it being their S^{t} James's Day. When they saw the

English colors they drew near our boat, and the third man we met with addressed us in very good English. He was a Merchant of that place, knew our swearing Seaman, Abraham, his name John Baily, but entitled Cobizon, from a Village he possesses of that Name. He led us to Mademoiselle du Val's house, the Sun, where there were Stone Steps as to our Steeples, no boarded Floors but bricked, two Beds in a Room, no blankets under, but first a Great Mattress of Straw, then a small thin Feather-bed, and then a large Quilt, then a Blanket and Counterpane, round Bolster, no Pillows.

'Mr. Cobizon advised me to wait upon the Commissary, who is their only Governor, the Sieur Menevill. He was very Civil. Then we went to the Inn, and Mr. Cobizon undertook to finish all with the Master of the Vessel, Mr. Harly. But I had a mind to go on board our Ship, where I found the Custom house Officers and many people on board, and hundreds on shore to see the Sight.

'After two hours spent in shewing all our goods to the Custom house officers, who were very strict but very civil, we slung our Horses and Coach ashore and put it together, and four men carried our Goods in great Handbarrows. The Coach was accompanied by the multitude into town, who had (as Mr Cobizon said) ne'er seen a Coach before, and I was forced to take it off the Wheels and carry it into a Bachelor Merchant (Mr. Bousselaer) his Yard, to have it safe. Otherwise it had been torn in pieces and those

kept as Relics by the people. This held me till near eleven.

'In the meantime I went to bespeak Supper, but could have no flesh; they durst not dress it. 'Twas Saturday, a Fish day, and tho' to break the seventh Comandment is venial, eating Flesh is a mortal Sin. Nor could we have fish; Mrs. Du Vall said 'twas all gone. But I spied Crabs, of which she bought six for three pence, and we got Thornback and made a pretty good Supper. Prayed and went to bed after twelve, I having read myself half asleep and then went to bed. After my first sleep I slept heartily, I thank God, till after eight.'

Sir Richard here, in dating his diary, overleaps ten days and adopts the New Style. At the end of his tour, when he regains English ground, he as suddenly changes back again. It will therefore be less confusing to adhere to the Old Style as before.

'*Sunday*, 16*th July*.—Rose at eight, put things in order, which held us long. Prayed and read in Dr. Taylor to my Family. Then went to Dinner, or Supper rather, at four o'clock, soon after which Mr. Cobizon came, and quickly after him the Governor, who invited us to his house, offered to shew us the Town, and walked about with us. Then we paid for our Horses £5 sterling in their money, *i.e.* each new Lewis D'Or goes for £1 3*s*. 4*d*., which with us is eighteen shillings. So

vast a difference there is between French and English money.

'Then I got Mr. Cook, who has two shares of the Successe, and Abraham our swearing Seaman, to help fetch the Chariot from Mr. Bousselaer (to whose maid I gave an English shilling) and got it on Wheels. Then went to bed at twelve.

'*Monday 17th.*—Rose at five. Having paid fifteen Guineas to Mr. W^m^ Cook of Cowes for our passage (for Harly would not come at me, expecting the whole that Radzee should have had) took his acquittance and gave Abraham eight shillings, Harry Harly two and sixpence, and Mat Cook, a boy of fifteen, and Tom Harly, a Boy of nine year old, twelve pence apiece sterling, and got our things loaded by Gabriel Vischer, who is to carry them to Paris for three pence a pound and to shew us the way.

'Mr. Cobizon said we had eighty leagues to Paris, two hundred and forty miles.

'Having paid Mrs. Du Val, the Hostess at the Sun in Chirburgh, I walked to the Town end. We left Chirburgh and went a bare and stony way up a Mountain, I having got the footboard well fastened and bought some spare nails. Then thro' a Vast long Wood in which was a glass house and multitudes of Bilberrys which we breakfasted on. At length we came to a Market town, very old and ruinous and very poor. Here we dined on Eggs. Found officers oth' Army very civil to us, who said we must go thro' Grandville and said we had two hundred miles to Paris.

'We overtook a Merchant who said we had four Leagues to the Sea and two Leagues thro' it, and that we might pass it if we made haste. So we travelled together about half a League, and then he left us, and we, enquiring, heard 'twas impossible to pass the Sea this night, so travelled slowly, our horses being weary, resolving to lie at Burgh S^{t} Mary, short of the Sea.

'But he (the Merchant), overtaking us again, said we might pass well enough, upon which we went in, I thinking that if the Sea came upon us I could gallop the Chariot to land. But it seems we were to cross the Channel and were forced to drive six miles in it, half a mile an hour. They called to me (in the box) to make haste, but I was forced to give breath or should not have held out, which one of my horses (Brabant) did to the last and drew us out and saved our lives, tho' his fellow would not draw at all. The Sea came into the Coach.

'Mr. Bretagne, merchant of Bajeux, who led us into Danger, stuck to us in it and held the Coach; and after I had given thanks to God for this great deliverance, he sent Betty a basket of good Cherries and fine flowers.

'*Tuesday* 18*th.*—Left Burgh S^{t} Clement about nine. Baited at la Vret, then passed Bajeux and drove to Caen with much difficulty. It is a large and Noble City, and has men in it whereof we have seen few since we left Chirburgh. We lay at La Place Royale, in that part of the town which they call Place Royale.

'*Wednesday* 19*th.*—Rested at Caen, and with

Mr. l'Abbé. Procurator Regius, saw all that was remarkable there.

'*Thursday* 20*th.*—Baited at Chriesonvill. Lay at Lisieux, a Bishop's See.

'*Friday* 21*st.*—Left Lisieux at half after eleven o'Clock. Did not bait. Came to la Rivière Tiboutelle by half an hour after four. 'Tis a deep swift River, and where we lay there is a very good Inn.

'*Saturday* 22*nd.*—Left half an hour after ten. Went to Rue Manderoit de S^{t} Jean. Baited there and spent two Livres and four sous. 'Tis four Leagues North West of Evreux in Normandy. The reckoning was for beans 6*d.*, new gathered Cherries 4*d.*, Cider 3½*d.*, bread 4½*d.*, horses 14 sous; total 2 livres 4 sous. Went that night to Evreux. Lay at Lion d'Or.

'*Sunday* 23*rd.*—Miserably spent in this Popish country; yet prayed and read a Sermon to my small Family. Then, in compliance to my dear Children, visited the Churches, viz. a monastery of the Jacobins and a Nunnery of the Ursulines, and viewed that City (Evreux), which stands in a bottom as Lisieux doth; both upon fine Rivers. Paid our reckoning.

'*Monday* 24*th.*—Left Evreux, which the French pronounce Ivre, at seven o'clock, and went to Mantes, a Bishop's See also, in the Isle of France.

'And now we have left Normandy, being out of it about three miles, I will give some account of it.

'The Country is mostly Rocky, rich seemingly

and enclosed at Chirburgh, but miserably poor, depopulated and uninhabited all the way we have gone, which is a hundred and seventy two and a half miles. The first three mile is bare rocky way, then about seven miles through woods full of Bilberries but no Timber; all the rest Common fields, yet with many Apples and Pears. Most of the way from Valogn is extremely good till we came south east of Chriesonvill, but very naught near Lisieux. They take great pains and are at vast charge in making Causeways and mending their ways, which seem better than they are, being great Stones covered with Dust.

'The great towns are very thin of People. The Corn is generally very good. They plow with Wheel-plows and fallow by bits and patches, where I believe it would not bear Corn without. Their upper rooms are bricked upon boards, but in poor Inns are floored with earth above Stairs. Pillows, Basins and, in some places, Warming pans they are strangers to.

'At Chirburgh, Hay, Oats and Straw were one shilling a night, but elsewhere 20^{d} [1] and 25^{d}. François. Wine at Chirburgh was 11^{d} a Chopin, a measure a little bigger than a Quart. At Valogn 'twas 20^{d}. In short all things are very reasonable, did not the Hostesses (for we met with few men) exact intolerably, as at Lisieux the Landlady asked thirty-five Sous for a lean Duck, and I went out and bought of a She Butcher a good shoulder of Mutton for twelve Sous and a tolerable Shoulder of Veal for six Sous. But

[1] When Sir Richard writes pence he means sous.

being now come to the Cheval Blanch or White Horse at Mantes, a pretty Inn, plaister-floored, we met with a good deal of Company.

'By the Vineyards (of which there are some, but very few in Normandy) and Cherry trees 'tis evident we are in another Country. Their Husbandry is very Indiscreet. They draw with huge Hames, which stand up like Horns, and their Geares are sheep or lamb skins with the Wool on. Their Carriages are drawn double (which is very well), but their wheels play loose on the Axle-tree and make very wide Ruts, Their highways have no ditches, but their Crosses to shew the way are extremely useful. They use Mules much, Asses more; Wooden shoes much, and Straw hats for Boys, many of whom lace their hats with a bit of Straw.

'*Tuesday 25th.*—Left Mantes before eight. Passed over the Seine thro' the Vineyards and Cherry Orchards (which all lie open) thro' Passy, Meulan, Poissy and several other Towns to S^{t} Germains, a fine Town where we baited, having paid our Carrier Gabriell Vischer three new Lewis d'Ors, one crown, one half-crown, and one fifteen penny piece for three hundred and twenty pounds at 3^{d} a pound.'

Sir Richard had now safely brought his party within easy reach of Paris. An average of more than twenty-eight miles a day as far as Mantes would seem a creditable performance for a heavily

laden coach drawn by a pair of horses on bad roads, with only two days' rest out of eight. The hardest day's journey was yet to come, for owing to lack of accommodation at St. Germain the party had to accomplish the distance from Mantes to Paris in one day.

'At S^{t} Germains,' continues Sir Richard, 'we could get no rooms, all being taken up by K. Lewis's Guards. So after a very great shower we drove to Paris, having passed some Stage Coaches all driven by a Coachman sitting on one horse and driving four—sometimes six—without a Postillion. Another sort of Travelling we saw, which is a Calash drawn by one horse within Thills, and another which the Coachman rides on and draws also by a Spring tree. In Paris we were at a loss for lodging till we met with an Englishman, newly arrived, but one who spoke French well. He enquired out an Inn (which are scarce in Paris) and I gave him sixpence. But Fortune threw us upon the Hotel Bezier, an excellent creditable lodging. There we reposed this night.

'*Wednesday 26th.*—Rose at six o'Clock. Got ready by eight. Enquired out another lodging. Then agreed here, where they first asked a hundred Crowns, that is three hundred livres a month, and would set only by the month. But putting up all my things, I brought them to take forty-five livres by the week, and told them I would give it only for one week. Then went to

the Porte of Conference and had all our things searched, and five pair of Stockings of Betty's, because never worn, were seized on, and I left an old Lewis d'Or and got the rest of the things away. Then went with Betty to the Cours de la Reine, the Hide Park of France. Came home to Dinner. Looked o'er my things in the Afternoon, then took a walk to S^{t} Jaques' Street, where the Booksellers live; bought a map of France, which cost forty pence; a map of Paris cost as much, and a Book of the fine houses cost forty livres; only had a quire of paper thrown in. Looked o'er half the Book; prayed and went to bed at eleven.

'*Thursday 27th.*—Unwell. Rose at nine. Went upon my accounts, which, with beginning to make a Table to the French Book of Maps, held me till near five, with Prayers and Dinner: And now resolve to write to my Friends in England whom I have promised.'

Here follows a list of the names of relations and friends at home, with the addition of one in France, 'M. l'Abbé at Caen.'

'To the English I will write thus:

'"S^{r}, According to my promise This is to acquaint you that I thank God we are landed safe in France at la Hogue by Chirburgh in Normandy, where the great French Ship the Sun was burnt, within a hundred yards of whose Ruins we landed. Upon seeing English colors Multitudes came out, and the Slinging my

Horses and Coach ashore (an unusual Sight) was very pleasing to them. The third man we met, a French merchant, accosted us in very good English, and the Commissary or Governor, the Sieur Menevill, was extreme obliging to us; offered us to lie in his house and eat at his Table, which, with many thanks, I refused. Things are very cheap, the people look healthy and well and are numerous, and the merchant aforesaid affirmed that both the Port and Country are two thirds richer by reason of the war. I must needs say, if the rest of France prove like this, all the Storeys we have heard will prove false. 'Tis far from Desolate.

' " I am, S^r^, Yours . . .

' " Chirburgh, $\frac{17}{27}$ July, new stile.

' " They say we are 240 Mile from Paris." '

What hidden purpose Sir Richard may have had in post-dating his letter from Cherbourg, when he was writing ten days later from Paris, can only be surmised. Probably by pre-arrangement with his correspondents at home he, in this way, hoped by English cunning to frustrate some imaginary evil design to be brought about by the French guilefulness in which he so firmly believed.

Sir Richard economised labour and postage by sending the above epistle to his man of business

at Harefield to be copied and despatched to his expectant friends.

'This I desire Laurence Smith to get transcribed and to direct them as follows . . . and I will pay for writing ten letters.

'Went out in a Coach to the Greve; saw the Bastille and Town house [Hôtel de Ville] and Place Royale, St. Anthoin and St. Denis Street. Came back by the Post House over Pont Neuf. *Note.*—The Seine doth not Ebb and flow like the Thames at London; nor is there any going by Boat upon it. I gave the Coachman two livres for an hour and a half. Came home, supped, and went to bed. Let Newton, the new Coach Gelding, blood.

'*Saturday 28th.*—Went to Versailles. Saw that House and Garden and Fountains. Prodigious fine. "At tu Provincia ploras." Were much obliged to the Marquess and Marchioness D'Angeau.

'*Sunday 29th.*—Rose early. Read to my Family, "To make Religion one's Business." Dined at three. Sent my son and Frank Coles with our Goods to the Cook's Shop by the Inn. In the meantime took a Hackney Coach and shewed Betty l'Eglise de Notre Dame, Hotel and Jardin de Luxembourg, and l'Eglise de St. Eustache; and then supped at the Kind Cook's Shop. Had a Dish of Steaks for twenty pence, and four pigeons for thirty-two pence, very well dressed. Came home, prayed, and went to bed.

'*Monday* 30*th.*—Waked before four. Rose to call Jack Royl and met him on the Stairs. Wrote this in my bed:

'"To Steal poor Lorraine, one day's time was Given;
The Cheat of Burgundy required Seven;
In a Month's Time the Dutch were bought and sold,
Frighted by Armys, Conquered by Gold.
At this Rate what will a whole Year produce
To leave this perjured K. without Excuse?
A Day of Retribution sure will Come
When all his Wicked Facts will justly have their Doom."

'*Note.*—Jack Royl said he saw three Frenchmen led Drunk yesterday.'

Sir Richard's long enforced reticence having found a vent in the above tirade, it may be observed how he further consoles himself by noting that Frenchmen can transgress in the same way as his own countrymen. He goes on to describe how he made the most of their last day in Paris:

'Carried our Company to Le Couvent de Femme Honorable De Val du Grace[1] and to another Nunnery where we saw their Fopperies and approached too near. Bought English bottled Ale at sixteen pence a quart. Dined. Received twenty one new Lewis d'Ors and two Crowns and fifteen-pence pieces and threepence of Mr. Couteuils for £20 sterling, allowing eleven and

[1] Femmes Honorables du Val de Grâce.

threepence for the return. Weighed the Gold and found it all too light, but especially one piece eight grains, and another eleven grains too light. Shewed Dick Notre Dame Church, where the Virgin Mary and our Saviour are in two places Blackamores. Then went to a Play, the Cheat of Scapin, and for thirty six pence apiece were in the uppermost Gallery but one.'

CHAPTER XXII

HOMEWARD BOUND

THE week in Paris had come to an end, without extravagant cost, thanks to Sir Richard's close bargaining with 'mine host' of his inn. The leader of the party began to make the necessary preparations for departure, and but narrowly escaped unforeseen delay owing to the illness of his son, Dick, and the servant, Henry Haines.

In the multitude of small cares which fell to his lot as guide and manager, combined with the attempt to fluctuate from the old to the new style in the matter of dates, Sir Richard ends by losing a day of the month on the return journey. As, however, the days of the week continue to follow each other consecutively, the oversight is of no real importance, and we pass with the writer from July 30 to August 1 :

'*Tuesday*, 1*st August*.—Put up most of my things last night. Gave Henry, who is very ill, a

Cordial then, as I am about to do now. Disturbed by Lodgers o'er head last night till eleven, and waked about two, and kept awake with excessive rain, and I o'er slept myself till eight. Then looked out money, beside the rate for this week's lodging, which is forty-five livres, equal to £3 . 15 . 0. It turned out as follows:

Lodging . .	45 livres		
Horsemeat . .	27 ,,		
Diet . .	46 ,,	8	sous
Doctor . .	6 ,,	10	,,
Servants . .	2 ,,	14	,,
Gave Mr. Helbieg.	3 ,,	12	,,

'Dick was extremely ill, could not endure of his bed. Gave him in water twenty drops of Spirit of Hartshorn and some Aqua Mirabilis after it. Sent for the Duc d'Orleans' Doctor and gave him half a Crown, which the Master of the house said was their constant fee, for which he was very thankful. I gave Dick some Elixir Salutis; shewed the Doctor that, which he tasted, and said 'twas excellent, and that he had had a great deal of it out of England. He much dissuaded Dick from the Journey, saying 'twas very dangerous, and he would undertake to cure him in twenty four hours.

'Betty showed him the spots which broke out on her neck and face, which he said was only heat of Blood. He advised her to take Syrup of Violets and Water for her drink, which I approved on, and he sent a very little (thirty pence price) and a Cordial for Dick which he said would cure

him in three hours (forty sous, or pence, price). 'Twas small Cinnamon water a little sweetened, which Dick carried in his pocket, and the horse stumbled and broke it. He likewise sent three Limons (lemons) eighteen pence price. His Son, a genteel young man, brought them, whom I paid, and he craved something to drink, so I gave him sixpence and compliments, and for that he was very thankful. The Doctor dehorted[1] Soup. Dick desired it and I advised it, and he eat a good deal of Soup made with Cabbage, and two poached eggs.

'This drove us off till five o'clock, but then we left Paris and went thro' S^{t} Dennis, and three or four other large Villages, but thin of people. Got before eleven to Beaumont, which they pronounce Bomon. Found a good Inn, la Grosse Tête, and got to bed before one, after hearty and, I hope, sincere Prayer.

'The way was good to S^{t} Denis, six mile. Afterwards a broken Causeway for about eight miles, and then a miserable ill way, the last three mile a Causeway.

'The Country we came through to-day was like Normandy, most common field, and about Paris vast flats of Asparagus and some of Cabbage. East of S^{t} Denis there are many cherry trees and Walnuts, and in some places vast numbers of Cerinth trees, which they call "le Grosell rouge" (Red gooseberries). We came by a fine house, Mr. Tourminey's, Treasurer of France. Bomon

[1] Dissuaded or advised against. (*Johnson's Dictionary.*)

stands upon the river Oyse, which flows from the Seine.'

It will be observed that our travellers were returning by another route in order to complete their 'tour in France.' This time their point of re-embarkation was to be Calais, and so to Dover.

'*Wednesday, 2nd August.*—Dick has slept heartily, I thank God, and he and Harry are much better, but Harry is not yet cured. Spent some time, about an hour, studying the French grammar. Wrote out twenty-five Adverbs, reducing the English into an Alphabet.

'Left Beaumont about two o'clock. Went to-night to Beauvais. Got in about nine. This is a Noble Town, pretty full of people; has many Churches and a spacious Market-place, and has a trade of making Cloath or Stuff. It has several good Inns. We lay at one of the worst, 'le petit Cerf,' which is in the Fauxburgh. The Town stands upon the river Tergin,[1] which comes out of the Oyse.

'Here my Company left the great Map of France which cost two livres.'

The energetic leader of the party, having found time to study the language of the country on his homeward route, begins to exhibit his acquirements by writing the days of the week in French as long as he remains on foreign ground.

[1] Thérain.

'*Jeudi* 3.—We left Beauvais about ten and went this night to Poix. We had a stormy day and much ill way, which grievously fatigued our horses. We were much beholden to two French Gentlemen who passed by us and slacked their pace and stayed a good while where two ways parted to shew us the right way; for here are no Crosses to direct the way as in Normandy and l'Isle de France. We came in about eleven, being providentially guided to hit the right way.

'*Vendredi* 4.—This day we dined at Iran, a small village, where I saw eight good horses carrying to King Lewis, and went to-night to Abbeville. About a league off it two French gents in one of their Chariots with two wheels, but a very good horse, overtook us and strove to drive by, but our horses out-galloped them. This City of Abbeville has thirteen parishes and seven hundred and forty houses, which is but fifty seven houses to a Parish; so miserably 'tis lessened from what it was. The Children of the Villages ran by the Coach and shouted out the Hymn to the blessed Virgin and then begged. We lay at le Sieur de Brabant, an unreasonable dear Inn.

'*Samedi* 5.—Strong work was made to-day in the Popish Churches, it being the Assumption of the blessed Virgin. The Priests have their rich Copes on, the inferior Clergy their Surplices, and after high Mass the Boys went singing about the Church, the singing men followed, each with a Wax Taper lighted in his hand, two and two, and then one carrying a large Crucifix. After came seven of the Superior Clergy two and two, and

one at last. They went down the middle of the Church singing, and the Women followed.

'The like procession we met with in the street, four men carrying their Idolatrous Trumpery under a Canopy. We gave way with our Coach, and all being bare we were so too. Then we proceeded on our journey. Dined at Bernay, where we had Sole and Place and sweetmeats, but a sorry reckoning. It raining and being four o'clock I would have stayed all night, but my Son and Daughter were desirous to go, so we went to Montreuil and got thither in pretty good time, I thank God. Lay au Renard, a reasonable Inn.

'*Dimanche* 6.—Spent in too much altercation. A very wet day.

'*Lundi* 7.—I would have stayed, but Dick and Betty desired to go. So we set out at four, it raining very hard. Harry drove us a League and then up a hill was staled, and with much ado I drew the Coach backward to a Village where we hired a Team to draw us to Front, which they did with much difficulty. We were all extremely wet, and Harry relapsed.

'*Mardi* 8.—A young Marquess who came in his Calash, and his Gent in a Stage Coach alone, baited at our Inn, and the Marquess ran up in his embroidered Coat with Silver, and was very obliging; and we unloaded the Chariot of the heavy wooden box and two livery Coats, and then I undertook to drive our weary horses and dined nowhere, but got to Boulogne, couchant au le Roy de Angleterre (the head of Charles the I^st.)

'This town [Boulogne] has been very strong.

'Tis a Sea port. Betty walking was shut up with a watery Ditch, to go over which Dick, by my consent, horsed her on Tempest; and she would not ride but aside, and so the horse threw her into the Ditch. Falling, she modestly secured her Cloaths, and putting her feet in hot water avoided Cold. I gave Henry Elixir Salutis, but he is very ill.

'*Mercredi* 9.—We put sick Harry and Frank Coles into the Stage Coach, a very uneasy place, for which I gave ten shillings, and baited at Marchis, where we had good Beef roasted, but a very unreasonable reckoning. From hence went to Calais. We were stopped at the Port civilly and asked where we lodged, which we told them, "au Dragon d'Or," and then we passed.

'And now we are bidding adieu to France, I will recount what I observed.

'The Countrys I have seen (except part of Normandy) are very barren and ill husbanded, tho' in some parts there is excellent Corn, but few labourers to get it in, so that much must be shed. The Causeways are generally well kept, but the roads miserably.

'Normandy, l'Isle de France and Picardy, all that I have yet seen of France, are very hilly, and I yet saw no place where the water was turned off; but Cascades and Torrents do run down their Hills, which renders them [the roads] very uneven. There are very few enclosures; most of France is in vast great Fields and little Meadowing, which makes Hay very dear, sixpence a bundle; and for want of Pasture their

meat is generally lean. Their people are miserable poor, but very proud and lazy and insolent, but easily curbed and much in awe.

'A loaded Cart gives way to any Coach. They are miserable silly Carters. They draw double with Ropes without any Art, have vast high hames, and, instead of harness, Sheepskins with their Wool on, and Clothes o'er their Bodys; and in Paris and Caen and several other places both Coach and Saddle Horses have Caparisons of Net Work. Most of their Coach horses draw wagons with their harness, the Coachman sitting in a box. We saw a Wagon loaded with Corn o'erturned to-day.

'The preventing of Duels and of Robberys; the moderate Fees of Lawyers and Physicians; the strict discipline among the Soldiers and all officers; the repairing the Causeways admirable well about Paris; and the shewing the Highways by posts; and their horses drawing double; and their Great Civility to Strangers, are eight things very commendable.

'But their Superstition, Nastiness, Supineness, Swearing, Sabbath-breaking (even Acting Plays, Carting, Buying and Selling on Sundays); Exacting on Strangers; their hanging up the Dove which they call *le Saint Esprit*, and an Old Man which they call *le Providence* (God Almighty); their neglect of their Highways, but more of their Liberty and Property, shews the Proverb to be true, That the French King is Asinorum Rex.'

This climax reached, Sir Richard returns at

once to his diary, taking up the thread of his relation from where he left it for this digression, at the Dragon d'Or in Calais:

'We gave in our Names, the Marquess Spinola, a young Italian, being here at the Dragon d'Or. I got my things paid for there (forty-three livres and a penny); got Harry to our Inn, had a Chirurgeon to him, who was against letting him blood to-night; paid off his quarters and Jack Royl's; gave a shilling to the Coachman, eightpence to the Postillion, prayed, and went to bed.

'*Jeudi* 10.—This morning we looked o'er our things and treated with Captain Gibson about our Passage. After Dinner we went with him to the Dominican Nunnery, where we discoursed with the Lady Abbess and a Nun. And the Lady Abbess played upon a base violl and sang a very good base, and two Nuns sang an excellent treble. So they entertained us about an hour and a half.

'M^rs^ Knight (now at London), formerly Courtesan . . . is a great Benefactor to this Nunnery, and mightily esteemed by them.

'Spent much of this day with Harry, who is in a burning Fever; had him let blood twice, once early ith' morning, again late at night. . . . We proceeded by D^r^ Renard's advice, a skilful, learned man, talks latin fluently. I gave him three fees of two and sixpence, *i.e.* thirty six Sous, and he ordered him an infusion of Almonds

etc., which being taken every two hours procured Sleep, and wholly got off his Fever.

'We got our goods searched and plombed; that is a packthread braided, after they are tied with it, and stamped with lead; a very good way, but chargeable. The Coach and three horses and goods cost two new Lewis d'Ors and some Silver. Got the goods stowed on board and the Coach embarked; had a hundred people about us pretending to help. Went back, viewed the great church built by our Popish Queen Mary, Henry 8th's Daughter, and bought Sweetmeats and Sugar. Supped and went to bed.

'*Vendredi* 11.—Waked before two. Could not sleep, rose at five, got ready, found Harry's Fever gone. At seven Captain Gibson brought us the good news that the Wind stood fair. Ordered my horses aboard. Went to the Benedictine Nunnery, put aside the Curtain and saw them at prayers. The habit of the Dominican Nuns is fine white flannel and a black hood or veil over it, and the habit of the Benedictines is all black, only white linen about their Necks under their black Vails.

'Then we put up our things into parcels and I got three plumbed and two went without plumbing, and I got them passed and went with them and Harry aboard in a large French boat with eight oars and a Sail. In the meantime Dick with great difficulty got the Mayor's pass for our bodys, wherein the Master of Dragon d'Or basely failed us.

'When I had left Harry aboard in a Cabin I

went back and found Betty in a boat with three English women and a Priest, into which I went, and the French Watermen demanded *une Pistole*, eighteen shillings sterling, for carrying me and Harry. The Priest and Captain said I should have agreed with them beforehand, but I gave them half a Guinea and one shilling, for which they were thankful. Paid *un Ecu* and five sous for embarking the horses, and gave four shillings, English, to four that carried the goods, and so got off, Dick and Frank Coles and Jack Royl coming with the Italians.

'And so we got, thanks be to God, safe on board our Packet boat, a pretty Vessel, forty-five Tun; can carry ten Guns. Our Company was the Marquess Spinola and a Knight of Malta and one Man each, all four Italians; a German Count and an ancient man with him, both Alemains; one Mr. Wilson that lives at St. Edmondsbury; and my six and the four[1] afore-mentioned.

'Betty and Frank Coles sat in my Chariot with the Hood against the Main Mast, but were soon sick and retired into the Captain's Cabin; and my being with them while they vomited so frequently turned my stomach too and made me vomit, for I had not time to breakfast on Shore. So, being very hungry, I eat some of the Priest's Neat's Tongue, which had been kept too long, and drank three or four glasses of the Captain's wine, and eat many Sweetmeats, all which came up again. . . .

'We saw the English white rocks before we

[1] The three Englishwomen and the priest.

went on board, and in four hours and a half, left our Vessel, and got into a boat at Dover.

'Calais is a fine Town, nobly fortified both by land and sea, and thronged with people, taking in the Soldiery. The Risban, and the other Fort in the Sea, and the Key are very well contrived to defend the Ships from Tempests and Enemies.

'Dover Harbor, Town and Castle (miserably out of repair) are scandalously mean.

'We lay at the Post house, an unreasonable Inn, and had our goods searched by Mr. Byfield, a very civil officer. We paid thirty shillings apiece for Transport of our Coach and Horses, and thirty three shillings for six passengers, and I presented the Captain one Guinea, the Seamen five shillings, and Mr. Smith, the pilot, two and sixpence for the Cabin Harry lay in; and borrowed £2 of Frank Coles, and one Guinea and a Lewis d'Or of Betty.

'*Mem.*—I had taken a Chamber with two beds for Dick and me, and the Italians entered it; so I readily told them 'twas at their Service. We had a most unreasonable reckoning, six shillings demanded for a "frigacy" of chicken.

'I was overjoyed when we were drawing near England and was too lightsome and too brisk on board. Mr. Macqueen, a cunning Scotchman, the minister of Dover, having heard of me, addressed to me and walked with me to the Castle, of which the Earl of Romney is Governor, and Sir Barill Dixwell Deputy Governor, which last place is worth £500 per ann. to him. He keeps thirty fallow Deer within the walls. We saw the great

Gun called Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol. 'Tis twenty four foot long, a curious Gun presented to her by the States of Holland. I promised Captain Gibson, Mr. Macqueen, and Mr. Byfield that I would promote the making a good Harbor, repairing the Castle, and establishing Plumbing as they do at Calais, as much as I could. Prayed and went to bed.

'*Saturday 12th.*—Was waked soon after one. Slept no more. Soon after three they rose. I hired a horse, and took a place for Frank Coles and put Harry into the Coach for the first Stage. Taught the Marquess and Knight of Malta a little English. He (the Knight) tells me the Duke of Berwick is a brother of their order. Took leave of them. Sent Dick with my goods and to get my horses cleared, and went to bed again.

'Got out about two, went to Canterbury. Lay at the Red Lyon, I think, Mr. John Wilson's I am sure; an obliging man, where we were very well used. Shaved. Saw the Flying Coach come in before eight to-day from London with five Women, four of whom walked about the Court for an hour, desiring a fresh Coach to carry them to Deal, but could get none. They offered to pay extraordinary, said they were promised . . .'

We must hope that the curiosity excited by these ladies and their eager desire to reach Deal was satisfied. For us the mystery remains unsolved. The narrator had reached the bottom of

a page, his little 'tour in France' was at an end, and the destroyer of the diary brings to a summary close any further inconsequent prattle upon paper by the writer.

CHAPTER XXIII

END OF THE DIARY AND THE DIARIST

THE last decade of Sir Richard's life contrasts unfavourably with the brightness of its opening phase. An element of gloom pervades the scanty records that can be found of the declining years of an existence which began with such hopeful augu ries of a happy and honourable career.

Soon after the expedition to France a cloud began to arise between Sir Richard and his eldest son, probably caused by the former's reckless expenditure. On a slip of paper dated June 4, 1700, we read: 'Plagued with a cross-grained letter of my son Dick's.'

Money troubles were no doubt at the bottom of the threatened rupture between father and son. Sir Richard, as usual, attributes wholesale blame to those who acted for him as his agents, and sums up his opinion of their individual worth as men of business in energetic terms:

'6 *Aug.* 1700.—*Mem.* When I was in France last year my Agents were intolerable Remiss. They paid off nothing. Mr. Beal now not employed. . J. Merry, Remiss. But 'Honest' J. King of Itchenton and Nat. Hayward of Harfield, arrant Knaves!'

A new account-book a year later has this sentence on its title-page:

'This begins at Lady Day 1701, which contains the most uncomfortable Part of my Life.'

The clouds thicken as time goes on. In 1702 Sir Richard is in London on business, as he tells us in his diary:

'*Tuesday, June* 9th.—Rose before seven. Waited for Mr. Carter and Sam Sheepy, who both promised to come at seven of the Clock this morning, but neither of them came, and Mr. Young promised to come by eight, but came not till after ten. But one, Mr. Newdigate, Son (as he said) to one Mr. Rawleigh Newdigate in Ireland, came, and I ordered Wall to call for some Ale for him, and Wall went out to the Alehouse with him and stayed an hour. I do not intend to begin an acquaintance with the young man (tho' Genteel and promising), but my business is so great that, except upon account of business, I'm resolved neither to give nor receive visits.'

The next entry, a month later, sheds an

ominous light on the engrossing affairs which had brought Sir Richard to London. It would seem that measures had been taken by 'my son Dick' to curtail his father's power of independent action. It is sad to think of the dissensions which had arisen between Sir Richard and the 'Dicky' with whom he had played bowls and eaten too much fruit in bygone days; whilst only three years before it was still 'my dear Son Dick' during the tour in France.

As the days pass on the diarist reveals the depression of mind these family troubles were causing him:

'*July 6th.*—After many attempts found Jack. Discoursed him. Appointed to meet him at his Chamber, but attended long at the Attorney-General's, and at last went with him (M^r^. Hutchinson accompanying us) to Lord Keeper, who declared he believed me to be as right in my wits as he was, but that the Evidence was so full against me that he could do no less than he did, nor can do no more than he has done. Then M^r^. Attorney told him he was pressed to confess or traverse, and desired his Lordship's advice. To which he replied, "I am not to tell you, M^r^. Attorney, what to do in this or any other case. You know the Law too well to need an Instructor."

'And so we parted. Then I lost two and a

half hours in a vain treaty with Jack at Mr Serjeant Selby's, Mr Web being by. Weary I came home and went to bed.

'*Tuesday*, 14*th July*.—[Arbury.] Lay long in bed, and in the afternoon put some of my things in order and enquired after my Coal pits, and eat too much fruit. Found many things much out of order.

'*Thursday*, 16*th July*.—Received a Letter from my Attorney at London, that he had sent down a Special Bailiff to take my son Dick. Sent to, but did not see the Fellow, and ordered him to follow the Directions he received.'

We are left in ignorance as to what happened at this crisis, but before the end of the year the father and son were again in personal communication respecting the sale of part of the family property. In November Sir Richard had come to London, partly on this business and partly with a view to fresh extravagance by planning the erection of a family mansion at Harefield:

'*Monday*, 23*rd Nov*.—Sending for Mr Haly about Long Itchenton Tithe, and discoursing Mat. Lowndes about the House at Harfield, and with Dick, my Cousin Palmer, and that Stubborn, Silly Creature Frank,[1] who went away without taking leave while we were talking.

'*Friday*, 27*th Nov*.—Rose at six, went to

[1] His youngest son.

Fetter Lane. . . . Then discoursed old Cheny, who will build all Harfield House except Columns for a Frontispiece and Timber, for £1500, eighty six foot long in front, fifty four foot deep, and forty foot high; and £1,000 more will furnish it nobly, barring Pictures.'

In the margin of this last entry the writer's reproachful successor has added: 'Planning house at Harefield and £55,000 in debt!'

Meanwhile Sir Richard was at work to rid himself of this heavy burden at any sacrifice:

'*Thursday, 3rd Dec.*—Treated with M^r^ Haly about Long Itchenton Tithe. Promised, because the Writings were not ready, to give him ten shillings to pay his Coach hire up to-morrow. Then got the Writings and finished with Jack. And Whereas I rose this Morning £55,000 in debt, I shall go to bed without owing more than £4,000, and towards that I have £3,000 of the assignment, which will carry perpetual Interest three years hence. Blessed be God's holy Name.'

In the buoyancy of spirit conferred by his release from so heavy a debt, Sir Richard completely ignores the alienation of family property by which this peace of mind had been obtained.

In the following year—1703—Dick Newdigate, now thirty-five years of age, was meditating a second marriage, and the necessary negotiations

for a settlement led to some confidential entries on the subject, in his father's discursive style, in his ledger of that date:

'As to the former settlements I made upon my Son,' writes Sir Richard, 'that doth not concern any other Family. . . . However, to make my Son easy, I would settle upon him a thousand pounds a year . . . he quitting all Reversions; and let him marry whom he will, so I have the Portion.

'But since my Death hath been so much desired I will part with no Reversions. If my Son returns to his Duty and Filial Affection, I design him £3,000 per an.

'Since I wrote this my Son R. N. has been so base to me that now I will have the Portion.'

About this time the writer appears to have begun to entertain matrimonial views on his own account.

With a seeming incongruity of time and place, he makes use of a new account-book to enter the following Latin quotation upon the title-page, with an explanatory heading:

'ON AN OLD MAN, WHO HAVING HAD TWO WIVES BEFORE, IN HIS OLD AGE MARRIED A THIRD.

'Terna mihi Varijs ducta est ætatibus Uxor:
Hæc Juveni, Illa Viro, Tertia Nupta Seni;
Prima est propter Opus teneris mihi ducta sub annis,
Altera propter Opes, Tertia propter Opem.'

Sir Richard attempts a translation, but finds a difficulty in what he calls the 'clincher,' *i.e.* the play upon the words 'Opus, Opes, Opem.'

It was in 1704 that the squire of Arbury, now on the verge of sixty, forestalled his son in a second marriage by wedding Henrietta, daughter of Captain Thomas Wigginton of Ham, co. Surrey. The ceremony took place on May 2 of that year. Sir Richard's next entry in his diary is a curious one for a bridegroom of three days' standing:

'*May 5th.*—Was exceeding melancholy. At three o'Clock this afternoon am threescore year old. Went to Serjeant Selby.

'*Saturday, 6th May.*—Began to take my Pills today. Took four. . . .

'*Tuesday, 9th May.*—Wrote to Sir Walter Bagot[1] that I was married. Would give him account how it came about ere long. And a How D'You to Son Stephens in answer to his.'

This apparently hasty action on the part of the older man may have precipitated the younger Richard's second marriage. On June 27 in the same year he followed his father's example and took to wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Roger

[1] Brother to his first wife.

Twisden, Bart., with whom he had a happy married life of twenty three years.[1]

Another year elapses before we get fresh tidings of the elder bridegroom:

'1705. *Saturday, May 5th.*—Now I am sixty one years old.

'*May 16th.*—Went to Warwick Election, where Captain Lucy . . . [words illegible] kept from me all his second votes, upon which I threw in all my Interest to Sir John Shugborough and Sir J. Mordaunt.'

It was in this year that Sir Richard lost his son John, who died unmarried. In August his fifth daughter, 'Jinny,' left the parental roof and a step-mother's rule, to marry a Mr. Samuel Boys of Hawkhurst, Kent.

In an undated letter about a year later she takes time by the forelock and writes to bespeak her father's services as godfather to her expected infant.

The letter is worth transcribing for its out-spoken frankness, tempered with the respectful humility demanded by an awe-inspiring parent:

[1] Sir Richard, 3rd baronet, died in 1727. Only one of his seven sons lived to attain his majority. The youngest, afterwards Sir Roger Newdigate, 5th and last baronet, lived to be eighty-seven, and died in 1806.

'Hawkhurst, March 7.

'Hon[d] Father,

'I'm extremely concerned to hear of your great indisposition, which puts me out of hope of so great a favour as to see you here. I now expect to be laid in my Bed every hour. I therefore humbly ask you the favour of you S[r] (if you design us that great favour as to stand) to appoint your deputy, because it will be greatly to our inconvenience to put off y[e] Christening, except we could have the honour of your Company, for which we would put ourselves to any strait what ever. Other ways please to give your order what you'll allow, and your commands shall be strictly observed. I've been very ill of the "yallow janders" this two months and above, and am yet; tho' I thank God I'm much better than I have been and make shift to keep about my house, the more because of the malicious report the world has raised of your misfortune in being confined with the gout, which I take care to tell all I see, in hope to convince these parts that your illness is not anything of melancholy, which I am informed is much reported in London.

'Please S[r] to excuse this and accept Mr. Boys and my humble duty, and believe me,

'Your dutyfull daughter

'JANE BOYS.

'Mr. Boys and I join in humble service to your lady.'

The report of Sir Richard's increasing infirmities was correct, but in the earlier part of 1706

he was in London with his wife, as we learn from his accounts:

'*Feb.* 1706.—
At a Play with Henny . . . 8*s.* 6*d.*
To Henny to buy things. . £2. 2*s.* 0*d.*

The price of tea at that date is incidentally revealed to us on another page:

'Repaid Henny's Mother for 2lb. of Tea £2 4*s.* 0*d.*'

In November Sir Richard reports badly of himself, whilst the usually firm handwriting is changed to trembling characters:

'*Sunday* 10*th.*—Very lame, not at Church. Had Prayers at home. . . .

'*Wednesday* 13*th.*—Discoursed Mr. J. Palmer, who says my Distemper (whereat I'm much afflicted) is the Gout. . . .

'*Sunday* 17*th.*—Walked and found my Gout, I thank God, wearing off, tho' I slept ill to-night. Took the air this fine morning with Henny in the Coach.

'*Tuesday* 19*th.*—Was very ill.

'*Wednesday* 20*th.*—Was very ill. . . . Received a long foolish letter from Mr. Watts. Prepared for Henny to write to Mrs. Eliz. Way an answer to her Father's impertinent letter.'

This ends the last scrap of the diary that has

been preserved, although, from the docket on the outside of the miscellaneous bundle of papers, it appears to have been continued until 1709.

In 1708 Sir Richard's sixth daughter, Betty (of the Tour in France), made what the family evidently thought a *mésalliance* when she became Mrs. Abraham Meure, but she survived her marriage only two years.

In this year we find two opposite pages in Sir Richard's current account-book, on which he contrasts the settlements for 'My Son's Wive's Jointer' and 'My dear Henny's Jointer.' That of the former was the more liberal, probably owing to the exigencies of an entailed estate.

But even Henny did not always remain in favour. At some later period a pen-stroke has been drawn through the tender prefix of 'My Dear' on the page which recounts the securities for her modest jointure.

Sir Richard was not called upon to endure his physical ills, his melancholy, his family worries and money troubles much longer. The end came on January 4, 1710.

It must be admitted with regret that he passed away unreconciled to his family, as evidenced by

the terms of his will. At the time of his death only three of his sons were alive. They were Richard, his successor; Gilbert, a chronic invalid, who lived and died unmarried; and Francis, the youngest, from whom the present family is descended.

Sir Richard's will was characteristic of the man. It is dated September 2, 1708. He names as his executors his wife, Henrietta, and his son-in-law, William Stephens. Both renounced the executorship, and administration was granted to his eldest son and successor as the third baronet.

The testator gives directions for his burial at Astley, near Arbury. This request was not complied with. His remains were taken to Harefield, to be buried in the family vault near to his first wife.

The will goes on to give minute directions in regard to the conduct of his funeral. He is not to lie in state, nor to be buried in a coffin covered with velvet; much less to be embalmed or wrapped in 'sear cloth.' The hearse is to be hired from Coventry or Warwick, and to be followed by his own coach.

No guests are to be invited but any one liking

to come is to be made welcome. Burnt claret, mild sack, and biscuits are to be provided for the company within; bread and ale for those without; burnt beer for the tenants' wives and ale for themselves. Four parish officers are to be in attendance to prevent disturbance, and to put disorderly people in the stocks.

He then, alas! emphasises his alienation from his family in the following words:

'Whereas my son Richard (whom I have lately tryed before divers persons of quality) has been most disobedient and ungrateful, and still continues my inveterate and implacable enemy, although I have offered to pardon him, and made other offers of great advantage to him; and whereas my daughters and my son Francis have all joined with him in his hellish contrivances, I leave them nothing, but I leave all my real and personal property to my son-in-law William Stephens, and my wife Henrietta.'

As the said Henrietta and William Stephens renounced probate, it may be safe to surmise that Sir Richard's will was not one that could be carried out legally.

If we can judge by the favour shown to 'Henny' in her husband's last testament, she must have retained her hold upon the affections

of her elderly spouse until the end ; but it would seem evident that her influence was not exactly beneficial to her predecessor's children.

Henrietta, Lady Newdigate, is credited with having added three children to Sir Richard's already numerous family. They probably died in infancy, as no trace of them remains. Their mother married again, with indecorous haste, three months after she became a widow, and found time and opportunity for a third husband before she departed this life in 1739.

* * * * * *

Sir Richard Newdigate's immediate successors may have had just cause to be sorely tried by his careless aptitude for squandering and mortgaging the family property. After two hundred years his later descendants can condone his extravagance in gratitude to him for the refined and artistic taste which inspired him to employ a Wren, a Lely, and a Grinling Gibbons in beautifying his home for posterity.

His own portrait, admirably painted by Sir Peter Lely, gives us a presentment of the man in the flowing curls, steel armour, and lace cravat of

Charles II.'s time. His large heavy-lidded eyes, long aquiline nose, and the refined lines of his mouth combine to impart a sense of dignity and attractiveness to his outward personality.

I would crave indulgence for yet a word in palliation of the seeming inconsistencies in the recorded actions of a man who had undoubtedly a high standard of religious faith.

Much that is blameworthy may be partially excused by the influences of the era in which he lived. When drinking, quarrelling, and duelling were events of daily occurrence among the upper classes; when party spirit and prejudice narrowed the religious point of view; when irreverence was but too common in regard to the most sacred subjects,—some extenuation may be pleaded for Sir Richard's self-indulgence and uncontrollable temper; for the bigotry and harsh judgments he sometimes exhibits; and for the familiarity with which he flaunts his gratitude to the Almighty for the result of deeds which were not always praiseworthy.

We may at any rate admire his straightforward honesty and the outspoken candour with which he confesses his faults and failings. It is more

than probable that he himself, towards the close of his life, was the destroyer of the bulk of these too confidential records in his diary, fearing lest they should fall under the criticism of unsympathetic and captious successors.

But even those whom he bans so severely in his last will and testament could hardly have avoided feeling sympathy with him in his struggles to overcome temptations and act up to his ideal of right, or fail to admire his simple and childlike faith in the efficacy of prayer to his Father in heaven.

In addition to the diary he has left some closely written manuscript books of devotional meditations, which must have cost him much time and earnest thought. A short prayer in his handwriting is entitled 'For Patience,' the virtue he so much needed. In it he prays to have his 'unbridled nature stayed this day and ever from all discontentedness of mind, and doubtings, fears, murmurings, and furious actions.'

Can these struggles, prayers, and aspirations have been in vain? Surely not. We may hope and believe that 'through the tender mercy of our God' light was given him ere the end, as he 'sat

in darkness and the shadow of death,' and that he forgave as he would be forgiven.

Sir Richard Newdigate, we may trust, now rests in peace, released from the burden of this mortal coil and freed for ever from the trials and temptations of the life below, which at times he found 'very troublesome.'

* * * * * *

'Heaven waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint and their swift motion stay,
And Time itself in time shall cease to move;
Only the Soul survives and lives for aye.'

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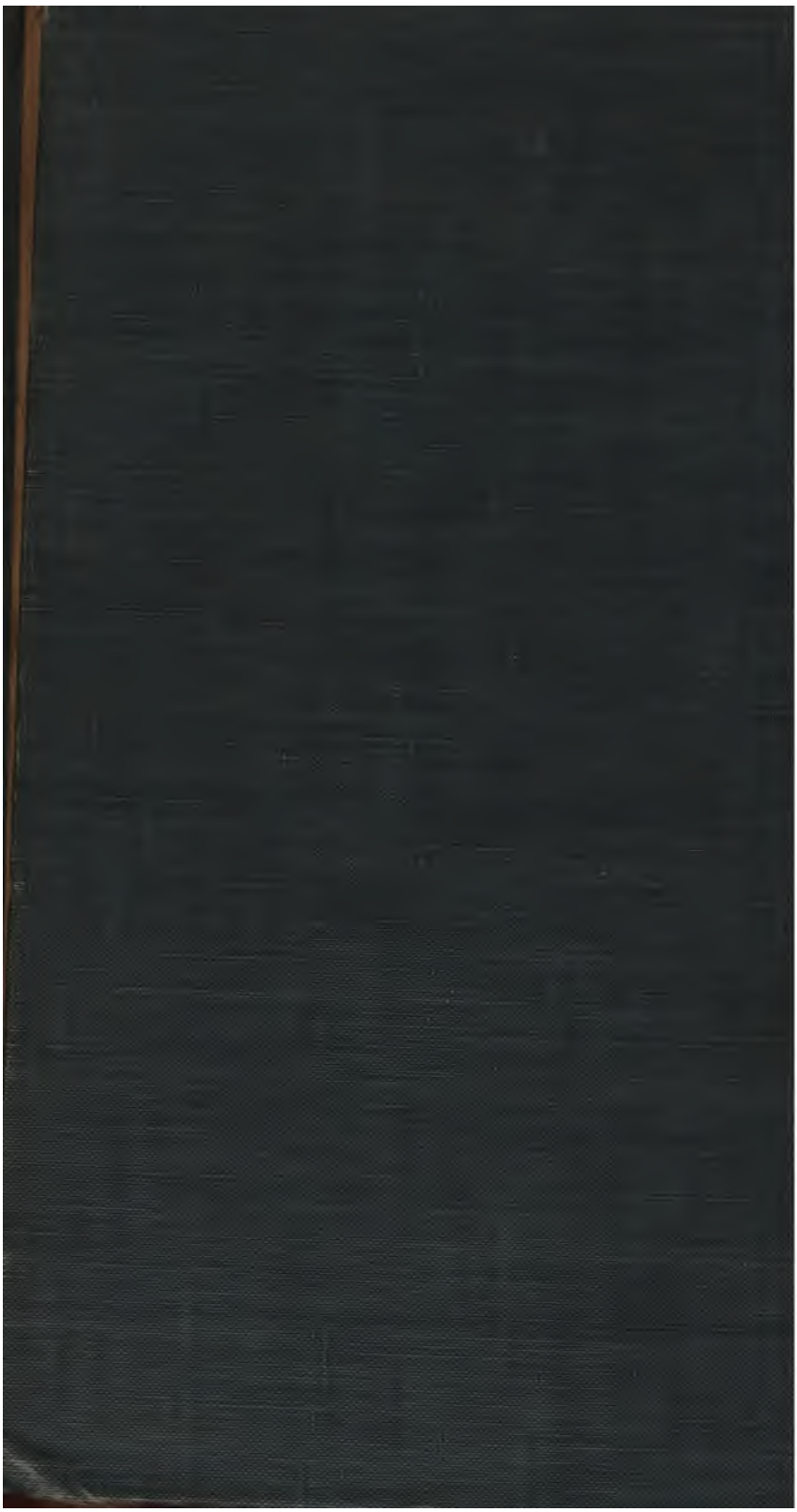
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